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INTRODUCTION.

The following work is thrown into the form of a tale, to which its romantic incidents seemed naturally to adapt themselves; it is, however, in reality, an accurate and authentic history. Its scene, the dukedom of Pomerania, was of far wider limits than the modern province of Pomerania, occupying all the southern shore of the Baltic Sea from the Elbe to the Vistula, and comprehending Holstein and Mecklenberg on the west, with the province of West Prussia on the east, besides the modern Pomerania, extending also inland as far as the river Netze.

At the time of Otto's mission, this Pomeranian dukedom was the peculiar stronghold of the Sclavonic religion, and the most distinguished seat of the widespread Sclavonic race. In the present day our minds are attracted by the Eastern Question to Russia and Turkey, and the north-eastern and eastern parts of Germany, especially on the Baltic shores. In all these countries the Sclavonic race furnishes a large constituent element of the existing population.

Some prophesy its emancipation and collection into a Sclavonic kingdom. Others imagine that it will "fraternise" with the Hellenic family, and re-constitute an Eastern Grecian Empire at Constantinople. At all events, it is a very important denizen of the countries now agitated by actual or approaching war.

The early history of nations often furnishes the clue of their whole subsequent fortune. The features and characters of their infancy and youth re-appear, or are developed in their manhood or in their age. Even such a mighty change as Christianity does not obliterate every line and colour of their ancient heathen disposition and religion. Their modern faith receives a tinge from their old, original superstition.

Contemplate the Scandinavian nations in their northern dwelling-place; recall their fierce, indomitable activity, their violent independence, their unceasing restlessness; study their wild and dreary mythology and creed, with its strange mixture of unearthly mysticism, subtle allegory, deep seriousness, and rough, rude humour; note the total absence of the hierarchical element. May we not thus witness the turbulent heathen boyhood of the Teutonic family, and prophesy, how, when tamed, or rather elevated, by Christianity and civilization, it shall show an energy and perseverance in all temporal matters such as have never been previously witnessed, heap fabulous wealth, restrain a vivid imagination in the bands of

common sense, extend itself over the globe, shiver the yoke of temporal and spiritual despotism, but at the same time be in continual excitement and frequent danger, from the very extravagance of its passion for labour, and wealth, and liberty?

From the first these are the features and characteristics of a race independent among themselves, and dominant over others—the race of the Frank and the Anglo-Saxon.

Turn to the earlier and later history of the Sclavonic family, and, with one or two points of resemblance, you will perceive an essential and important difference. View them when independent, as in the Pomeranian dukedom at the time of Otto's mission. Observe them in Bohemia afterwards, and in later times in Servia. There is an apparent liberty, and much rude energy and passion, but they fail in perseverance. Their temper is vehement and impetuous, but irregular and instable. Their disposition is kind, hospitable, affectionate; but confined by local and family ties, wanting in depth and pertinacity. They are fond of gaiety, dancing, music, and merriment; but at times are sanguinary and cruel. They value oratory and eloquence in their public meetings, but are averse, upon the whole, from the practical business of social or political life; while their passionate but irregular energy makes union difficult among themselves.

Their old religion contrasted also in many particulars with that of the Germanic races. Its form was as strictly hierarchical as that of India or ancient Egypt. The hierarchy were wealthy and powerful; often more influential than the temporal authorities. It had as much of wild allegory and dreamy mysticism, and occasional cruelty, as the Scandinavian religion; but it was of a more cheerful and lively tone. Its ceremonies were gayer and more æsthetic; its whole aspect warmer and softer, more pathetic and graceful. At the same time it had far more influence upon its worshippers. Their zeal indeed often led to religious wars, with their usual internecine and destructive consequences.

These qualities and customs have hitherto prevented any branch of the Sclaves from availing themselves of their occasional successes and conquests, and establishing any permanent kingdom or independent nation. They have fallen for the most part under the dominion of stronger-minded and more resolute races, often inferior to them in intellectual capacity and civilization. As subjects, they have sometimes showed valour and energy, which they did not exhibit when their own masters.

Hence we may conclude that these imperfections of character will present great difficulties, and form serious obstacles to the formation of a Sclavonic Empire, and its necessary preliminary steps,—eman-

cipation of the several branches of the Sclavonic family from the Russian, the Austrian, the Turk, and their mutual co-operation and union with each other.

Besides this delineation of the Sclavonic character, the story of Mitslav gives an account of perhaps the most successful mission ever attempted and accomplished. No similar narrative sets forth in clearer light the varied principles on which missions should be conducted, or furnishes more hints, as useful now as ever, to those about to undertake such enterprises. It also exhibits, as several writers have remarked, an almost solitary instance, in those ages, of a conversion effected through purely spiritual means, without any of the force and violence which marred the entrance of Christianity among the heathens of that period, and too often made it annihilate those whom it came to save. We have in it also a lively portraiture of the twelfth century, and a picture of the old Sclavonic religion, of which we have scarcely any sketch in the English language.

As the narrative is gathered from very authentic contemporary authority, I trust that it may, for these reasons, be generally acceptable and interesting. I have carefully confined myself to such records in all the main events and principal characters of the history. I have only supplied the connecting links, and imagined the various motives which must have pro-

duced the results forming the actual narrative. In facts partly of an extraordinary, or, as some may think, supernatural character, I have limited myself to those recorded by eye-witnesses, and vouched for probable by such moderate writers, Catholic and Protestant, as Fleury and Neander.

If I seem to have overdrawn the ancient prosperity of Pomerania, I can only reply that the picture is derived from genuine contemporary authorities; accounts which, as Krasinzki has remarked, seem actually to verify the classical and poetical descriptions of the Hyperborean Eden. Passages from these authorities will be found in the notes, and further references added, which will enable the curious to investigate the foundations of the narrative for themselves.

To avoid all controversial questions or allusions, I have assigned the narrative to the pen of a contemporary of the mission, who in all probability was the actual writer of at least that portion of the Life of Otto, Bishop of Bamberg, which contains the best account of the Conversion of Pomerania. He will tell it according to the opinions and faith of the age in which he lived.

THE

CONVERSION OF POMERANIA.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

I, BERNARD, a most unworthy servant of the LORD, desire with His help, to narrate the history of the Conversion of Pomerania. Holy men have thought that it may serve for the edification of His Church, and for the guidance of those who shall hereafter go forth to labour among the heathen, and gather the wandering sheep into the fold of salvation. If He had counted me worthy to succeed myself in the blessed undertaking, I should not have dared to make mention of the work. But as it pleased Him to suffer me to fail because of my great unworthiness, and manifold sins, while He blessed the labours of others better than myself, to whom He committed the charge for which I was too weak, I shall be able with all freedom, and with all gladness and singleness of heart to recount a history in which my own unworthiness is manifest, and in which the effectual toils of His more faithful servants shall be chronicled for after ages.

In these our times, the unhappy controversy between the See of Peter and the Empire, has rent and torn the LORD's mantle. Flocks have been divided between themselves; and Bishop has been set against Bishop. Pascal the Second, when the LORD had set him over the Church on the throne of the great Apostle, hearing that one of the bishoprics of Spain had driven away their Bishop who had received his seal from hands unconsecrated, wished to satisfy the demands of the flock who had appealed to him for a spiritual ruler. As he mused in his spirit whom he should send, his thoughts fell on me. I was living in my cell as a quiet eremite, striving to weep away my sins by continual tears, and to exercise myself to godliness by continual watchings and prayers. Little thought I of the dangers into which I should so soon be plunged; and unexperienced as I was, how should I steer the LORD's vessel in the midst of storm and tempest? Against my earnest expostulations, he constrained me to the charge; and having consecrated me, reluctant as I was, he sent me on my way with a sorrowful heart.

My forebodings were soon fulfilled. Half the flock received me with gladness. Half had returned in their heart to him who had been with them before. There was strife and division, and methought that I should never reconcile the adversaries. "When I spake of peace they made themselves ready for battle;" but I loved peace. I could not contend against Christians. I therefore besought them to suffer me to depart; or, to cast me, like the faint-hearted prophet, into the waters, rather than cause the ship of the LORD to be

overwhelmed for my sake. If I must contend, I said, I would rather contend with the heathen. Let me carry on the LORD's controversy with the principalities and powers of darkness. Let me fight against their temples and their idols. Let me lay down my life in that warfare. I remembered then to have heard what great things the missionaries of old, Boniface and Anschar, had wrought amongst the fierce Saxons in Germany, and the more terrible sea-kings of the North.

I had heard also that the inhabitants of Pomerania had never yet received the Word of GOD; that they were still in the darkness of paganism and idolatry; and my heart was moved within me to escape from my present troubles by going forth to labour in that field yet covered with tares and thistles. I remembered the commandment of my SAVIOUR to His Apostles, how He bade them to go forth without scrip or purse, and commit themselves simply to His protection. I forgot however, that He had changed their commission afterwards, and directed them not to omit earthly means when they went out into the whole world with His Gospel. I forgot too much that with the meekness of the dove, He had bidden them join the wisdom of the serpent.

So I went on my way with my brother Herman, one of my chaplains, ready to suffer with me for the LORD's sake. After we had passed through France and Germany, we entered the country in which we were to labour. We found a people numerous and wealthy, and prospering in this world's goods. Their flocks and their herds were many. Their pastures

were fertile and green. Their forests were thronged with bears, and boars, and deer, and buffaloes and all kinds of game. Their horses were numerous and noble, fit for the chase and for the battle. Their fields were covered with grain: their hives dropped with honey. Their cities were populous and gay. Their rivers and coasts teemed with fish. Barks and ships covered the many streams and lakes, and filled the many harbours, issuing out for war and commerce, and returning with the merchandize of many countries, and the spoils and captives of many nations. The inhabitants of the country were numerous and independent. Their lords were valiant men and well armed. Their castles and palaces were strong, and filled with the abundance of all things. They were hospitable and cheerful, and their servants were attached and faithful. They were also honest and upright. They had no locks on their doors and no bolts to their gates, which stood wide open for every guest. There were no poor, nor any beggars among them. They were like Israel of old, as the sand of the sea, eating and drinking and making merry. "They were rich and increased with goods and having need of nothing." But their land also was full of violence, and of lust, and blood. For their great men had many wives; and they gathered captives and plunder from far and wide; and they lent of their wealth to the citizens of many neighbouring people; and when their debtors could not pay, they seized and imprisoned them in deep dungeons, till they could extort their ransom from their afflicted friends.

They slew also their young children. If they had

many female infants, they exposed them to the wild beasts, or cast them into the rivers lest they should be a burden to them. Their land also was full of temples, neither was there any end of their idols. Under every shady grove, and by every stream and fountain, they did sacrifice to devils; and their priests and their soothsayers, and their bards were countless and wealthy, and in esteem, and dominion, for wisdom and for eloquence. They gathered their people together at their gorgeous banquets, around their false altars, with garlands and flowers and music and the steam of their fat burnt-offerings. Their cups of mead and hydromel were drained without stint, and "the harp and the viol, the lute and pipe were in their feasts. But they regarded not the work of the LORD, neither considered the operations of His hands."

So I and my brother Herman went up and down, and to and fro, throughout this land flowing with milk and honey. We visited temple, and market, village, and city, and castle, and harbour; and everywhere we fain would have preached the holy Gospel. We lifted up our voices, and cried aloud, but they would nowhere hearken to us. Some received us hospitably, and then dismissed us carelessly. Some met us with compassion; some with gibes; some with blows. What could we with our bare feet, our torn monkish gowns, our frames worn with fasting and travel, our way-worn and weary aspect, do amongst them? They took us for beggars, seeking our subsistence in their land of plenty, because of the poverty and nakedness of our own country. They drowned our voices with shouts of scorn, or bursts of merri-

ment, or with loud insults and fierce rebukes. They cast us sometimes into the waters, or trampled us under their feet.

So wearily and heavy of heart, we toiled on our way despairing, and found no place for the sole of our feet; no rest for the Cross. At last, we began to think that the blessing of GOD was not on our endeavours, and Herman said to me, "O my Lord, it seems that we shall not prosper. We are here like Lot in Sodom, preaching to his sons-in-law. Is it not time to flee for our lives?"

Then I said, "Brother, if it please the LORD, He will give us some token what we ought to do."

We were near the gates of a strong city at that moment, the name of which was Gützkow. We heard the sound of horns and clarions, and we turned our heads and looked. A gallant company came riding out of the open gates. Their spear heads and helmets glittered brightly in the morning sunbeams. At their head rode two men, well to be remembered, though for different reasons, in the story of the conversion of Pomerania.

The first was a young man named Mitslav. He was chief of Gützkow, and the neighbouring district. We had heard much of him in our wanderings. He had inherited large possessions from his ancestors, and was reckoned the wealthiest chief in all Pomerania. He was kind to, and beloved by, his numerous attendants. He was hospitable and open-handed, and scattered his wealth round him like the sun its rays, with unbounded prodigality and profusion. The most famous steeds in the whole country thronged his

stalls, or grazed in his pastures. He had possessions in every province, and ships in every port. He was also famous for his valour and daring. None could rival him in the chase, or in war. He was also celebrated for his eloquence, which in the free diets of the dukedom extended his influence without measure. His harp also was the most tuneful, and his voice the sweetest at the banquet board. He was esteemed a devout worshipper of the false gods of his native land. His offerings at their shrines were abundant. His song was loudest at their worship. The temples which he had reared to them were among the stateliest in the country.

At the same time he was haughty and scornful, and imperious. His passions were unbridled. None could stand against them. He was likewise, which is unusual with the youth of most lands, cunning and subtle as a serpent. No object on which he once set his heart, had ever as yet escaped him. If any one offended him, he never forgot or forgave, and no suffering was bitter enough to satisfy his vengeance. His exploits in capturing his adversaries, were even more celebrated than his commercial successes. His plans for insnaring those who had provoked him, were deeply laid and invisible, till the moment of execution. Then the net closed, and the victim found himself suddenly exposed to the conqueror's unrelenting revenge. He lent sums out of his vast stores freely, but at ruinous interest, to strangers, which he never failed to exact to the uttermost doit. His expeditions to seize his debtors, if they strove to escape him, extended over the whole of the North. They were conceived with the deepest

subtlety, and executed with the most impetuous valour. He could conceal the most malignant purposes, and the subtlest schemes under the frankest merriment and laughter. He seemed to rejoice more in the success of some deep-laid plot, than in the strength of his hand, or the keenness of his sword. It was always said of him that no guest was ever turned from his gate: No petitioner was ever refused a boon: No enemy ever went unpunished: No victim was ever spared.

He advanced slowly, curbing his chesnut steed, famous for its strength and celerity. I marked his handsome face, his tall manly form, his long golden hair, contrary to the custom of his country, which confined long hair to the priests, floating loosely on his shoulders; his keen deep blue eye; his open, joyous smile; his high broad brow; and although I thought that I could perceive lines in his face, and on his forehead, which showed the wild spirit within; yet as he sat upright on his bounding steed in the beauty of his youth, clad in armour of gilt scales, with a cap of steel rising into a serpent crest, and a plume of heron feathers streaming from it, well, I thought, might they take him for their own Gerovit, their god of war, come down upon the earth. And O, I thought, that such an one might be gathered into Thy fold, O LORD!

His companion was a man somewhat past the prime of life, but tall, and stately in appearance. His hair was black with a shade of grey, and hung in heavy masses down his back. He had a circlet of gold upon it wreathed with oak leaves. His garments were long and flowing. He wore a loose white robe falling

down on each side of his horse, which was black and glossy as a raven. Above this there was a purple jacket of velvet, richly embroidered with gold, made not unlike an ephod. He had bracelets of gold, and a long golden chain. His bit also was of gold, and gold embossed housings half covered his horse. In his hand he bore a staff, half of ivory, half of gold, in shape like the Roman abacus. I recognized his person by it; for it was the emblem of the high priest's divining power. So I knew that the magnificent rider was Primislav, the High Priest of Triglav, the supreme God among the idols of Pomerania. A thousand priests throughout the land owned him as their superior. His spiritual dignity, as they deemed it, was in the highest esteem throughout the superstitious country. His powers of divination were regarded as superhuman. His words were received as oracles by almost all the inhabitants of the land. He had used his influence to amass great wealth, which his policy and earthly wisdom laid out to the best advantage. He lived in great pomp and luxury. His wives were many. He had, however, only one daughter by them. His residence was at Stettin, the chief city of Pomerania, where there was a celebrated temple to the idol Triglav. His palace was situated close to the temple, in a magnificent grove of ancient oaks. In it, and in the temple, were collected the innumerable offerings made by this wealthy people, incalculable in value. After every successful commercial or piratical enterprise, some portion was always dedicated to this false god. There were also large demesnes in various parts of the country as-

signed for the maintenance of the priests, and their manifold festivals and solemnities. In a park close at hand was kept the famous black steed, the horse of Triglav, used for the purposes of divination on all more public and solemn occasions. It was on a horse of the same breed that the High Priest was now riding.

Behind him rode the next in dignity among their priesthood, a man named Felsav, but of far inferior eminence and capacity, with two other priests of lower rank. Then came forty cavaliers, followers of Mitslav, riding two and two brightly armed, and on active horses gaily caparisoned.

We had much reason to dread the approach of these Priests. Primislav was an ambitious and unscrupulous man, at that time little inferior in authority to the Duke of Pomerania himself. He was a zealous supporter of the national worship, with which his power and wealth were entwined. He had already apprehended some danger from Christianity; for the powerful neighbour of Pomerania, the Duke of Poland, Boleslav, had long been eager to extend the blessings of Christianity into Pomerania. Part of Pomerania had for some time been reduced under his authority, and Wartislav, its duke, acknowledged his supremacy. Eight thousand Pomeranians had been removed by him to a district bordering on his own territory, that they might forget their ancient customs, their independence, and their old religion, and be induced to embrace Christianity. He had also been for some time, though in vain, seeking for fit missionaries to send among them. The Poles themselves had not

been long converted, and their Bishops dreaded the danger of the enterprise. Still, Boleslav was watching for any opening, and ready to support any attempt with all his power and influence.

The High Priest knew this well, and his soul was full of wrath at the thought. The powers of evil had stirred up his haughty passions to defend their stronghold at all cost. He was watching eagerly to oppose the Gospel wherever it might show itself.

As the goodly company advanced, I and my brother Herman drew softly and humbly to the side of the road; and bowed reverentially, though without fear, as its chiefs came up to us. They eyed us earnestly, and we thought that the hour of peril was upon us; and we besought the LORD to succour us, or, if it seemed good to Him, to strengthen us for martyrdom.

"What would ye?" said Mitslav, his blue eye falling on us, half in scorn, half in pity. "Ye seem poor and needy; your faces are withered and meagre, and your garments dusty and tattered. Need ye food? there is plenty in Gützkow; need ye garments? there is store in my palace. There is mead for your thirst, and meat and flesh for your hunger. Scare ye our horses no more, but go and fill your bellies and cover your backs; and then get ye gone out of Pomerania, for ye are a disgrace to its coasts."

"A disgrace and a pestilence!" cried the High Priest, in loud, angry tones; for his eye fell on the beads and cross which we wore round our necks, and on the holy books which we carried in our hands. "They are dogs of Christians; let us tread them in the mire."

Without further words he drove his horse fiercely toward me, to trample me to the ground; but, by the mercy which protects even unworthy sinners, the good steed, more pitiful than its master, not loving to tread on men, swerved from the course in which he directed it, so that he only smote me with one of his feet, striking me, however, down upon my knees. He was again gathering the reins to attack me a second time, when his companion arrested him, saying, "They are not worthy your indignation. Leave them to their misery and their poverty: what harm can such bare and meagre wretches do in our fat and wealthy Pomerania?"

So saying, he caught the bridle of Primislav's horse. We prayed as we stood for mercy upon the good youth, and upon the oppressor also. Mitslav heard us, he afterwards declared, and was struck by our words; and putting spurs to his own charger, and touching his companion's steed in the flank without his privity, he bounded rapidly on.

As the youth departed he flung us a purse of gold to relieve our necessities, though with a loud mocking laugh, as if he could not tell which to indulge—his pity or his contempt. His companions could not but follow: so with their attendants they galloped hastily on, their fiery steeds striking sparks from the road in the vehemence of their course. After having prayed again for the young man who had rescued us from destruction, and so bounteously supplied us, we were refreshed in spirit, although somewhat bruised in body.

"See," I said to Herman, "the direction of the

LORD. The heathen have first smitten us, and then they have returned and left a blessing behind them. Our present attempt will be in vain, but we shall escape; and then, whether we be the instruments or not, there will be a return, and the LORD will give a rich recompense, not of gold and silver, but of far more precious souls, to the next labourers whom He commissions for this portion of His vineyard."

Yet, that we might not deceive ourselves, nor depart from our field out of fear, we determined once more to journey through the breadth and length of the land, resolved never to cease from the work until the LORD should dismiss us by death, or in what way seemed good to Him.

At length we came to the great city of Julin, in the island of Wollin. There we sojourned for some time. We heard that young Mitslav had visited the city in company with Primislav. He was about to go on one of his expeditions into Denmark, having embarked his followers on one of his ships. His purpose was to seize a noble young man of that country named Colmar, who was indebted to him for a large sum of money, advanced to him by Mitslav, that he might redeem himself from captivity; for the Dane had been carried away into Pomerania by one of its piratical vessels.

Mitslav had sent to him to demand payment the day when the debt fell due. Colmar had not only refused the money, but had spoken injurious words against Mitslav; for he was young and of high spirit. When one of Mitslav's envoys had answered him with taunts and gibes, he had slain him upon the spot. It is needless to express the wrath of Mitslav. He had

sworn before Gerovit, the demon of war, that he would take ample vengeance.

The city was full of Mitslav's preparations, and of the probable issue of his expedition. For Colmar was a famous warrior himself. His house and family were strong and powerful in Denmark. His friends were many and skilful in battle; and as he knew the character of Mitslav, and the certainty that he would seek revenge for the insult offered him, he was sure to be on his guard. Still, none seemed to doubt of Mitslav's success. He had never hitherto failed; and so high was the renown of his skill, and subtlety, and valour, that all appeared to think failure on his part an impossibility.

Now Julin was perhaps the most devoted of all the cities of Pomerania to their abominable idolatries. Everywhere there were temples, and groves, and altars, and images. The festivals were unceasing, and the worshippers thronged to them in countless troops. The people, also, as is in general the case with seafaring cities, though wealthy, were turbulent, and violent, and fond of revelry and riot. Not far from where Julin now stands, the famous city of Wineta reared of old its towers and temples. It had been the centre of the heathen idolatry for all the nations of the Sclavic race in this part of the world. They said that, in its pride and luxury, it had revolted against the immortal gods. Civil war and strife had wasted it; but it still remained haughty, and full of abominable wickedness. At last, Triglav had withdrawn the veil from his face. Then the fires of heaven had flashed, and terrible floods had swept against it. The

foundations of the city had melted; the sea came roaring in amidst darkness and tempest, and it sank, buried in the foaming waters. Then Julin grew up, though in inferior magnificence; while the worship of great Triglav was transferred to Stettin. Still, when the barks of Julin swept over the waters, the mariners beheld with wondering eyes the stately remnants of towers and temples glimmering underneath the deep, dark sea; and awful voices were at times heard, and pale forms were seen gliding amidst the buried streets, or raising their gloomy heads above the waves.

As I and Herman continued to dwell there, and beheld the people bowing down to their stocks and stones, and their gods of wood, and silver, and gold, our hearts were moved with pity and indignation. We longed to lay down our lives to deliver them from their unholy superstition. There was a large open market-place along the sea, in the midst of which stood one of their most celebrated idols. It was a huge triple-headed monster, its body arrayed in gilded armour, its three heads crowned with golden crowns, and in its hand was a golden sceptre. To this image the merchants and seamen were wont to resort before they launched forth on any great enterprise, that this, their great god Triglav might accept their offerings, and give a prosperous issue to their undertakings, whether of commerce or war.

We had heard, one morning, that in the afternoon, Primislav, the High Priest, was to hold a solemn assembly beside this idol, to bless an expedition which was about to start on a dangerous voyage. He, we knew, was anxiously labouring to attach the whole

country more and more to its paternal worship. He had been over the whole land, visiting the chiefs and nobles, ordaining festivals and solemnities in all the temples, and endeavouring, in particular, to attach the young, and wealthy, and valiant to himself, lest they should be seduced, as he said, by the preachers of Christianity. This had been the object of his visit to Gützkow, on his return from which he had so nearly slain us, the LORD's unworthy servants. He worked on all the violent passions of his fellow-countrymen, appealing to their wealth and to the prosperity of their country; stirring up their spirit against the Gospel, as a means and badge of slavery, which the Polish duke was striving to enforce upon them for his own aggrandisement and tyranny. And at the coming solemnity, he intended to praise the inhabitants of Julin for their devotion to their gods, and to exhort them to continue stedfast in their hereditary religion, and show an example of fidelity to all the Pomeranians.

We entered into the market-place, and beheld the various preparations for the approaching feast,—the garlands, and the victims, and the goblets of hydromel, and the people mustering round them. We could not bear the sight. I felt an irresistible impulse to assail the hideous image; and seizing a battle-axe which was leaning against the pedestal, I sprang up, and smote the idol near its feet. I struck thrice with all my force, and clave asunder both its legs; and the image fell with a mighty crash, and its golden crowns and sceptre went rolling into the dust.

At once there was an universal shout of wrath and

fury. "Behold," I cried, "the weakness of the abominations which you serve. Your god cannot help himself! Wherefore should you assist him?" But they closed their ears against what they deemed blasphemy, and from every street and every ship the multitude came pouring upon us like roaring wild beasts. They seized me and Herman, and were about to slay us. At that instant we heard the sound of horns, and clarions, and music. The High Priest was approaching, and, wonderful to relate, with young Mitslav again in his company. It was his expedition which the festival was to inaugurate, his were the offerings which were hanging round the fallen idol.

"The High Priest, the High Priest!" was now the cry. "Let us bring the wretches before him, and let us hear his sentence." So with blows and insults of every kind, they dragged us before Primislav, as he drew near with his young companion, at the head of the glittering procession. As soon as the High Priest's eye fell on us, I saw that he recognised us, and knew in my heart that his sentence would be death. But it pleased our Heavenly Master, not for our own services, but for His mercy, and for His purposes of goodness and glory, to have compassion on us once more, and to rescue us a second time from imminent death by the means of that noble young man; and we besought the LORD that He would recompense it to him with spiritual blessings. He also saw us, and pitying us, placed himself between us and our assailants; and shouting aloud with his glorious voice, besought the multitude to pity such poor abject wretches, such miserable scarecrows, as he named us,

jesting at our wasted and meagre forms, pointing out the danger also of provoking, without necessity, the vengeance of Duke Boleslav of Poland; and then turning with light jests and merriment to soothe the angry populace into a more merciful humour.

They could not resist the impulse of his mirth and eloquence. They burst out at last into loud laughter at our sorry plight, and even at their own idol god, fallen ignominiously on his three faces. Our chief danger was in Primislav's enmity; but when Mitslav persisted with his usual vehemence to save us, promising at the same time to take us into his ship, and disembark us somewhere on the German coast, he at last reluctantly consented. Surely it was the work of GOD, not so much compassionating us, as that numerous and light-hearted people, and the good youth who succoured us. "The LORD," we said, "reward it them for good."

Thus they set us in Mitslav's ship, laughing still at our poor and sorry appearance amongst his gay and glittering retinue. He spake not much with us on the voyage. I strove to turn his heart from its wrath, and bitterness, and pride; but he only answered us with scoffs and jests, as did also his followers. Nevertheless, I thought now and then that he seemed to ponder over the few words which the LORD put into our mouths. Occasionally a shadow of anxiety and seriousness passed over his brow, and I trusted that it might be the dawn of the day of grace. It was gone almost before I could see it; nevertheless, it comforted me a little in my shame and tribulation. I felt that, unworthy and worst of sinners as we were, we

were our good LORD's servants; and I remembered how He said, that 'He who receiveth you, receiveth Me,' and I hoped that He was with us in that wild ship, and that mocking company.

Now as I turned over many things, and over the ill-success of our labours on that voyage, meseemed that it was revealed to me that I had not commenced or carried on the LORD's undertaking with sufficient wisdom and forethought. I believe that I went in simplicity and sincerity; but the book-learning which I possessed, and the cell in which I had lived, and the solitude which I had loved, and the discipline which I had practised, had not given me power over men. They had not prepared my lips to speak persuasively and forcibly, neither had they given me enough of patience and suppleness; neither had they instructed me to be "all things to all men." They had given me zeal, but not enough according to knowledge; and they had made me ready to lay down my life for the faith, but not to give up my loved poverty, and hunger, and nakedness, sufficiently to deal with that merry and honest, but violent and proud people.

Now as I considered these things, it was further revealed to me, or at least I called to remembrance, that there was a man of GOD, of whom I had heard much, and whom I had once met at Rome, Otto, Bishop of Bamberg, who was in all points fitted for the work in which I had failed; and to him I resolved, by the LORD's mercy, to go. And I determined to set before him the state of Pomerania, the difficulties and dangers to be encountered, the nature and character of the people, their good and evil quali-

ties, their wealth, and their pride, and their liberty. For I had heard that he was one who knew "both how to want and how to abound," and that none could stand against his goodness and his eloquence. Therefore, when my hosts landed me, I resolved to hasten to Bamberg with all possible speed, trusting that it might be he who should give me the purse of gold,—that is, the converted souls of Pomerania's many inhabitants,—in recompense for my own labours and failures.

The young man Mitslav had taken me up, partly as a reason to go out of the usual course to Denmark, the better to deceive his enemy; so as soon as this object was accomplished, he landed me and Herman on the sea shore, bidding me a cheerful and kind farewell. "May the LORD," I said, "Whom you know not, have mercy upon you, and guide you, not to the vengeance which you seek, but to the compassion which you need."

A tear dropped from my eyes, as I remembered all the kindness of the poor fierce idolater; and I thought a tear stood in his, as he kindly pressed my hand, and I hoped it was a gift of CHRIST. Then he sprang back with a gay light laugh into the ship, and loosing its sails to the wind, they sped lightly on their wild voyage of sin, dashing the foam from their bows, and leaving a long wake of eddying froth behind them, with a laugh and a shout, and a clashing of arms, chiming musically with the sound of the waters. I and Herman turned our footsteps to Bamberg.

CHAPTER II.

Here I Bernard not having accompanied Bishop Otto on his journeys in person, only in heart and spirit and my poor prayers, must cease to write in my own name. Having however heard all the events of his journey from the holy Bishop himself, and from his companions, and in particular from the faithful Ulric, his favourite chaplain, and having met Mitslav and other Pomeranians on a subsequent journey to behold the Lord's handywork in that country after its conversion, and conversed with them on the strange and marvellous circumstances which attended it, I may humbly say that I am thoroughly conversant with the whole history, and beseech the Lord and all His servants to accept this record of it, which I have compiled with the greatest care and diligence. First of all, however, I must give some account of Otto, the chosen instrument of the Lord, in the great work which He wrought in Pomerania.

Otto then was of a noble Suabian family, which had been impoverished through divers accidents. He had received a learned education, although the want of larger means had prevented him from visiting the University of Paris and the other schools of learning to which he would fain have journeyed for the completion of his studies. He was therefore perhaps inferior in canonical science and deep theological attainments to those who, as the humble compiler of this history, have had more opportunities and greater

leisure, nevertheless his acquirements were considerable, and in the knowledge of the truest fountain of wisdom, the holy Scriptures of the LORD, few could compete with him. To support himself, hearing that there was lack of learning in Poland, he had gone into that country, and opened a school in it, to which many of the chief nobility had sent their children. His reputation daily increased; the wisdom and good conduct and Christian lives of his scholars extended his renown throughout the whole territory. The Duke Wartislav Herman summoned him to his court, and made him one of his chaplains, committing to him the superintendence of the education of his son Boleslav, who afterwards inherited his dominions.

The Duke lost his first wife, and while he was consulting with his nobility whom he should next espouse, Otto suggested to him that a marriage with Sophia, sister of the Emperor Henry the Fourth, would exalt his honour, and establish his authority. The Duke thought that none was more likely to succeed in effecting this object than he who had advised it. He sent him therefore with the embassy which he despatched to the Imperial Court. Chiefly through Otto's means the Emperor consented to the Duke's request, and the marriage was celebrated with great splendour. Otto rose in his lord's esteem, and was frequently sent on subsequent embassies to the Emperor.

That sovereign, struck with his aspect and manners, drew him to his own court, and made him one of his chaplains. Otto's holy life, joined with his ability, raised him in the Emperor's esteem and favour. More especially his knowledge of Holy Scripture, and his

acquaintance with the blessed Psalter of David, attached Henry to him, who loved in the manifold troubles which environed him, to retire with Otto into his chamber, and hear him recite the Psalms which suited him, or to chant them alternately with him, Otto giving him his own Psalter, splendidly bound and illuminated, to the Emperor's great contentment. He presently made him his Imperial Chancellor. And when a deputation came to him from Bamberg, petitioning him to nominate a Bishop for that famous See then vacant, he determined, though reluctant to lose him from his Court, to bestow Otto on them. When they had met in solemn assembly to receive his nomination, they expected Henry to give them one of his own relatives, or of the high nobility of the land.

When he produced Otto to them, they were at first humbled and grieved. But Henry would not change his purpose. He knew and represented to them Otto's excellence, ability, faithfulness, and holiness, declaring that he had already refused the Bishoprics of Augsburg and Halberstadt, which he had pressed on his acceptance. He signified that he would not allow him any more to remain without a high office in the Church. He testified that he was far from a flatterer to himself, and that he differed from him touching the subject of Investitures then agitating the Christian world. Nevertheless he had such confidence in his courage and truth and unequalled talent, that he felt himself bound for the good of the LORD's kingdom to insist on his accepting his present offer. "Would you know who he is?" said the Emperor. "I am his father, and the Church of Bamberg shall be

his mother." The deputies were moved with Henry's words, and came into his views with gladness. He had far greater difficulty with Otto, who shrank from the burden of the office, and the extent and grandeur of the charge, and whose opinions differed from the Emperor's on the great question of the time.

Otto's unwillingness was at last overcome. He consented to be elected, and invested with the staff and ring by the Emperor, declaring that if the Pope did not approve his election, he should immediately surrender his dignity. Directly afterwards he sent to Rome to acknowledge what he had done, to receive the Pope's forgiveness and blessing on his future ministry. Pascal, the Pope, invited him to the Papal Court, then at Anagnia, and approved of his whole conduct. Otto, however, again shrinking from his elevation, fled disguised and alone at night. But the Pope sent messengers after him who brought him back. He then consecrated him with his own hand at the feast of Pentecost, 1103, permitting him to use the Cross and Pallium (that is the Metropolitan robe) eight times in the year. Otto returned to his diocese. He laboured assiduously for twenty years in the re-establishment and extension of his Church. He lived personally a most frugal and self-denying life. His food, his bed, were of the plainest kind. He wore sackcloth under his robes. At the same time, through his great abilities, he raised large revenues by the skilful improvement of the Church's domains, by the gifts which the nobility who loved and reverenced him poured in freely for his use, and by recovering large properties which had been alienated by the care-

lessness and venality of his predecessors. Many half-converted and ignorant people were under his charge —many depopulated and wasted districts.

He had before been celebrated for his skill in collecting means for church building, and in turning them to the best advantage. He had completed for the Emperor the Cathedral of Spires, the erection of which had lingered for years. He now in his own diocese built church after church to the number of twelve. He raised fifteen monasteries, and six cells or priories attached to them. He could not, he said, build hostelries enough for those who lived as strangers and pilgrims in the world. To all these schools were attached for the education both of the higher and lower classes, the latter being instructed in farm-work and domestic labour, as well as in the elementary knowledge of religion. In the former the noble youths were prepared for their high positions, and candidates for the clergy trained for their holy office. For indeed the monasteries were the outworks and strongholds of the faith, and the dispensers of civilization and secular improvements also.

Otto was even more diligent in the edification of the living Church, being himself an indefatigable preacher; expounding the Holy Scriptures without ceasing in the language of the country, and in terms adapted to every understanding. He held the first rank as a popular orator; for he was endowed with the highest natural powers of eloquence, and by use and practice he had learned to adapt his discourse to every place, time, and person. He had also great personal advantages, being tall and handsome,

and of most venerable aspect, with a clear silver voice, and distinct enunciation, which his practised skill could turn to the best account. His alms and charities were unbounded. In Bamberg itself, where he had almost rebuilt the cathedral, his house was open to every guest, rich and poor. In a great famine he fed the whole city for two months. He kept a regular catalogue of all the sick, and of all their various diseases, throughout the city, and assisted them with the proper remedies, visiting them himself without ceasing. He used the various offerings which the universal love borne him continually attracted for these various purposes of mercy. If in Lent they brought him a costly fish, he would send it to some sick person, saying that bread was good enough for him. A precious fur was pressed upon him by a noble matron who would take no refusal. "I will lay it up for myself," he said, "where no moth shall ever eat it," and directed it to similar objects.

Such care to avoid even the suspicion of selfishness was needful for one in so exalted a position, and the steward of such unbounded supplies. To those who knew him his devout and austere life was an ample testimony of his sincerity and faithfulness. Often would he have withdrawn from the world, to devote himself altogether to the Word of God and prayer in severe seclusion. But the princes and nobles represented to him that the Church's good absolutely required of him that he should not forsake them. Nevertheless he yearned for a harder life, and more of the Cross, than had as yet been vouchsafed to him.

In the twentieth year of his episcopate, after Christmas, celebrated with all possible devotion and solemnity in his cathedral, he was sitting, resting from the labours of the day, when a man sought admission to him on important business. This was Bernard.

"Father," he said, "I have come to you with a message from our Master. I have been in Pomerania seeking the conversion of the heathen; but I have toiled in vain, and without fruit. They are a wealthy, prosperous, and haughty people. They need one wealthy and prosperous like themselves. They are cheerful and gay. They need one who can mingle wit and kindness with the holy truths to be proclaimed to them. They are gaily apparelled; they love music and song, the revel, and the banquet. They need one who should attract their eyes with gorgeous raiment, with gold and silver, only consecrated to the honour of the SAVIOUR; one who can order the sacred services with all the beauty and sweet melodies of holiness. Their temples are stately and gorgeous. One should go among them who can raise on their ruins fairer and statelier houses for the living GOD. In their meetings and their diets they esteem the imposing form, the eloquent speech. He who addresses them for the LORD, should be stately of aspect, and a mighty orator. Think not that I would have any one trust in the arm of flesh; but when earthly means are consecrated to the LORD'S service, His blessing is waiting for them. He will give the increase.

"O, my lord, my brother, I have been throughout the

land. My heart yearns towards its inhabitants. Kindness, plenty, wealth, mirth, are there; but their idols, and their priests, and their soothsayers, and their violence, and their riot, taint and pollute their blessings. Their earth is so rich, that they live for it alone; and their souls perish. They esteem themselves favoured of heaven, and tremble not as sinners at GOD'S judgment. And their teachers, they that bless them, cause them to err, for they tell them they need no SAVIOUR.

"Have compassion, O my brother, on these poor sheep. Thou art one, who with GOD'S blessing, may recover them. Four long years of toil and danger and daily death among them, will not have been wasted by thy servant, if he can move thee to this blessed undertaking."

Otto listened to these intreaties with patient and tearful attention, and behold even as Bernard ended, there was a cry at the door, "A messenger, my lord, a messenger with a letter from the Duke of Poland." Otto opened it, and read it with great surprise. It was to this effect.

"Thou knowest, holy father, that many of the barbarous people of Pomerania are desirous of admission into holy Church. Others are yet in the hardness of their heart. These three years have I been seeking for a Bishop to send among them, but amidst all my Bishops I cannot find one willing to charge himself with the difficult task. Now, because I remember thy excellent life when thou wert at my father's court, and know that thou art always ready for every good work, I have sent to thee, earnestly to beseech thee by the bowels of the mercy of our LORD, to take

this matter in charge for the glory and honour of His Name. I will defray the expenses of thy journey, and will give thee an escort, and interpreters, and assistant priests; and whatsoever more thou requirest I will gladly render thee."

When he had finished reading, Otto gave the letter to Bernard, and rising at once from his seat, he said, "It is the voice of GOD. He calls me. I will do thy bidding."

CHAPTER III.

FOUR months afterwards, there was a Diet of the Empire in Bamberg. The Emperor and Princes of the Council had attended at High Mass in the Cathedral. Then they sat together in the City Hall. Bishop Otto appeared before them still in his Pontifical robes. "I have come," he said, "noble Emperor and you Princes, and high estates of the empire, to require your permission and your prayers for an undertaking in the cause of GOD. I have already sought and obtained the leave and benediction of our Father the Pope. I request that you will suffer me to go forth at the request of Duke Boleslav of Poland, on a mission to the heathen Pomeranians, and I humbly supplicate that you will all assist me with your united intercessions at the throne of grace."

The clergy and chief nobles of Bamberg, wept as their Bishop spoke, for they knew the dangers of the

mission, and they thought that they should see their beloved pastor no more. They dared not, however, speak a word against his proposal. The Emperor and the Council consented with admiration and thankfulness to Otto's petition, for they knew that he was guided by the SPIRIT of GOD. They had heard also of Boleslav's letter, and there was no man so fitted for the work to which it invited him.

"Go," said the Emperor, "and may the LORD be with you; and may you return in safety with a rich harvest of saved souls. We will all, unworthy as we are, contribute our prayers, and we will add what offerings we have at hand."

Otto had already made large preparations. Taking warning from Bernard's history, and assisted by his experience, he determined to proceed with all possible pomp and splendour. He took with him Ulric, his favourite chaplain, and seven other ecclesiastics, with several attendants and servants. He carried ample store of raiment and provision, that he might not be a charge to any barbarian entertainer. Waggons were provided, in which were stored splendid sacerdotal apparel, books and missals, vestments and chalices and patens, and everything requisite for the service of the Altar, garments also and cloth, and rich furs, and ornaments of silver and gold for presents.

Passing through Bohemia, they entered Poland, and arrived at its capital, Gnesen, where Duke Boleslav received them with great hospitality, welcoming his ancient master with joy, and seeking his blessing with earnestness. He added many things to their stores, which his acquaintance with the country taught

him might be useful. He gave them the escort which he had promised under one of his captains, named Paulitzky, a man chosen carefully, and admirably adapted for the service assigned him. He was tall and exceedingly strong, and renowned for his personal valour. Nothing also could exceed his patience and discretion, and with sincere piety he joined a frankness and mirthfulness, and readiness of wit, which qualified him excellently for his intercourse with the rude, though wealthy Pomeranians.

From much service among them in Boleslav's wars, he was thoroughly acquainted with their character and language. And from his rank and personal endowments he could act the part of an interpreter far better than any inferior officer. Three Polish priests also attached themselves to Otto's company, although of too timid a disposition to be of effectual service.

Then after solemnly invoking the blessing of GOD, accompanied by the prayers of every earnest heart in Poland, they started on their perilous journey. For six days they toiled on through the vast forest which separated Poland from Pomerania. They met no one. The silence and the solitude of the huge old trees; the deep shadows of the wood, enhanced the feelings of awe already prevailing in their minds. To Otto and Paulitzky, and the bolder hearts, it was a solemn preparation for their work. But the minds of the ecclesiastics were full of anxiety and horror, and they would fain have fled away if they had known how.

On the seventh day, they at last reached the river Nitze, the frontier of Pomerania. There Duke Wartislav, who had been apprised of their arrival, was

waiting for them with five hundred followers. He pitched his camp on the further side of the river, and with several attendants, dashed through the water. He immediately retired with Otto and Paulitzky into a tent which he had brought with him, to confer on the best measures to be adopted. Christianity had already exercised some influence upon him, and he was, although in part from temporal reasons, inclined to favour its introduction. Nevertheless, the perils of the undertaking were many, and his own authority might be endangered, especially through the active enmity of the priests. Neither was his life yet conformable to the precepts of the Gospel, for he still retained a multitude of wives.

Otto had known the Sclavic language in his boyhood, but at first was obliged to converse through the medium of Paulitzky. Their interview, therefore, was protracted for a considerable time. All of a sudden their conference was interrupted by a loud cry of apprehension. Ulric, Otto's chaplain, and one of the Polish ecclesiastics, came running to the tent, crying for mercy and help. "O, my lords, save us!" they cried; "these fierce Pomeranians will devour us!"

The rough, merry soldiery had been amusing themselves at the expense of the Priests. About ten had accompanied Wartislav. They were dressed in all the fierce splendour of Barbarian warriors. The steeds they rode were swift and wild, and trained to every warlike feat. They wore long loose trowsers of scarlet cloth, and pliant breastplates of steel scales, gilt, and brightly burnished. The crest of their helmets was formed into the shape of some wild beast's head,—a

gnashing bear's, or a grinning boar's. Each carried a broad sword in a glittering sheath, and a bow with a quiver of arrows on one side of his saddle. On the other hung a short, weighty battle-axe.

These fierce warriors, as soon as their leader had withdrawn into the tent, seeing the scared looks and pale faces of the Priests, springing suddenly upon their horses, moved a little way off, and then, with a rapid charge and a wild shout, rode right up to the trembling company, checking their horses just as they appeared about to trample over them. Then, springing hastily down, and fastening their horses to the trees, they came up with threatening looks, and taking their swords in their hands, and pointing them at their breasts, began, in broken Polish language, to threaten that they would stab them, flay them alive, bury them up to their necks in the ground, and give them a new and more effectual torture, by plucking off their tonsured scalps.

When Otto and Boleslav came out, they found the poor Priests half dead with terror. The savage forest, the gloom of approaching night, had already unnerved them; and now the threats of the wild warriors had almost frightened them out of their wits. These, as their chief approached, burst out into a loud laugh, and leaving the victims of their mirth, retired hastily to their steeds.

Boleslav re-assured the scared band, telling them that both he and his men were Christians, although as yet not avowedly, and in much ignorance of its real doctrines. "But you see," he said, "reverend father, what you have to anticipate. The best of us

are a rough set, and we are fond of these wild jokes. If my own attendants are so wayward and daring, you may imagine what the rest must be, who are still devoted idolaters. Nevertheless, you will find much of true affection and kindliness among us; and I know that you will be gentle, and patient, and loving, as a father among froward children, and, by the mercy of Him Whom you preach, all will yet be well. You will have, however, many other difficulties, and first of all, the influence of our heathen priesthood. Their authority is great,—perhaps the greatest in the country. Primislav, the chief Priest, is a subtle and ambitious man, and has extended his influence by every means in his power, till I already totter on my seat. The next impediment is our lawless independence, which prevents me from exerting my authority so directly as I could wish in your behalf. Our love of revelry and merriment is another obstacle, mingled up as it is with our idolatrous festivals.

"Next to myself and Primislav in influence is a young noble of the name of Mitslav. All the youth look to him as their model and pattern. His pride and cunning, however, will render him at first averse to your holy Gospel of peace. Moreover, in time past, our neighbours have sought to impose your religion on us at the point of the sword; so that our hearts have risen up in natural rebellion against it. You have much work before you, and I do not dissemble the labours and dangers of the path in which you are entering. But we will now form a holy conspiracy for the success of your faith; and if you are such as I have heard and judge you to be, I doubt not that in

time you will return with a prosperous end and issue. It will not be advisable for me to accompany you; but I will meet you soon at Kammin, and then aid you from time to time in what manner you judge best."

CHAPTER IV.

While this holy league and conspiracy was thus being ratified on the banks of the Netze, for the salvation of the Pomeranians, and in particular of Mitslav, that young chief was forming and executing far different plots of hatred and vengeance. After landing Bernard, he again circumnavigated Denmark; his purpose being to appear as if he had not sailed from Julin, or any other Pomeranian city. All warlike appearances had been sedulously laid aside, and the crew had given to their ship the appearance of a merchant vessel. They had provided a lading of furs and of falcons, that they might appear as if coming from Norway.

A friend of Mitslav's, also a rich and valiant citizen of Stettin, named Witstack, had arrived by agreement some time previously at Hirscholm, near which Colmar resided. He had made himself acquainted with the castle and family of Colmar; and, the better to carry on their fraudulent scheme, he had assumed the appearance and manners of a Christian. He had railed at Mitslav himself in Colmar's hearing, on the score of his known devotion to the national idolatry. The arrival of Mitslav's vessel

was mentioned by him, as offering not only a favourable opportunity for traffic, but for contriving some design with its crew, by which he might entrap Mitslav into his power, and obtain a release from his debts. Still Colmar was on his guard, and neglected no precautions to ensure his safety; always moving accompanied by several attendants.

As soon as Mitslav's ship came to land, he visited it in company with Witstack; and while Mitslav was concealed in his friend's lodging, he inspected the goods offered for sale, and began conversing with divers of its crew about the possibility of seizing his enemy at Julin. On pretence of bearing his purchases to his castle, and of completing their agreement for Mitslav's seizure, the Pomeranians one by one drew round Colmar's dwelling. It was a fortress situated by the sea, at some distance from the town. Several of Mitslav's men were introduced on these pretences into Colmar's hall. He indeed was fully armed, and being of gigantic stature, and expert in war, while several armed attendants were in the room, it was difficult to seize him. Mitslav, however, had himself undertaken this task, with his usual impetuous daring. He had been carried in one of the bales of fur, and the bearers had laid him down in the further end of the room behind the dais. Arms also had been introduced in the various packages, which had been distributed among his attendants as far as it was possible.

While Colmar was eagerly conversing with Witstack on his future prospects of revenge, his intended prey had extricated himself from the furs in which he had been wrapped, and gliding rapidly like a serpent

along the ground, before Colmar was aware of his presence, he sprang up suddenly, and folded his arms round him so forcibly, that the Dane, notwithstanding his strength and violent struggles, was unable to grasp his weapons. At the same moment all the Pomeranians snatched up the swords concealed in the merchandise, and rushed with one accord upon Colmar's attendants. After a short fight, they mastered and bound the greater number. Then, snatching a firebrand from the hearth, they lighted the hall, which was constructed of wood, in several different places. Colmar also was soon bound and gagged, and then four men, at Mitslav's command, raised him in their arms, and bore him rapidly toward a boat which they had moored on the sea shore. Mitslav's ship was waiting ready for sea; and before the tidings reached Hirscholm, they were far on their way with the unhappy prisoner toward the port of Julin.

As they approached that city,[1] they raised a loud shout, and striking their harps and sounding their horns, they burst out into the song of victory. The inhabitants crowded to the river side, to welcome their fellow countrymen on their return. Universal admiration was awakened at the sight of the captive Colmar; and many a lay was composed in honour of the valour and subtlety of Mitslav, and his unfailing success.

The watchful Primislav was careful not to omit so favourable an opportunity of attaching the young chief to himself and his idolatry. He had set up again the idol which Bernard had overthrown, and had prepared

[1] The Amsterdam of Pomerania.

a gorgeous procession to meet the youth on his arrival, and conduct him in triumph to the dedication of the spoil; for it was the custom in Pomerania to offer a third of every booty to some god. Clad in his splendid robes, he received the youthful warrior as his foot touched the land. Two bands of minstrels stood behind him, one of men, the other of women. At the head of this latter company stood one on whom the eyes of Mitslav fastened with astonishment and boundless admiration. It was a tall, stately maiden, in the bloom of youth, and of most perfect beauty. Her black, glossy hair was confined by a wreath of silver, entwined with flowers, from beneath which it flowed in glittering masses over her snowy shoulders. She wore the blue robe of Lada, the goddess of pleasure and joy; and the silver band round her waist, and the silver staff twined with flowers in her hand, denoted that she was Lada's chief priestess. Her attendant priestesses were dressed in a similar garb, except that they were only crowned with flowers, and bore lutes instead of the staff.

As her eyes met Mitslav's, a sweet smile of welcome passed over her proud, chiselled features; and exchanging her staff for a lute such as her followers carried, she commenced the song of gratulation in clear, silvery tones, which silenced in an instant the noise of the multitudes around. The sweet voices of the other maidens took up the strain, and presently the priests, under Primislav, responded in deeper accents. They sang alternately the praises of Gerovit, god of war, and Lada, goddess of love; and the crowd throughout the market-place took up the well-known

lays. The harps also, and other instruments of music, resounded, and the loud harmony seemed to swell over the whole city. Then they led Mitslav to the idol, beside which they had reared another image of Lada. Two altars were steaming in front of them, and several beasts lowing on either side, ready for sacrifice; and tables were spread for the banquet.

Mitslav made his offerings, the third of all the spoil, divided into two portions; one he presented to Gerovit. But as he drew near to the image of Lada, by which her priestess was standing, he bade his attendants pour the whole remaining booty before it. "All offerings," he said, "are too little for the goddess of pleasure and love, who has given us such a favourable voyage, and crowned us with vengeance and with happiness."

The maiden glanced at Primislav with a proud and meaning smile, which was reflected on his countenance; for she was his daughter Illah, the sharer and depositary of his schemes of ambition and dominion. He used her beauty and charms to attract and attach the young nobility to his interest; and she, nothing loth, carried out his views with consummate tact and skill. With her dazzling beauty and the melody of her voice, she had bound many of the young nobility in her chains; while, by her pride and wit, she kept them all in uncertainty and doubt, half persuading each of her followers that he was the object of her affection, and yet keeping them at a distance by her jests and mockeries.

Her father was anxious that Mitslav should come within the reach of her soft entanglements. He knew

the influence which he exercised over all the youth of Pomerania. His deliverance of the missionary, Bernard, had never been forgotten; and as he had heard of Otto's arrival, he was determined to spare no means by which he might at once secure Mitslav's support for their national idolatry.

He had warned his daughter how much caution was required in dealing with one of the young chief's haughtiness and ability, and his promptings had fallen on her ambitious heart like a spark on heaped fuel.

After the offerings had been made, the sacrifices were slaughtered, and they sat down to the banquet. Mitslav was seated between the High Priest and Illah, and as she exerted her powers of witchery, he drank in draughts of love, as the revellers quaffed the flowing bowls of hydromel.

The maiden, however, soon withdrew at a gesture from her father, while the revel was protracted into the night. The High Priest strove to pledge his youthful companion to decisive measures against the Christian invasion. He plied him with artful flatteries. The poverty and austerity of the missionaries who had hitherto been among them, were artfully contrasted with the splendour and luxury of their own worship. The tyranny and violence of the Christian princes, who in time past had devastated part of Pomerania, and had forced their religion on other Sclavic provinces, were ingeniously set before him. "Thou hast heard," he said, "of this Bishop. I remember how our brethren at Lubeck, some fifty years ago, received another Bishop, the haughty Bishop of Mecklenburgh, when he bade them forsake their ancestral

gods, who had blessed them with years of abundance. The Christian dogs had raised houses and dwellings for their vain deity, and his ragged servants. They had come, these Germans and Danes, and had made themselves lords of a people better and braver than themselves. The men of Lubeck rose with one accord. They slaughtered and expelled the stranger; they beat down the houses of their weak God; and they took their Chief Priest, and cast him into the fire before the altar and image of Gerovit."

Mitslav sat smiling, but silent. He seemed to be watching the couch where Illah had been seated. He was not one to pledge himself rashly, or to put himself in another's power; still her beauty had strongly impressed him. The High Priest regarded him with eager looks; but he remained impassive and dumb.

The good deed which he had done to Bernard was before the throne of grace. It sealed his lips from any words of violence. The prayers of the Saints of God were wrestling for him against the powers of darkness, and the tempter's art was baffled.

CHAPTER V.

Meanwhile the holy invasion of mercy was advancing. Otto and his followers had crossed the Netze. At first they found a country desolate and wasted, baptized with blood and fire. The Polish dukes had with repeated inroads laboured though vainly for the

subjugation of Pomerania; and their border territory showed nothing save the marks of their violence and rapine. A few inhabitants still lingered in their ruined dwellings, to whom the good Bishop ministered all the relief which he could give, reassuring their trembling hearts, gathering them into his company, nourishing and consoling them, and at the same time dispensing to them the word of grace to which their affliction had opened their hearts. Some thirty or forty grains for the LORD's floor were thus gleaned up with care and diligence during the nine days in which they journeyed slowly over the wasted country.

On the tenth day they emerged out of that desolate region. Immediately a loud sound struck their ears, and the timid followers of Otto began anew to tremble. But Otto remembered the words of Moses: "It is not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither the voice of their cry for being overcome, but the voice of them that sing do I hear. See," he said, "the voice of wailing is changed already into the voice of melody. It is a token from on high. The sound of unholy minstrelsy which is worse than wailing, shall be changed into the Halleluiahs and Hosannas of conversion." Thus reassuring his companions, he commanded their cavalcade to halt, for the shades of evening were rapidly drawing on; and the distressed Pomeranians whom he had aided, forewarned him that they were approaching the town of Piritz; and that the noise which reached them was the celebration of one of their chief idolatrous festivals.

It was the eve of S. John, (June 23rd) and on that holy night, the pagans of the land, and all of the same

race, are wont to gather together from all the neighbouring villages, to form a camp of booths, and light large bonfires in the midst of it. Around these bonfires they dance to the sound of harps and voices, with the tables spread with food, and the cups filled with the strongest mead in honour of Kubala the god of the seasons and the fruits. They spend the evening and few brief hours of the midsummer night in one unceasing orgy. They esteem it unthankful not to awaken the sun, and salute his first beams with revelling and cups pledged in joyous salutation and welcome. If the goblet and the song do not herald his ascent up heaven, they believe that he will scorch the approaching harvest.

As the Bishop encamped his company for the night, not to meet the pagans in their rioting, "O holy eve," he said, "on thee the forerunner of the SAVIOUR was born. May the LORD grant thee to be now the forerunner of His birth amongst these heathen. Brethren, let us spend the night in prayer. With our quiet supplication and psalmody, let us outlast and overcome the Gentile revelry. Hark the saints are praying above. On the morrow with the help of the LORD, the new birth of Pomerania shall begin."

When the morning was sufficiently advanced for the Pomeranians to have slept off their revel, Paulitzky and the other officers of the Duke of Poland entered Piritz. They found about four thousand persons assembled there for the celebration of the festival of Kubala. They convoked the chief persons among them, and spoke to them of the arrival of the Bishop. He was sent to them, they said, by the great Duke of Poland. He

is an honourable man, wealthy and revered at home. He needs nothing. He is not come for gain. His sole desire is your good, your welfare. You remember your promise to the Duke to receive his messengers peacefully. You have felt the weight of his hand; now instead of destruction accept a blessing from it. Behold all the world is Christian, you alone resist its judgment.

There was one man among them, the priest Felsav, whom the High Priest had sent to counteract Otto's progress. He saw, however, that the fears of the people, as well as their curiosity were strongly awakened. They were also evidently moved by Paulitzky's appearance, and the kind manner and loving words with which he addressed them. His only recourse was to persuade them to seek for delay, but Paulitzky, perceiving the intent of their requests, insisted firmly, though compassionately, on an immediate answer. With a sudden impulse common amongst uneducated multitudes, they shouted an unanimous assent to the proposal made them.

Accordingly the Bishop, as soon as the tidings reached him, putting on his pontifical robes, entered in solemn procession. When the people beheld the number of his attendants, the order in which they marched, the waggons, and the horses, and the whole cavalcade, they were smitten with a sudden panic, thinking that an assault was intended. It was not without considerable difficulty that Paulitzky reassured them. A sort of pulpit was hastily heaped together, and Otto began to address them, for he had already recovered to some extent his knowledge of their language.

"The blessing of the LORD be upon you, my children. We bless you, and we give you thanks in the name of the LORD; for ye have refreshed us by your kind and ready reception. Ye have already heard the cause of our coming, wherefore ye should more earnestly attend to us. We have come from a far country. Your welfare, your blessedness, your joy, was the motive of our long travel: for ye shall be happy and eternally blessed, if ye will recognize and serve your Creator." He added more such words.

The people were much agitated by his appearance and his address; for out of every feature and in every word the Spirit of love beamed forth upon them. His look, presence, discourse, were irresistibly winning, and as the rich tones of his magnificent voice carried over the whole crowd the tidings of salvation in words of noble simplicity, the whole assembly, as one man, cried out that they committed themselves readily to his guidance. It was as if the Spirit of GOD had come down from on high, and communicated the impulse to every hearer.

They possessed already some little knowledge of Christianity, and as Otto divided them into bands, and assigned them severally to the priests who accompanied him, reserving the largest number for himself, their preparation was rapidly completed, and he judged that, as the hand of GOD was manifest, he might admit them to baptism at the end of seven days. He constructed three baptisteries with all possible speed, sinking three large wooden tuns into the ground, and raising curtains round them, with a tent-like covering over them. He separated the candidates

into three parties, the men, the women, and the children. One by one with their parents they were introduced into the baptistery; and as soon as each was undressed and in the water, the Priest came and baptized them with the trine immersion, and anointed them with the chrism, and then withdrew. White garments were prepared for them, in which each arrayed himself as soon as he came out of the water.

Nothing could exceed the solemnity and carefulness with which the whole ceremony was conducted, that no possible cause of offence might be given to the rude people: and this was the manner of baptism which Otto observed throughout the whole of Pomerania, save that in winter he directed that the water should be warmed, lest any injury might ensue through the severity of their season. Otto selected for his portion of their labour the baptism of all the male children. The whole of the population of the town was thus gathered into the Church. The heathen festival, which had collected so many together, was made, by the LORD's wonderful grace, to serve His purposes of mercy. Many also came crowding in from the neighbouring villages, and seven thousand candidates were numbered as having being baptized at Piritz.

For twenty days more he remained at that town, teaching and instructing them himself, and by his priests, in the faith and rule of godliness, declaring to them the festivals and fasts which they were henceforth to observe; enforcing the observance of the LORD's day upon them, and raising a sanctuary or chancel for them, as there was no time to erect a

church with that diligence and skill for which he was distinguished in building. The good Bishop knew well the need of instituting Christian ordinances and solemnities, and some external point of worship for such uneducated people. At the same time he required of them a solemn pledge to give up the plurality of wives, and the practice of destroying their female infants, and all other evil customs. He ended by explaining to them the seven Sacraments,[1] and the consequent necessity of a Christian Priesthood, promising as speedily as possible to open schools for the education of their children, and for the preparation of candidates for Holy Orders, and in the meanwhile assigning them one of his Priests for the present maintenance and furtherance of religion.

It was necessary now to renew their journey, and penetrate further into Pomerania, where Christianity had as yet been little heard of, except as a term of reproach, and where the recommendations of the Duke of Poland carried less weight. Otto had appointed to meet the Pomeranian Duke Wartislav at Kammin, and the time was nearly expired. Men had been sent from that city to report on Otto's proceedings. Felsav also, the heathen priest, had returned to give his report to Primislav. The wrath of that chief of the idolatry of the country was naturally embittered by his great antagonist's success. The suspicions which the Pomeranian Duke entertained of Primislav precluded any attempts upon his mind; indeed, the whole country knew that this ruler was anxious for the extension of Christianity in his dominions. But

[1] According to the number then received.

as Mitslav, with other chief nobles of Pomerania, was expected to accompany his sovereign, the High Priest thought that through that young chief he might influence the rest of the nobility. He therefore with his daughter determined to repair to the appointed place of meeting, that, if possible, he might counteract the labours of the Christians. He hastened to Kammin before the Bishop's arrival, but, to his great indignation, he found the citizens so excited and expectant by the favourable report which their spies had brought of Otto, that he was unable to awaken any enmity against him in the mass of the inhabitants. Felsav, however, had a sister in the neighbourhood, and she united with her brother in intense hatred of the Christian name.

Eager desire and joy might be seen in the faces of the community when Otto entered Kammin. His look, his words, his kindness, or rather the blessed Spirit which wrought by him, worked as effectually here as at Piritz. Multitudes were daily converted, and baptized, and received the Word of God, and the holy precepts of the Gospel, with the same affectionate readiness. At Kammin moreover, the duchess, that is the duke's chief wife, for he hitherto had four-and-twenty, having previously imbibed the tenets of Christianity, rejoiced in the opportunity of receiving fuller instructions, and of showing her attachment to its messengers. She welcomed them with her whole house, and influenced all the city so strongly that all with one consent expressed their desire for Baptism.

Presently tidings came of the duke's approach.

Otto went forth to meet him, and the duke lighting hastily from his horse, tenderly embraced him. He excused his delay by urgent business of state. And "now at last," he said, "behold me. Command me, I pray you, in all things. There is nothing which I will not do, for one who has hazarded so much for me." Then he requested Otto to present his followers, and grasped each affectionately by the hand, and welcomed them with the greatest kindness. A solemn assembly was held in the market place on the following day. Otto with his priests had consecrated there an altar and open sanctuary. At the curtain which served for a door, Otto in his robes met the duke. He drew near with his duchess in lowly apparel and barefooted.

"See," he said, "holy father, two most unworthy penitents. We were baptized long since, and made profession of Christianity. But we have not lived according to its laws, and we have departed far from its counsels. For the fear of men, we have dissembled our faith, and have lived according to the abominations of our fathers. We draw near in humiliation and repentance. We beg thee to pray for us, and to instruct us, and to declare to us what we ought to do."

Thus the duke spake with a loud voice, and many tears, before the assembled nobility and the crowded populace.

"There is pardon and mercy for you," said the Bishop, "and for all who confess their sins. But wilt thou renounce thy many wives, and keep thee henceforth to her who stands beside thee?"

The duke replied, grasping his wife's hand, "I will with joy and gladness."

"Will ye labour all ye can to extend the true faith, and never be ashamed to confess it?"

"We will, we will, by GOD's help!" they both answered.

Then was there a loud shout, as Bishop Otto bending over them as they knelt, absolved them in the LORD's Name, and accepted the offerings which they brought, and preceded them into the Church to celebrate the joyful service over their restoration.

The example of their sovereigns and this striking scene produced their natural effects, on the excitable temperament of the Pomeranians. They renounced their idols, and their many wives, and their evil habit of infanticide.

During the forty days which Otto sojourned at Kammin, multitudes pressed into the Church, even more than should have done; many without due preparation. The pious Bishop and his companions could not resist the earnest entreaties and affectionate longings of the candidates. Their lips were weary with speaking the word of life, and their hands fainted with the labours of the baptistery. Their robes clave to their limbs with the unceasing toil. Otto meanwhile hastened with all speed the erection of a church, or of a building of wood which would serve as such till a stronger building could be raised. While here it pleased the LORD to confirm the word of His servants, by a signal instance of His judgments. One of Otto's principles was to insist with the greatest carefulness on the due observance of the LORD's day. He

knew that without it Christianity would never hold its ground for a moment in a freshly converted people. And therefore, although it was harvest time, the believing inhabitants of Kammin were thronging with eager fervour and diligence to the new church raised among them, and were consecrating the whole day to holy rest and devotion. The sweet sounds of prayer and psalmody were floating on the quiet air, and the people were rejoicing in the LORD's worship, or sitting in the shade of their groves discoursing over the words which they had heard from Otto in GOD's sanctuary, or questioning one with another as to the full meaning of the sacred ceremonies to which they had been admitted.

Felsav's sister lived at Kammin. She had been nobly married, and was very wealthy. Her husband had been dead some time, and had bequeathed her all his goods. Thirty horses were in her stalls, which thirty servants were ever ready to mount; and her flocks, and herds, and hives were numerous; and her fertile fields waved with the rich grain of an abundant harvest. Stirred up by Primislav and her brother, she upbraided her neighbours with forsaking their ancestral gods who had prospered them with such plenty; and she ridiculed their empty superstition in wasting a day in rest, when they might be taking in their crops. Her servants would fain have joined the throng which was hastening to the Church. But she came boldly out into the street, and scoffing at the people's devotion, she drove all her own servants with her into the country.

"Prepare my chariot," she cried in the hearing of

all the people, "and come and reap in my fields. Your sickles will be more useful than yon prater's voice. Better gather the wealth which the gods of our fathers give us, than waste your time on this new god whom the Bishop of Bamberg introduces into our land. See you not my wealth and my power. All these our ancient protectors have given me. What can this new name do against the mighty ones?

"Behold, to remove your terrors, I a woman go before you. Give me a sickle, and you shall see the emptiness of all these novelties."

The High Priest had taken care that Mitslav should hear her words. He was there in his chariot with Illah. Bending down to the youth he said, "By Triglav, yon woman is the only man amongst us. Does she not shame these cowards whom the very name of Boleslav of Poland terrifies. Come, mount with us, noble friend, and drive forth in her train where she goes as the one true warrior we have to defy all these idle terrors. Come and see how the gods will crown her courage!"

Forth they went into the country, many following out of curiosity close behind them; the greater number however still thronging into the Church. As soon as the matron came to her fields where the harvest had commenced, she took the sickle in her hand, and alighted from her chariot. It was near noon, and the sun was glaring from the sky in the midst of an oppressive and preternatural heat. The multitude stood round the field in anxious expectation. She cast off her veil, and entering into the corn, began to collect the ears that she might cut them. At that

instant the sunbeams came down hot upon her head. She uttered a loud shriek: the sickle fell from her grasp, and she sank down rolling in agony upon the earth. Her servants ran to raise her, bidding her repent, and confess the might of the Christians' GOD. She uttered no word, but with another loud cry expired.

The whole multitude trembled in great fear, and returned smiting their breasts. Her servants laid their mistress' body in her chariot, and bore it back to the town, lamenting and crying aloud. Behold the sheaf which we bring from the field upon the LORD'S day.[1] The High Priest and Illah themselves could not conceal their terror. Mitslav however, only laughed at their disappointment. "With whom," he said, "does the victory rest? or is Kubala an unkind god? or perhaps a woman is unable to contend against this new Deity?"

In Kammin the multitude were amazed at the sudden judgment. Their faith in Christianity was confirmed, and still greater numbers thronged into the Church. The priests of the false idols retired in confusion and silence before the irresistible torrent. That evening the High Priest held an earnest conversation with Felsav.

"I have heard," he said, "that these Christians intend to advance deeper into the country. They go to the strongholds of our worship, to Julin, and to Stettin, and to the former city first."

"Here amidst these fools, and under the awe of

[1] En qualem manipulum de agro die Dominico reportamus.—*Canisius, Lect. Ant. Vol. iii. P. ii. p.* 65.

the Duke's presence, and after this unhappy prodigy," —(Felsav shuddered as he spoke)—"we can do nothing. O that I had not taken Mitslav to witness this spectacle. He begins I fear to waver, at least, he jested at our discomfiture. I will leave you to watch this Bishop, and to counteract his labours as far as you can. I will hasten with Illah to Julin. There they are yet firmly attached to their gods. The rough seafaring masses can easily be stirred, and I will strive to lash them to madness. Upon some sudden excitement they may do deeds, which they would shrink from in calmer moments. If I fail there, I will on to my dwelling at Stettin. There at least, under Triglav's shadow, I shall be able to offer a more effectual resistance."

"I have also devised for Mitslav a snare which it will be difficult for him to snap. To win him would be half the victory. But you tremble still."

"Is Triglav a mightier protector than Kubala?" groaned his companion, who could not shake off the horror of his sister's death.

"It was but an accident," said the more resolute Primislav. "If in any thing you need my counsel and assistance, send me a faithful messenger without delay."

"Now the gods be with you. I must prepare for my journey."

CHAPTER VI.

"ILLAH," said her father, on the following morning, "you have heard these unhappy events; you behold the progress of our adversary. How soon may the sacred steeds of Triglav become the bearers of earthly burdens! how soon may the ancient oaks cease to wave over the awful temples! how soon may our sparkling fountains be polluted with these unholy washings! The blue robe of beauteous Lada will wave no more through the clouds; her lute will no more draw forth from the earth the blushing flowers of spring. The harp and the song will hush over our beloved land. The altars will be overthrown; the spirits of the groves and streams will forsake us; the prosperity of Pomerania will depart, and our wealth and dominion will be ended. We have been as princes in the land. Shall we be made exiles, or learn to beg our bread of the Christian?

"I know not how it is. I have not been used to fail; but between us and these Christians there seems to be some unseen, mysterious defence, which baffles my subtlest schemes, and laughs my policy to scorn. Mitslav must be ours, even body and soul; and you must bind him with your smile, and your song, and your raven hair. They must prevail; other arms seem ineffectual. Lada's blessing be upon you."

Illah had never before heard her father speak with such sadness and despondency. She rose from her seat. "O, my father," she said, "fear not. Let us

yield a little to the sudden onset; let us wait our opportunity. Never in Pomerania shall Koleda[1] cease to awaken in spring-time and in harvest, in summer and in winter, the music and revel of our festivals. The gods will not forsake the fountains and groves in which they have so long dwelt; the blue hues of Lada's[2] robe shall never vanish from yon sky; Kubala[3] shall yet bless our harvests, in despite of yon fatal accident; Gerovit[4] shall renew our strength, and sharpen our swords for the slaughter of these Christians; and awful Triglav,[5] the three-headed, shall yet bound over our land upon his sable courser, fleeter than the winds, dispersing our wonted blessings, and re-kindling, in city and village, the reverence due to his name, and establishing your sway throughout its length and breadth, while I sit at your feet, and touch my cithern again to our old melodies, and charm for ever the gloom from your beloved forehead. I will take this Mitslav for thee, and bind him in fetters which he shall never shatter. Lada! my queen, my mother! lend me, I beseech thee, the aerial meshes in which thou bindest the souls of men!"

"Dear Illah, in your eyes and lips she has bestowed upon you her powerful charms. Thou hast ever been my strength: the immortal gods prosper thee!"

The Archpriest's barque was prepared; forty sturdy rowers swept it along the lakes and wide spread openings which a branch of the Oder forms between Kammin and Julin, with rapid strokes. Over its stern

[1] The God of Festivals.
[2] The Goddess of Beauty.
[3] The Sun God.
[4] The God of War.
[5] The Supreme God in Pomerania.

was an embroidered canopy. On its bow an image of Triglav the three-headed; behind the rowers was a company of maidens, with their lutes beside them. Under the awning reclined three forms, each stately and beautiful in their peculiar character. The Archpriest in his robes in the midst; Illah, in her blue vestments, on his right hand, and Mitslav on the left.

"Are you not weary of these babblings, and all this strife of words?" said the Priest.

"Yet the German speaks well," replied the youth, with a wayward smile.

"Give me deeds, not words," cried Primislav.

"That was a strange deed wrought on that haughty matron: it was more than a word," was the half sarcastic answer.

The Priest bit his lip and frowned.

"She bared her face too boldly to the sun god," observed Illah, coming to her father's assistance. "It was Kubala who smote her. Saw you not his lurid sword in that hot haze?"

"It was unkind in him to smite his faithful servant," cried the youth, in the same jesting vein.

Then Illah, with feminine art, seeing how ineffectual such open assaults were, began to speak in another strain. The wanderings and deeds of their ancestors, the blessings of their country, the appearances and visits of their gods, were now her theme. Presently, catching up her lute, which lay beside her, she began to sing one of the old sweet Sclavic ditties of love; and as her fingers touched the chords lightly, and her voice warbled the soft, melancholy strain, while her maidens took up the burden at regular intervals, and the regular dash of the oars, and the ripple of the

sluggish waters beneath their bows filled up the varying cadences, the sarcastic smile passed from the youth's lips, and a look of gentle languor stole over his features as he leaned back on his seat against the furs piled behind them, watching with half-shut eyes the beautiful songstress.

After a season she swept her hands over her lute with a wilder and sharper touch, and broke out into a war-song of the land, chanted at the festivals of Gerovit, their god of war. The rowers, and Mitslav himself, starting from his recumbent posture, accompanied her from time to time in the refrain, as it recurred at the end of each stanza; and his cheek flushed and his bosom panted under the emotions awakened by the thrilling sound. It was a far more dangerous weapon than any yet brought upon him. Presently, laying her lute aside, she began to question him about his former deeds of war and revenge, asking him if he had not, when yet a lad, and while she was a tender girl, captured for a time the redoubted Duke of Poland.

"You went forth under Gerovit's blessing,—your arm was strong, and your heart was subtle as his, and you spread your snares around the tyrant. You smote him from his steed, and for a time rescued your country from his merciless invasions. The matrons of our land blessed your name, for you saved their children from the sword and from captivity; and we youthful maidens, whom you defended, learned to hymn your praises at every festival of Lada. The dim shrines of our sacred temples, the deep shade of our holy oaks, the whispers of our springing fountains, and all the deities that dwell in them, have heard your name. They bore it with them back to their bright

dwelling in yonder clouds. They spake of it one to another at their celestial banquets. And now these strangers would burn our temples with fire, and cut down our solemn groves, and defile our crystal wells, and banish our gods and their blessing from earth, and cloud, and sky, and make us thralls and slaves.—Father," she said, throwing her arm around him, "would not our hearts break?"

Mitslav's cheek flushed more deeply, and his hand grasped the hilt of his sword. Then, looking at her again with somewhat of his former jesting spirit, "Surely," he said, "the gods are mighty: can they not easily defend themselves?"

His rescue of GOD'S servants was still before the throne of grace, and prayers still ascended for him. Meeting Illah's sorrowful gaze, his heart smote him for mocking her.

"Ah, think not, fair maiden, that I jest at your grief. It is not to make light of your words, but to hide my own doubts and agitation that I thus speak. When I look at Otto, at his reverend aspect,—when I hear his voice,—when I behold his courage,—there seems a power about him, which makes me tremble. Nothing seems to daunt him."

"Thee tremble, Mitslav!"

"I am no coward, Illah; I fear nothing of earth. But Otto's power is not of earth. Whether it is from heaven, or out of the dark abysses of hell, I know not; but it is more than human. Therefore I shrink not from confessing, that it strikes me with amazement and awe."

While they were thus conversing, with long inter-

vals of dreamy silence, their barque was moving rapidly, under the impulse of its many rowers, against the sluggish current of the broad Oder, and the shadows of the evening were already descending upon them. They camped for the night upon the bank, and the following day with the early dawn resumed their voyage toward Julin. The same wiles were brought again to bear on Mitslav's heart; but the silent speech of Illah's eyes, in the languor of their even motion along the waters, was by far the most dangerous temptation. The second day, toward evening, they reached Julin. Sad was Mitslav as the barque ran up along the embankment. The pleasant voyage and the sweet converse were ended; it had been like a dream of delight.

They parted. Mitslav to muse over the vision of Illah, and to carry on in his heart the dread strife between good and evil commenced in it. On the one side was Otto's venerable aspect, and the words of holiness which he had uttered. On the other Illah's beauteous face, and the sad sweet tones of her melancholy harmonies. And the Spirit of good and the spirit of evil were there also, as embodied in those two shapes, and speaking in those two voices. The conflict had commenced within him, which has no rest except in complete surrender to the dominion of the one or of the other power—no rest except in the peace of conversion, or the apathy of reprobation.

"Illah," said the High Priest on the following day, "I doubt Mitslav more and more. It is the courage of this Otto which appears to have most impressed him. Let us strive to terrify him. Let us make him

grow pale and tremble. Mitslav feels thy witchery. Show him Otto fearful and fainthearted, and the victory will yet be ours. Provide you messengers, who shall go one after another, who under a friendly guise shall warn the Christian dogs of the wrath and enmity of the men of Julin, who shall speak of their deep and true devotion to their holy gods. Bid them scare the priests and the soldiers till their cheeks are pale with horror. Let them say that the swords are sharpened, and the fires kindled for sacrifice. Their trembling shall spread even to Otto; or if he is undaunted—for indeed I marvel at his firmness—the curse of Triglav be upon him! then shall his companions compel him to some act which will look like cowardice, and thou shalt colour it in the darkest hues to this proud youth, until he casts himself at thy feet in the cause of the holy gods.

"I go forth to stir up Priesthood and people here. The ships and the ports shall supply me with fierce and earnest throngs. I know them; they love their gods who guide them to wealth over the rough waters. Their hearts are untamed as the waves on which they ride. They are more used to deeds of violence than our good servants on the quiet earth. Their souls are daring, and their arms strong. It may be they will whelm this Bishop and all his companions in the water, or tear them limb from limb, or sacrifice them to our gods, before they have time for consideration, and without opportunity of listening to his enticing and persuasive words. Such must be our aim. Who hear him, are lost. He must die unheard. Then our victory is secure."

CHAPTER VII.

A few days afterwards a different procession moved heavily along the same broad waters. Otto left his carriages and horses at Kammin under Duke Wartislav's protection, and embarked with his followers and goods in several boats, supplied to him by the Duke's liberality and zeal. Not wishing to enter from the sea, into which this branch of the Oder disembogues at Julin, they landed at some distance from the city to make the necessary inquiries, and prepare in intercession and devotion for their entry into that large and important place, the stronghold of the idolatry of the country.

According to Primislav's preconcerted arrangements, messenger after messenger came into their encampment, and, under the pretence of friendly warnings, exerted themselves to the utmost to terrify Otto and his attendants. The High Priest's endeavours to agitate the city had been attended with much success; and Mitslav, who had many friends and great influence among the wealthy and haughty citizens of Julin, had in some measure forwarded these artifices. His presence and apparent friendship with Primislav was in itself a great assistance to him; and the strong impression which Illah had made upon him prevented him taking any steps to make his hesitation manifest.

Many therefore of those who were well disposed to Christianity, and even secretly Christians, seeing the excitement of the people's minds, and the tokens of

the tumult sullenly upheaving amongst them, hastened to contribute by their warnings to the anxiety and terror which was gradually spreading through the Christian camp. Two citizens of Kammin, converts to the faith whom Wartislav had commanded to accompany the Bishop, and who knew the sincerity of these last visitants, caught the contagion, and heightened the alarm; all Otto's priests were overwhelmed with terror. He alone was undaunted; yea, rather he was eager to hasten into the city, longing for the crown of martyrdom.

It would probably have been better had he acted on his own judgment. For once, however, the universal disinclination, and the reiterated warnings of those more acquainted with the city, and the warlike and spiteful character of its inhabitants, made him hesitate. Even Paulitzky counselled quiet and caution.

Primislav, perceiving that his schemes had succeeded beyond his hopes, was now anxious for the entrance of the Christians, believing that he could create such an uproar as would end in Otto's destruction. He sent therefore Felsav, his usual emissary when cunning was required, to suggest craftily the possibility of entering the city by stealth. He assumed the appearance of a half convert. "There is," he said, with friendly accents, "a palace here belonging to the Duke, as there is in every city. Attached to it there is a strong inclosure with sheds around it. Enter this under the shadow and shelter of the night, and when morning dawns you can commence your labours thence, as from an unassailable fortress, or tarry there in safety till the fury of the people ceases."

A reluctant consent to this arrangement was extorted from Otto, and as night drew on, guided by the treacherous Felsav, the Christian company entered the city silently, and crowded together into the appointed refuge. The High Priest had taken care that Mitslav should be in the way, to behold the LORD's servants thus creeping stealthily in, as if distrusting His protection. As soon as they were all in the court, his emissaries speeded throughout the city.

In the temple of Gerovit, a large and abundant banquet had been prepared by Primislav for all who should choose to partake of it. He had slaughtered oxen and sheep. Huge barrels of the strongest mead stood with goblets by them. Band after band came near under the guidance of some Priest, for he had apportioned the whole city among his ministers, assigning each a particular quarter of the city, that he might carry on the work of agitation. The High Priest in his pontifical robes stood with Illah and Mitslav at the entrance of the temple. A large vessel full of the blood of the numerous victims was set before them. A huge fire flared in the temple court, casting an unearthly glare over the rude pictures of war and slaughter embroidered on the tapestry hanging round its walls, and on the fearful image of the manslaying idol. The guests feasted; they revelled; they drank deep of the heady liquor. They pledged one another without stint. But no song resounded, nor any instrument of music; no shouting, no laughter. Primislav had strictly enjoined silence and secresy till the victory should be consummated in the sacrifice of Otto.

When each reveller was sufficiently excited to be ready for any daring deed, and kept therefore from actual intoxication or stupefaction, he was conducted to the door of the temple, where the High Priest stood, who bade him plunge his sword or spear into the blood foaming in the vessel beside him, and swear that he would never rest until it was as wet with the life-blood of the Christian enemy. A similar feast was celebrated in each of the idol temples, and by every idol altar; and the same vow was imposed on each guest by the appointed Priest.

The city presented a strange and terrible spectacle that night. The red lurid glow of the fires mingled strangely with the straggling watery moonbeams of autumn. The gloomy joyless banquet, the fitful sough of the wind, the hoarse murmur of the waters, the muttered imprecations of the terrible vow, the restless stealthy footsteps of the assembling multitude, reverberated with a continued but subdued sound, such as heralds, from earth's hollow abysses, the approach of the desolating earthquake. During the whole night Primislav had been labouring to secure his young friend's assistance. Eagerly and repeatedly had he exhorted and intreated him to be the first who should dip his sword in the bloody vessel, and pledge himself to Otto's destruction.

"By what nobler hand," he said, "than yours can he die? or what more acceptable sacrifice can you offer to the mighty deity who has never failed you in a thousand battles?"

Mitslav answered not. He listened calmly and without reply to the priest's impassioned address.

Otto's stealthy entrance had shaken his reverence for him. It had the semblance of cowardice. From time to time during the night, Illah by her father's command endeavoured to instil the murderous purpose into his heart with more subtle arguments, arraying the cruel vow in the vivid colours of her romantic imagination, urging Mitslav to stand forth as the champion and defender of their common country and their ancestral faith. Mighty in reality were the contention and strife concealed in the young man's heart. At times he could not hide his agitation from Illah's watchful eyes.

The night wore away. The stars were waxing dim when seen amid the drifting clouds. Once more they implored him together to head the assault. They needed only a resolute leader, one whose blows were readier than his words. But the wild scene exhibited at the temple gate, the angry countenances, the hideous gloomy riot, the rough murmurs, the imprecations, the blood, were distasteful and loathsome, though he knew not why. They shocked and revolted him. The glimpse which had been granted him into the beauty of holiness, with which the grace of the LORD had invested the ministrations of His servants, had, unconsciously to himself, found an entrance, and an echo, in his heart. The words of mercy and gestures of heavenly love which had been exhibited before his eyes, had in some measure tamed his native fierceness. The threatened violence and treachery began to appear unnatural and loathsome.

"I have pondered your words," he said, "noble father, and yours, beautiful Illah. I would give my

right arm, that I could join you hand and lip and heart.

"I will not oppose you. If you desire it, I will accompany you. You must however, be answerable for the consequences, for I cannot lift my voice, or raise my word against those reverend gray hairs, and that eloquent Christian. Violent as I have been, I was always open and sincere. My sword and my heart go together; I cannot give one without the other.

"Illah, I would die for thy smile," he exclaimed at last vehemently, "but I cannot take this oath. My heart revolts against it."

"The gods," replied the High Priest in anger, "have given the glory to meaner hands; yet at least accompany us; I take the consequence upon myself. I would not that you should be absent."

When the first faint dawn appeared in the eastern horizon, in that moment when the darkness of night looks gloomiest, by the contrast of the glimmering morning twilight, by Primislav's direction as large a multitude as possible was gathered before the temple where he was standing, and discoursing with Illah and Mitslav. A man entered hastily. It was Felsav. "All things are prepared," he cried, "the people have taken the oath. They are pledged to your great object. I have gathered from every quarter our most faithful warriors together. Behold, they wait for you.

Entering into the inner shrine, Primislav drew back some curtains which were hanging before it. Then the image of Gerovit was revealed: an idol larger than human, clad in complete armour. Its whole form seemed radiant with light; and helmet and spear

and shield appeared to vomit flames. Then selecting a spear on whose point was a bloody rustmark, from the many arms and offerings which heaped the temple treasury, he went out at the open gates, and began to address the assembly.

"Countrymen," he said, "worshippers with me of the blessed gods, why are ye here met together? Why have I kept you from your natural rest? Ye know how the holy ones have shed their abundant benediction on your land, on your hearths, on your fields, on your arms. Ye know how the cruel Poles, your brethren by blood, have turned their arms against you. They have burned your cities, wasted your fields, led wife and children captive,—and they are Christians. Ye know how gallantly ye have ever resisted them; how ye have borne up faithfully against their countless swarms. They have ever invaded you in vain,—and they are Christians. Know ye also, who have now stolen into our city, like wolves into the fold; yea, rather like vermin into the net.

"In Julin, in the valiant warrior city, in the city of the blessed gods, men have entered; messengers of Poland have entered; insulters of your gods; destroyers of your temples; blasphemers of your worship. Gerovit has given them into our hand. When the wolf is in the fold, how does the shepherd deal with it? When the vermin is in the snare, does the husbandman dismiss it? Behold the great god, Gerovit. See he has come down into his image. His glory irradiates it. His wrath streams out from it. What would he have you do, to those who deny and revile him?

"Behold this lance. I have taken it from the war-god's treasury. It has long been stored there. See ye this mark upon it? Why cannot years obliterate the stain? What made it? It is blood; a Christian's blood; a Christian Bishop's blood; an arch-blasphemer's blood; the blood of one like Otto. He came; the wolf came; the vermin came among our brethren in Prussia. The Christian Bishop, one Adalbert, one like this Otto, a great man, a wealthy man, an orator, one like this Otto. When the wolf came, they smote him; when the vermin came, they killed him. They slaughtered this Bishop, this blasphemer. Yon spot is his heart's blood. Therefore is it ineffaceable; therefore is it stored up before our god. Yes, yon spot is that Bishop's heart's blood. Who will take the lance? It thirsts for the blood of Otto."

The people were moved with his words, as the grain is swayed by the east wind. A thousand lips repeated their oath. A thousand hands were stretched out to grasp the spear. The High Priest offered it to Mitslav, but he rejected it. He then gave it to Felsav. Under his guidance the crowd rushed hastily towards the court in which Otto and his companions had taken shelter. From their refuge they had perceived the excitement of the city. They had heard during the night, the muttered sounds which precede a civil uproar. Anxiously did they watch for the dawning of the morning. At last the light stole up the sky, and from the walls on which several had mounted, they beheld the inhabitants gathering round them.

The palace fortunately was not far from the city gates. Julin was partly built on piles like the cities of Holland or like Venice. It stood on four islands united by causeways. Dikes, and canals, stretched throughout it in every direction. The main approach was upon a long narrow causeway, with ditches on either side, along which they had passed in the dark on the previous night. Several streets met round the castle, which seemed built with a view of commanding the entrance of the town. From each of these openings dark forms and angry faces came thronging, until the whole void space round the court and castle was filled. Presently there rose a cry from the crowd, at the head of which was Felsav, and not far behind him Mitslav.

"Come out," they shouted, "ye blasphemers of our gods. Come out from your lurking holes that we may destroy you."

The Christians from within beheld with alarm, the thick and furious swarms. The ecclesiastics began to beat their breasts, and to run to and fro. Some cried aloud; some even wept. But Otto looked forth unterrified. His brow was joyful; his face calm. "I have served," he said, in the words of Ambrose, "a good Master. Why should I fear to die?" He strove to reassure his trembling companions, who cowered helplessly around him.

Presently, when none came forth, the rage of the populace increased. They began to tear down the strong palisades, and planks of wood with which the court was surrounded, crying "Cast us out this impostor and blasphemer, this miserable Otto." The danger grew very imminent. Then Paulitzky and the

other Polish soldiers gathering courage from Otto's calmness, flung the gates open, and rushing forth raised loud cries and clamour, as if they were smitten with a similar madness, or had determined to outshout the infuriated assailants. Felsav fell back with the foremost of the crowd, who jostled one another in wild confusion into the muddy dikes. In the fall Felsav broke his spear. Mitslav burst out into a loud laugh, and those around him, who were mostly of the better class, could not resist the contagion of his merriment. Paulitzky saw his opportunity, and drawing back a little, he bade Otto and the ecclesiastics follow, and press on with all their might along the causeway, that at all events they might extricate themselves from the city.

With one accord, they moved forward, Otto remaining last with undaunted aspect, and Paulitzky cleaving closely to him to insure his safety. That bold soldier raising the wild mirth of those nearest to them, endeavoured by his ready wit to keep them in good humour, pushing on however unceasingly. Meanwhile Felsav had extricated himself from the dike, and with loud angry shouts, and waving the truncheon of the lance, strove to thrust his way up to the Bishop, fearing lest he should escape.

The crowd on the causeway was intense: it was narrow and not well paved. There were perpetual accidents. The people trode and hustled one another, and many were continually slipping and stumbling into the muddy water on either hand. Tumbles are always ludicrous, and laughter is in general merciful. It is difficult to be cruel while bursting with merri-

ment. Several secret Christians also were foremost in the crowd, and the stately form of Mitslav towered among them, as with folded arms and a smiling face, he watched the conflict as an unconcerned spectator. The chief men among the press imitated his example.

The chances of escape increased. Nevertheless Felsav at last succeeded in forcing his way up to Otto. If his spear had not lost its head, Otto's life would have been ended. Nevertheless he struck at him violently with the truncheon of the lance; but Paulitzky, a man of stature, touched his arm over the crowd, and missing Otto's head, it only smote him on the shoulder. The force of the blow was so great that it drove him off the causeway into the dike. Fresh blows were heaped upon him, and he would probably have perished there, had not Paulitzky cast himself between him and his pursuers, and received on his helm and armour, the blows which were aimed at the Bishop.

At that instant Mitslav could not resist the secret impulse which prompted him to stretch out his hand and raise Otto out of the mud. His great strength enabled him to effect this easily. He drew him out as if he had been a child, and then folding his arms, once more relapsed into his former smiling apathy. That one unforeseen exertion of Mitslav saved Otto's life. He and Paulitzky were now in the van of their pursuers, and thrust forward on the ecclesiastics before them. Many blows still showered round them, and some reached them. They were jostled and hustled by the throng. Nevertheless, they all, to the great astonishment of themselves, and of the crowd

behind them, gradually pushed on beyond the city gates, and at last stood panting and exhausted, bespattered with mud, and covered with bruises, on the ground of their former encampment. It was in vain that Felsav urged the men of Julin to hasten forth and complete their destruction. Mitslav stood at the city gates laughing incessantly; and singularly enough nothing could have better befriended the Christians than that laughter. The crowd all stopped at the gates; and all began again to catch his mirth. Nothing is more contagious, especially among the excitable and merry Sclavic race. It spread throughout the crowd. It seemed to extend over the city. Its sound even reached the trembling Christians; and they marvelled beyond measure at the extraordinary change which had come over the city's voice, and at the strangeness of their deliverance.

Even they, as they looked at one another, and at the sorry plight in which each found himself could not escape the infection. Otto and Paulitzky by a kind interchange of jokes reassured them more and more; Otto bitterly complaining that the Pole had intercepted the greater portion of the benedictions which had been meant for him, meaning the blows which it is blessed to endure for the Gospel's sake, while Paulitzky declared that Otto had had an ample share; and that even if he had not, as his hand so often conferred benediction upon others, it was but just that he should spare some of the benedictions which others gave him, for his humble companions and followers. Thus singularly were all the deep-laid machinations of the enemies of the faith baffled. By such simple and almost ludicrous means, were the servants of the LORD rescued.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the following day there were loud and vehement disputes in Julin. The priests and the more violent party were anxious to rush out and at once massacre the Christians. But the wiser and more sane portion of the community, influenced by the secret Christians in the city, prevented them from taking any decided steps. In the calm, which by a natural revulsion of feelings follows in general upon popular tumults, the voice of reason and gentleness was listened to more favourably. Still the power of the priests was great, and the temper of a large part of the populace dangerous.

At last an assembly was appointed to receive the messengers whom Otto sent to complain of the treatment which they had received, and to seek permission to preach the Gospel with security. The assembly was much agitated, and there seemed little chance of reaching any conclusion. Then Mitslav anxious to please the High Priest as far as it was possible for him to do so, without committing injury upon Otto, stood forth in the midst of the council, and in composed and quiet but solemn terms, besought them to discuss the question of the reception of the Christians with calmness and dignity.

"They have forsaken their peaceful homes, where they have wealth and peace and honour. They have come freely amongst us, and are a charge to none. They profess to bring words of importance for us to hear. They are recommended to us by great princes

and sovereigns. They indeed require of us that which we cannot lightly do, viz., to forsake the faith of our ancestors, and cast off the holy gods who have hitherto blessed us. They speak to us of matters which we have never heard, of a resurrection and a judgment and an eternal life. It is not for us to answer rashly on such new and weighty concerns.

"Stettin is our capital. There dwell the ancient and the wise men among us; the lips of prudence and knowledge on which we have been accustomed to hang. There is the power of prophecy, and the sacred horse of the Oracle. There does Triglav dwell, the ruler and king of all the gods. There is the High Priest's palace, Triglav's honoured minister. There let us consult together in solemn deliberation. Let us inquire at the sacred oracles. Let us seek for the guidance of the holy gods. Let us take the opinion of all the wisdom of the land. There shall we be able to make answer to these Christians."

Glad to throw off the responsibility of deciding for themselves, the whole assembly came at once into Mitslav's views. Those well disposed to Christianity were rejoiced to gain time and opportunity for its preaching. The heathen priests trusted, that in Stettin, the residence of their chief, they should have greater influence and authority than in any other place. They hoped to use the idolatrous oracles to assist them in biassing the judgment of their senate. Accordingly they rose with one unanimous cry, "Let the Christians go to Stettin. There shall they have their answer."

Embarking without loss of time in the vessels pro-

vided for them, Otto and his company proceeded across the broad Stettiner Haf, a large wide lake, into which the Oder here expands, toward Stettin. The city stands at the point where the united stream of the Oder opens out into the innermost and narrowest of three lakes, which gradually expand into the Stettiner Haf. According to their custom they landed at some little distance from the town, and formed an encampment, in which they might wait for the decision of its inhabitants. They had resolved not to enter together into Stettin without a regular invitation.

Stettin was a large and flourishing place. Nine hundred families of importance dwelt in it, each with numerous retainers and dependants, beside a multitude of lesser houses, in which the artisans and workmen plied their trades with diligence. Its ships were numerous, and its commerce extensive, spreading over the Baltic, and all the Northern seas, and reaching to Greece and Constantinople. Its merchants were men of considerable wealth, and from their extended foreign intercourse had imbibed a free and liberal spirit. They were, however, of a warlike turn, and mingled piracy and plunder with their more legitimate commerce. The country round was very fertile, and their large lake teemed with salmon and other fish; and as nearly the whole traffic of the country passed through their hands, they were full of business and occupation. Idleness and poverty were unknown among them. They carried the hospitality for which the whole Sclavic race, and Pomerania in particular, was renowned, to its utmost excess. In every house of any importance there was an open table always

provided, where any one might enter unbidden at any time, and eat and drink his fill.

They were remarkable for their honesty, and their kindliness, and family affection. They trusted one another with entire confidence. Nothing astonished them more than the locks which they saw on the chests and desks that Otto had brought with him. Thus they seemed in many points to resemble those heathens of whom the Apostle speaks, "who being without the law are a law to themselves."

It is difficult to persuade such persons of the blessed Gospel truths. They are righteous in their own eyes. They have never known that they are sinners. The holiness of God has never been revealed to them. They are not aware that sin mingles in all their doings; neither do they perceive that with hearts set on this world only, they are worshipping the creature in preference to the Creator. Their earthliness shuts their ears against the word of life. Their prosperity disinclines them to renounce the world. The pride of their boasted wisdom rejects a Crucified Redeemer. They feel no need of the Atonement.

They are also keensighted to distinguish every cause of scandal and offence in any religion that is offered to them; and in a seafaring place the Christians who had visited them hitherto, would probably have given ample occasion for disgust; and in their various enterprises and the commercial cities with which they traded, they would naturally come in contact with the least favourable examples of Christianity. Hence these were the words heard in Stettin when Paulitzky and the other messengers requested their reception of the Christian Bishop. "What have we to do with

you? We will not surrender our ancestral laws. We are content with the religion which we have. Amongst the Christians there are thieves and robbers. They have their feet cut off; their eyes plucked out; there are all kinds of crimes and punishments. Christian curses Christian; far from us be such a religion." Such was the form, less violent but more dangerous, which the opposition to Christianity assumed in Stettin.[1]

Primislav's stately manners, high character, and great ability, his wealth and authority, the personal influence which his residence at Stettin had given him over its principal inhabitants, enabled him to confirm their feelings of suspicion and dislike. On the younger nobility, with whom the chief peril lay, Illah's charms were exercised. Mitslav had followed her to Stettin. He still remained in the same state of indecision, but he carefully dissembled the agitation of his mind. His apparent unconcern assisted the secret machinations of the Priests.

Day after day and week after week passed on. The Christian Priests came twice a week on the market days into the places of chief concourse; and fixing up a cross, as a sign of attraction, addressed all who drew near from curiosity or other motives. Their adversaries took no open steps to oppose them. Heathen priests, however, or leading citizens, were always on the watch to scoff and jest at their words, and the hearts of the people seemed "hard as the nether millstone." They received the Word of GOD as idle tales. A few listened here and there, and then departed unmoved.

[1] The obstacles to the extension of Christianity in India are singularly like those implied in these objections.

Occasionally reproaches and blows were heaped upon the preachers. More often no one attended to them at all; and they returned with heavy hearts from their fruitless toils and dangers.

The country people indeed of the neighbouring villages were a little more docile. One or two from among them who visited the camp were struck with Otto's graciousness, and appeared inclined to receive the Gospel. But the example of their metropolis and its chiefs prevented any decisive steps. Hitherto Otto's trial had rather been in the overwhelming greatness of his success. Now he was to be proved by delay and failure. But he was exercised to patience. He knew how to want and how to abound. He grew, if possible, still more earnest in intercession and prayer, committing the LORD'S cause to the LORD'S hands. He lamented with humble confessions and many tears the truth of the charges which the scandalous life and the perpetual warfare of so many Christians had brought upon their holy profession. He ceased for the most part to preach. He felt that the real sermon needed now, was the exhibition of a truly Christian conversation. He had to show them that the life of grace is far different from the life of nature.

There were many captives in Stettin collected in the various piratical expeditions of the citizens. These he redeemed at his own cost. He clothed them and supplied them with money, and restored them freely to their friends and relations. His gentleness, his affability, his loving spirit, revealed themselves in the meekness with which he submitted to the contumelies heaped upon him, in the readiness with which he

answered the wearisome or impertinent questions with which the scoffer or the under classes often insulted him. His tenderness occasionally attracted the youths and children to him. Still week after week went by, and no fruit appeared. His companions one after the other were disheartened. They longed to give up their ineffectual task. One after another they came round Otto, beseeching him no more to expose them to such useless perils.

At last Paulitzky and the Polish soldiers and priests determined to send messengers to the Duke of Poland, to explain their situation, the fruitlessness of the mission, and to request his leave to return, or implore him to take more active steps in their behalf. The report of this embassy having reached the city, Primislav thought that the time was come for more decided action. Being sincere and enthusiastic in his ancestral idolatry, he had determined to seek for the assistance of the gods. There were four chief temples at Stettin consecrated to divers deities ; they were built of wood, but each stately, and rich, and beautiful. By far the most sacred and magnificent among them was the temple of Triglav which stood on one outskirt of the city. It was situated in a large park covered with ancient oaks. There grazed the three hundred sable steeds which belonged to the god and his priests. One of them was Triglav's own horse. It was perfectly black, without one spot or hair of any other colour. It was always kept in good condition, being the noblest, and fleetest, and fiercest among the whole herd. Four others as nearly like it as possible were kept for the use of the four priests, to whose charge,

under the High Priest, the temple was committed. But no mortal, not even the High Priest, was suffered to mount the horse of Triglav.

Often, however, in the morning it was found standing, trembling and covered with foam and sweat, at the temple gate. Triglav, they said, had then been riding it over the earth and over the sky, to avenge Pomerania on its enemies, or to bring back some blessing for his servants from heaven. Often at his various temples did the priest who tended them, and often did devout worshippers at one of the sacred fanes throughout the whole land behold a bright rider sweep by like a hurricane on the sable steed, whose feet touched not the ground in its rapid career, and after every such vision tidings always came of some new victory achieved, or some new source of wealth opened for Triglav's Pomerania.

Occasionally the rider was seen in the same night at the same moment in different corners of the country. Such was the fleetness, they said, which the god communicated to his mysterious courser. But as there were several shrines of Triglav over all the land, at each of which a few horses of similar shape and colour were kept, others said that he was riding several horses at the same time, each being found next morning in the same exhausted condition at its own shrine. Perhaps his priests knew which of these opinions was true.

Close to the enclosure of the temple at Stettin stood the most celebrated of all the sacred oaks. It was of enormous size. Each of its lower limbs was like a huge tree. Its unbroken shadow extended over a

vast circumference. The storms of many centuries had swept over it, yet had not snapped one twig. No bird was said to roost in it, nor any beast to couch under it. None even of the sacred steeds, except Triglav's own horse, ever came within its shadow. It was his favourite resort; and if any of his fellows drew near, he immediately fell upon them with great fury, and drove them far with bite and kick.

Under this oak, on the side nearest to the temple, was the holiest fountain among the ten thousand springs of Pomerania. The water was of crystal clearness, but of unfathomable depth; it looked, therefore, black as night. Over it on three sides hung thick nut-bushes, matted with ivy, through which no sunbeam could pierce. Oak, fountain, and horse were all supposed to be endowed with prophetical powers. There was a small hollow in the tree, whence once in the year, at the winter solstice, during the night of Koleda, god of festivals, which the whole people celebrated with religious intoxication, exactly at the hour of midnight, a groaning voice issued, answering any question which the High Priest addressed to it. Its sentences were mostly sentences of wrath and judgment to be inflicted on the enemies of the gods. This voice also could be appealed to at other times, if any serious matter of religion was agitated.

Very different was the oracle of the fountain. At the vernal equinox, the festival of Lada, still at the midnight hour, a vision, in the form of a maiden of supernatural beauty, with eyes like stars, and a robe like the northern meteors, came up out of the water, dropping dews and odours from her tresses. Her

omens were only audible to Lada's own priestess, and to her the young maidens and chieftains of the land came for oracles of love and happiness.

But the highest augury of all, and the most sacred form of prophecy, that which was employed on all great public occasions of religion or state, was the oracle of Triglav's horse. The omen was given in this manner:—At the hour of noon, the chiefs and nobles, with the priests, were gathered together under the oak; the horse having previously been taken into the court of the temple. There, unseen by all, the High Priest alone put on it the splendid housings and the golden-bitted bridle of Triglav, hanging his sword against the pommel. He then led it out of the temple into the midst of the awe-struck multitude. In the open circle under the tree were laid nine spears, about a cubit's length apart. Over these the horse was led. If he lifted his right foot first, the omen was considered favourable; if he lifted the left, or both feet together, the gods were regarded as unpropitious. If after starting he passed over all the spears without trampling on them, the favour of the gods was esteemed doubly secure; if, on the contrary, he trampled on them, the good omen was rendered uncertain, and the foreboding of the evil omen was strengthened.

The temple itself was an oblong building entirely of wood, but large and imposing. Its front was a portico of wooden pillars, with carved wooden capitals. The walls internally were made of smooth wood, ingeniously pieced together in various patterns. Along each side were niches, with figures projecting in high relief. These represented the various deities of the

Sclavic Pantheon, adorned with gold or silver crowns, hair, beards, and painted with the most vivid colours, according to their character, sex, and dress. Two rows of oaken pillars, similar to the oaken porticos, parted off the sides or aisles. The whole interior was divided into two parts by a large, heavy curtain, embroidered with a rich, gorgeous pattern. This, on certain festivals was drawn aside, and the inner part or sanctuary revealed, at the end of which, on a raised platform, and under a gilded canopy, stood the image of Triglav. This was of large size, about twice the height of a man. It had three heads joining on one neck, each wearing a crown, one of gold, one silver, one of burnished steel. On its garments, which were long and flowing, the brightest hues and richest materials were prodigally expended.

In the right hand of the image, which was extended before it, was a cup, wrought out of a mixture of every kind of metal, and richly ornamented with gems and precious stones. Once a year, after harvest, the cup was filled with mead, and remained all night in the idol's hand. On the following morning it was taken down and inspected by the High Priest. If the liquor had diminished, it foretold diminishing prosperity; if it maintained the same level, it signified abundance. A huge cake, made of the first ripe corn, mingled with honey, was introduced at the same time. If it was large enough to hide the image, it again betokened plenty; if otherwise, famine was supposed to be approaching. A black veil, embroidered with stars, was in general flung over the triple head of the idol, signifying the long-suffering of Triglav, which conceals

the sins of men from his sight, until they overpass the limits of mercy.

Against the pedestal were rested Triglav's shield, saddle, and sword; the last in a golden sheath, with a jewelled handle, the end being a splendid carbuncle. His golden-bitted and gold-embossed bridle hung on a golden pin in the pillar of the canopy. On great occasions of consultation, these were used to array his horse, on which at such times he was imagined to be riding.

In each side or aisle of the sanctuary were heaped the consecrated treasures; these were countless, and of great value. Every Pomeranian contributed annually a piece of money to the temple according to his condition and wealth. The third of the spoils in each successful expedition from Stettin itself, and a tithe of each commercial gain, were devoted to the god. Splendid vestments, and rich furs, and vessels of gold and silver, valuable armour, with bags of coin, were here stored up from time immemorial. These belonged to the priests, but were freely applied to as a State treasury, on all necessary emergencies. A court of oak palings surrounded the temple on three sides. On the fourth was the High Priest's palace, with smaller dwellings for the inferior priests.

Such, then, being the opportunities of divine help which, according to his belief, were ready to his hand, Primislav resolved to propose that, as the matter related to the gods, the chief nobles and priests should assemble quietly, and inquire at the sacred oak whether or no they should go forth against the Christians. The greater part of the nobility were inclined to let things take their course. Hitherto nothing seemed effected

by the mission; and they were unwilling, as the council of the country, to set themselves in decided opposition both to their own duke, and the Duke of Poland, who in past years had embraced every pretence of invading them with joy. Nevertheless, the impetuosity of the High Priest prevailed over more timid counsels. None, also, were willing to undertake the responsibility of refusing to seek the instruction of the gods. It would have caused too much delay to wait for the winter solstice; therefore the day and the hour were fixed. Observing, however, the backwardness of the councillors, Primislav was anxious once more to secure Mitslav's presence. He left this task to Illah, still unobservant how his schemes against the young man appeared always to return on his own head, and how his reliance on his false gods always baffled his subtle policy.

CHAPTER IX.

It was a fine autumnal evening: the sky was clear and the air soft. Illah and Mitslav went forth together. They wandered to and fro for a considerable time, under the shadows of the old oaks in the park which surrounded the temple. At length they came and stood by the fountain of Lada.

"Have you ever seen, fair Illah," said the youth, "the beautiful apparition which prophesies from this fountain? I see your reflection in it now. Was its form and countenance like your own?"

Illah blushed and started as he spoke; for she herself had sometimes been the representative of Lada. Observing, however, that the young man was altogether unconscious of the significance of his question, she left it unanswered.

"And why," she said, "noble Mitslav, can you not give yourself heartily to your proper work,—the extirpation of these Christians? Are you not yet convinced of the weakness of their creed, except for mischief. You never, I have been told, hesitated or doubted before. You are aware of your power and influence; why will you not assist us?"

"I have already assured you, Illah, that there is nothing so near my heart, as to render you any service; here, however, I tell you that I am feeble as a child."

"Are you a Christian, then, Mitslav?"

"Nay, I am no Christian; I love the worship of my ancestors. But have you ever dreamed?"

"O, I have lived in my dreams. I have communed in my dreams with beautiful shapes,whose voices were sweeter than any earthly minstrelsy. In my dreams the immortals have visited me. The earth is cold and unmusical to my dreams."

"And in your dreams, Illah, have you ever felt a longing and a desire to reach some spot, attain some object, and while you panted and strove and toiled, felt some viewless power, some dark, mysterious obstacle, whose form and hue you could not discern, keeping you back with irresistible might? Your strength, your resolution, are as an infant's against it. You struggle till the dew stands upon your forehead, yet you cannot move hand or foot.

"Such am I whenever I conceive any purpose against these Christians."

"Ah, indeed you dream," said Illah. "Is your arm weaker, or your foot slower, or your heart feebler than of old?"

"I know not," said Mitslav; "but this I know, until I met this Otto, I believed in no might save that of my own arm, no strength but that of my own courage. If I thought of one of the immortals, I regarded him as one like myself, whose arm perhaps might be stronger, and whose steed swifter, but with whom I should rejoice to contend, as with another warrior. Or, if I thought of one of the beauteous goddesses, it was as I might think of thee; as of one whose love I might win: or if they loved the inhabitants of the clouds too well, as of one whose love I still might answer, and for whose sake I might die. Since I met and heard these Christians, I feel conscious of some other power standing near me, and spreading itself round my heart—a power altogether unlike my own, with which I cannot cope, whose strength I cannot fathom—a power unlike those of earth. When I contend with it, it baffles me in an instant—when I would hide myself from it, it twines its arms around me—it touches me in my innermost soul. It unlocks my heart, as if it had the key of all its secret treasure-houses; it draws out thence desires and hopes and fears, indistinct but overwhelming. I long for I know not what. I shudder, I know not why. Rules and principles of action by which I have ever been guided, touched by its finger, tremble and grow uncertain. What I have deemed

right, seems wrong; what I have judged wrong, seems right."

"Noble Mitslav! thou art beside thyself."

"Not so, Illah! I know what I am speaking of. I am as certain of it, as of thy presence and thy beauty. Its influence over my heart is real—mightier than thy own. Thou knowest that I was never wont to be a dissembler or a dreamer."

Thus it was that Mitslav, in his ignorance, described that innate longing after Him who is good, which dwells within man's heart, and wakens there when the True Object is only suggested to it. He spoke of the power of grace, before he knew what grace is; and even Illah, in her hardness and blindness, trembled as he spoke.

"Yet, Mitslav! you will come with your young companions, and hear the oracle of the Gods, to-morrow. Is not their power more than man's, when they make the dumb wood speak?"

"I will come," said Mitslav; "yet, hitherto, all these invitations have only turned to your own discomfiture. They have revealed to me, more and more, the strange might of the power I speak of. They have increased my forebodings and my longings. Some little trifling event, some common natural occurrence, some unexpected accident overthrows, in a moment, all that we have proposed."

Thus they parted for the night.

The morning rose. Three hundred chiefs of Pomerania assembled in Triglav's temple. After sacrifice was offered, and the appointed ceremonies completed, they went forth, two by two, into the park; and, two by two, they paced round the sacred tree, the priests

standing within the circle, chanting a low and monotonous strain.

The hour of noon, which was the appointed time, came. They drew near to the tree. The sky had hitherto been cloudless. Suddenly, but rapidly, there rose up a dark cloud from the south: it dilated till it half covered the sky with its portentous blackness. Out of the tree there came a deep hollow sound.

"The Oracle! the Gods are speaking!" cried the priests.

At that instant there was a loud crash in the air. The thunder pealed out with a tremendous roar. A sharp forked tongue of fire darted down from the cloud: it ran hissing down the oak, leaving a narrow scathing mark, but doing no further harm. A loud and shrill scream, distinctly heard amidst the thunderclap, broke as it seemed from the oak, and then all was still. The senators waited for the voice and prophecy, but it came not. They recommenced their pilgrimage round the tree. The priests resumed their chant. The cloud had withdrawn. The sun slanted down the sky. The shadow of the oak grew longer and longer, but there was no further answer.

"The offended Gods will not counsel us," said the High Priest, at last. "They leave us to ourselves."

"Are we, then, to remain quiet and unmoved?" asked Mitslav and several other nobles. "Is that the resolution of the Council?"

"Let us not assist, neither let us injure the Christians. If the Gods will, they can come down to defend their own cause."

That evening there was a deep pit dug in one corner

of the sacred enclosure, and men silently and hastily brought the corpse of a priest, to bury it secretly. Its features were all calm, its limbs unhurt; but on one shoulder there was a small hole, with the traces of fire round it, and, on the opposite flank, a similar mark. It appeared as if lightning had passed through him, and slain him in an instant.

"Illah!" said her father, on the following day; "young Mitslav's words were too prophetic. Some strange unforeseen accident baffles all my plans, while this Otto is present. His God seems mighty, or his art and skill are great, commanding the spirits and the powers of nature. Who could have foreseen that accursed thunderbolt, or imagined that it would thus have put our Oracle to silence? Yet, how often does the lightning fall on the highest tree—how often slay those whom it touches! All that I can now do is to procure the departure of as many nobles, and of Mitslav in particular, from Stettin and the neighbourhood of Otto, and suffer things to take their course, until the Gods give some opportunity of vengeance. Call me hither Felsav, the Priest."

"I desire some device," said Primislav to him; "by which we may withdraw Mitslav from Stettin. You never want for skilful artifices. Hasten and contrive some scheme."

"It is easily done," replied Felsav. "You know what power drew him hither;" and as he spoke, he bowed reverently before Illah. "But, in Mitslav's heart, vengeance is stronger even than love. I will contrive the escape of one of his prisoners. Tidings of the event shall reach him, and he will depart like the

bloodhound to the chase, never to cease from it until his fangs are in his victim. I have heard of a Danish vessel hovering on our coasts to rescue one of his captives."

Ten days afterwards, a soldier of Mitslav's arrived in haste from Gützkow, Mitslav's castle. He seemed eager yet afraid to meet his lord.

"What ails thee, man?" said Mitslav.

"Colmar, the Dane," he said, "escaped, three days since, from Gützkow. Your servants are searching far and wide, but have found no trace of the fugitive."

Mitslav's indignation was extreme. Of all his debtors, Colmar was responsible for the largest sum, and he had also offered him the greatest personal provocation. At the summons to revenge, it appeared as if all holier and better longings passed away like dreams. The wild beast was roused anew within him. It started up in all its old untamed fierceness in his heart.

"I know not," he said, "what has ailed me; I have been soft and faint-hearted. I have even suffered this Colmar to live in my palace unchained, instead of whelming him in my deepest dungeon; and now he is gone, and my famous policy is baffled. Out upon all this weakness! I must be up and doing, or I shall be counted as a brain-sick maiden."

His horse was brought; he sprang hastily upon it, and rode at full speed, day and night, to Gützkow.

No traces of the fugitive had been hitherto discovered. On questioning his followers, it appeared that Colmar had been watched with the greatest care, Mitslav's people all wondering why he was not imprisoned with the severity usually exercised by his captor.

"Five days since, a man came in the garb of one of

our priests, and requested permission to communicate a message to the prisoner. He spoke a few words to him in Danish, which made us instantly suspicious; but presently he began to speak of thee at Stettin, and of thy welfare to us, commanding us from thee to bring Colmar thither, as messengers had come from Denmark to make agreement about his ransom and release. He showed us thy signet, which is thy appointed token for accrediting thy messengers, and bade us hasten with all speed. We, therefore, without delay, binding the hands of Colmar behind him with leathern thongs, and fastening his feet under the horse's belly, mounted him with all haste, and, with a guard of four soldiers, despatched him to thee at Stettin. On the second day, the Priest rode close beside the prisoner, for a short time. He managed that his own horse should stumble and fall, as if by accident, jostling against the Dane as he did so. He rose up immediately, and raised up his steed also. In the confusion we did not notice that he had cut the thongs which bound Colmar's hands and feet. We were passing over the bridge across the river Lena, close to where it runs into the Oder. A loud shout was raised from a boat which was floating at some distance on the water. We all started and looked earnestly at the vessel, for it sounded like a Danish war-cry.

"In the momentary confusion, Colmar had contrived to press his horse close to the edge of the bridge, and suddenly flinging himself from its back, he dived under the water like an otter: he reappeared at some distance from us, swimming with all possible speed towards the boat, which began on its part to row

rapidly up the Lena. We threw a shower of arrows around him, which he evaded as well as he could by rapid successive dives; and presently we beheld the boat reach him, and the rowers catch him hastily into it. Then turning the head of the boat they hastened back toward the Oder. We followed them as long as we were able, but lost sight of them behind the islands where the river spreads out into broad lakes, and divides itself into many channels.

Mitslav wasted no time in rebuking his servants; but commanding twenty men to mount instantly and follow him, he snatched up some refreshment, and then concluding with his usual rapidity that the deliverers would carry Colmar to the sea, and in all probability to Julin, he sought the blessing of Gerovit, and rode off at full speed. He had to pass Stettin in his way, and there inquiring with great care, he learned that a boat, rowed apparently by four Danes, had passed down the Oder into the Stettiner Haf on the preceding day. "We observed them creeping stealthily along," said some of the seamen, "and were nearly sending our arrows into them, judging them to be about some mischief."

They borrowed fresh steeds and started off without delay to Julin. They hastened down to the harbour, and as they reached the water side they beheld such a boat as had been described, moving apparently with exhausted strength toward a larger vessel, lying at some distance from the land.

The ship of Witstack, Mitslav's friend, happened to be on the quay about to embark on a piratical expedition, and his crew were waiting for him. The ap-

pointed time of his arrival had long passed. Hastily explaining the circumstances, Mitslav requested the assistance of this vessel in recapturing the fugitive. The boats which were ready at hand, soon carried Mitslav with his followers into the ship in which they were about to embark. It was a complete calm, and the forty rowers swept the galley rapidly on in pursuit of Colmar. The Danish crew evidently saw the boat of their chieftain approaching them. Their vessel was built for war and speed, though far inferior in size, and the number of its men, to Witstack's ship. Seeing the danger of their compatriots they drove their vessel in toward the chase, knowing that if they could once start fair, their pursuers would have no chance of overtaking them.

It was an exciting moment. The Pomeranian vessel was rapidly overtaking the fugitives; while the Danes were carefully, though steadily backing their ship toward the chase. The port was crowded with eager spectators; and many of the Pomeranian vessels were filling with men to hasten forth to assist their fellow-citizens. Colmar's boat, just before the ship of Witstack reached it, glided up alongside of the Dane. In an instant, Colmar and his followers swung themselves up into the larger vessel, leaving their boat to drift at large. Then the Danish rowers dashed their oars into the water to drive the vessel forward. They had not however recovered from their backward motion, before the prow of Witstack's ship touched their stern. Mitslav stood in the bow with a grappling iron in his hand. He flung it into the ship. But they cut the cord instantly, and the rapid Danish

vessel began to gain a few feet on its pursuers. Colmar stood in the stern taunting the lagging Pomeranians. They increased the distance to about five yards; and it seemed as if Colmar must escape. Suddenly there was a loud shout. A form was seen in the air bounding from one ship to the other. Then there was another shout and a plunge, and the forms of Colmar and Mitslav were no longer visible.

The Dane ceased its motion, and the vessel in chase came up close alongside of it. Suddenly just behind the Pomeranian ship, Mitslav and the gigantic Dane appeared on the surface of the water, in violent and fierce strife. The Pomeranians were celebrated swimmers and divers, and in these practices, as in all other active or warlike exercises, Mitslav was pre-eminent above all his compatriots. He had forced Colmar under him, so that he could not extricate himself. The Dane, however, was clinging round him, and though half drowned would not let him go. Seeing Mitslav's danger, the Pomeranians backed hastily towards him, and drew him and Colmar up into the vessel. They released Mitslav from his enemy's grasp, whom they hastily bound with cords. The Danes also backed and recommenced the conflict. But seeing other Pomeranian vessels advancing, they hastily ceased, and betaking themselves anew to their oars, they succeeded, though with great difficulty, in shaking off their pursuers, who after a vain chase, finally gave up the struggle, as they had succeeded in their immediate object, by the recapture of Colmar, and returned sullenly to the harbour.

The intense eagerness of the pursuit, the rapid mo-

tion, the daring leap, the fierce struggle, the extraordinary success, tended to influence the old evil spirit of revenge and pride which the news of Colmar's escape had revived in Mitslav's heart. With these feelings revived his attachment and reverence for his ancestral superstitions. The wild and awful rites, the dark gloomy temple, the blood-stained image of Gerovit were adapted to the present temper of his mind. Had he not offered sacrifice and done homage to that god, and sought his guidance and blessing on the attempt, which had been freely lent him? What had strengthened his heart and winged his foot for the bound, and nerved his arm for the wrestle? What had upheld him among the ocean deeps? Was it not the might of Gerovit? To him, he thought, must my vows be paid, and my offerings poured out before his image; and the sufferings of my prisoner, and his pining woe shall be the most acceptable of all my gifts. In them shall the Man-slayer, whose heart is like steel, whose voice is thunder, and whose arm is the lightning, snuff up the sweetest thank-offering.

One thing, indeed, troubled Mitslav much, namely, the absence of Witstack, and the consequent grief of his family. Day after day went by, and he returned not. They searched through Julin and all the neighbouring country, but no tidings of him could be obtained. Then Mitslav took Colmar with him to Gützkow, and, after exulting over him, according to the savage manner of the country, he bade his servants fetter him, and thrust him into his deepest dungeon, far under the earth, and feed him there with only just enough food to keep body and soul together.

CHAPTER X.

During the time occupied by these transactions, a great change had taken place at Stettin. Full two months had elapsed since the Christian mission first encamped by its walls, and, hitherto, all its labours had appeared entirely ineffectual. Every one, except Bishop Otto, had long been utterly discouraged. The embassy was sent to the Duke of Poland, to request an explanation of his wishes, and, if possible, obtain leave to depart.

Otto had determined to remain alone, if forsaken by all his followers. But it pleased the Lord to accept his patience and long-suffering, and after He had tried and proved His servants by the long delay, He returned and visited them with His mercy. Having compassion on the hardness of the benighted heathen, "He blew with His breath, and the waters flowed."

According, also, to the frequent working of His mysterious Providence, while His enemies were trusting in their subtlety and wisdom, and His faint-hearted servants were looking to the arm of flesh, as if that was their only stay, He chose His instruments out of the simple and tender of the world.

There were two fair youths, ruddy and pleasant to look upon, who had heard Otto in their market-place, and had seen his kind acts. Their father was a zealous heathen, but had left Stettin on a piratical expedition. Their mother, who was sweet and gracious, had not prevented their attendance at Otto's discourses.

A few days before the messengers returned from Poland, these two youths came to the Christian camp, and earnestly implored Otto to instruct them more clearly and fully in the Christian doctrine.

Day by day, with unwearied patience, and with singular tenderness and love, Otto unfolded to them the duties of Christian purity and holiness, the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, the hope of eternal life, the love of JESUS. Day by day, they drank in his words, and received the doctrines of grace, with infinite thankfulness and joy. Seeing the manifest work of the SPIRIT in the two goodly youths, when they expressed their eager desire for baptism, he durst not refuse them. He sent word to their mother, who gave no answer at the time.

On the appointed day, Otto baptized them; and as they entered the baptistery, with tapers and in their white baptismal garments, in the beauty of their tender youth, the Christians beheld their faces as if they had been angel countenances announcing the promise of a more joyful day.

On the fourth day after their baptism, their mother sent word to the Bishop, that she was coming to see her children.

He sat out on a turf bank in the open air, with his ecclesiastics around him, and the two youths at his feet. They were still in their pure white garments, with tearful eyes and unspeakable devotion in their faces.

They rose and went forth softly and fearfully to meet their mother as she approached. As she watched them thus timidly drawing near, in their white apparel, she

suddenly burst into a violent fit of tears, and sank down, fainting, on the ground, at their feet.

The Bishop hastened towards her, and the other Priests. They raised her from the ground: they supported and consoled her, for they supposed that she had fainted from sorrow.

She, however, recovering her breath, began to cry aloud, "I bless Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, the Author of all hope and consolation, that I behold my beloved sons, washed with Thy Sacrament, and illuminated with Thy Truth. Thou knowest," she continued, kissing and embracing her sons, "how I have not ceased, these many years, to commend them to Thy mercy, in the secresy of my heart, beseeching Thee to do unto them as Thou hast now done."

Then, turning to the Bishop, "Blessed," she said, "is thy coming to this city. Much people shalt thou gain by thy patience and perseverance. Be not wearied by the delay! Behold, I, who stand before thee now, by the assistance of Almighty God, and encouraged by thy presence, and relying on the support of these dear pledges, confess myself a Christian, which hitherto I have never dared to do."

She had been carried away captive in her youth, on one of the many expeditions to which, at that time, the Pomeranians were addicted, and, being of a noble family and very beautiful, one of the wealthiest citizens of Stettin had married her, to whom she had borne these two sons.

The Bishop, blessing God for this unexpected mercy, dismissed her to her home, with a present of a robe of precious fur; and after the octave of their

baptism, having admitted them to the Holy Eucharist, he sent her sons also to her, with gifts of beautiful gold-fringed dresses, golden belts, and painted shoes, according to the fashion of the young nobility.

Great was the joy in that noble matron's house, the whole of her household being converted and baptized. Several of her neighbours and friends, hearing this strange and happy history, were drawn to the Christian Bishop, and prepared themselves, with eager diligence, for admission into the Church.

Still greater was the work which the LORD wrought by these two fair youths. They overthrew all the artifices and deep-wrought schemes of the idolatrous priests. By their simplicity and sweetness and beauty, they set forth Christianity in such an amiable light before their young contemporaries, and before the whole city, that great numbers, especially of the more youthful nobility, were attracted to Otto's teaching, and became obedient to the Word.

Meanwhile, the heathen High Priest had sent word to Hiltan, the husband of the Christian matron, of her and her children's apostacy from the Pomeranian idolatry. He was furious at their conversion; but she knowing how "a soft word turneth away wrath," sent some of their relatives to disarm her husband's anger. Shortly after his arrival, he was so influenced by his wife, and by the change in so many of their connexions, that he also believed, and was gathered into the fold.

The impulse was now given. The breath of the LORD blew mightily over Stettin. The hearts of the citizens were bowed, as the trees of the forest by the rushing wind.

At that moment the messengers returned from the Polish Duke, bringing letters in which he promised a large remission of tribute, and offered his friendship and assistance in every emergency, on condition that the Pomeranians submitted to the Christian faith.

A solemn assembly was at last convened. The Duke's letters were read. Then mounting on a platform hastily raised in the market-place, the Bishop began to address the multitude which thronged from the whole city to hear him.

"Rejoice in the LORD," he began; "Rejoice in the LORD always, and again I say, Rejoice! Let your moderation, your faith, your conversion, be known to all men! All the world has grieved over your unbelief. The whole earth is enlightened with the truth. Will ye only remain in darkness? Turn, ye! hasten, run to outstrip those converted before you, that those who have mourned over your blindness, may glory in your illumination! And first of all, ye must cast away these your gods, deaf and dumb, made by man's hands, and inhabited by unclean spirits. Armed with the Cross, renounce them with all speed! Abase their temples, beat down their idols, that when His enemies are banished, the LORD, your GOD, the True and Living GOD, may come and dwell among you! I know that ye do not yet fully believe. Ye fear the demons, the inhabitants of your idols; ye tremble to touch them. Behold, then, I and my Priests are ready. We will enter your temples; we will cast down your images. If we come forth unhurt, ye will know that they are powerless; and with your own hands ye will overthrow their dwelling-places."

Otto with his Priests then received the Holy Com-

munion, and with the Cross borne before them, followed by all the people, they entered into the meaner temples first, and destroyed the idols and overthrew the altars, removing the roofs and admitting the sunlight into their gloomy recesses and secret mysteries.

It was not without great awe and alarm that the citizens saw them approach the Temple of Triglav.

Before it stood Primislav, in his most splendid sacerdotal garments, with many Priests around him. As the Christian procession approached, with the multitude already wondering at the rapid overthrow of the images behind them, he raised his staff of office, and in a loud sonorous voice, addressed the citizens who had been wont to reverence him almost with divine worship.

"I speak not," he said, "to these strangers, these oppressors, these Christians. I speak to you, my children, my fellow countrymen. I warn you in the name of the Immortal Gods: I warn you from mighty Triglav. I see the madness which possesses you: I see the snares in which you are entangled. I behold the angry faces of the immortals, and the terrible countenance of Triglav. I hear their tremendous voices: they roll around me like the thunder; they mourn over their children's blindness; they upbraid their unthankfulness. They speak to the winds of heaven; they speak to the womb of earth, to the abysses of the waters, to the blue vault of the sky. They summon the fiery stars to shake death over your land; they evoke the famine and the pestilence, the blight for your fields, the murrain for your herds; they bid the earth to deny its fruits, the waters to engulf your navies, the heavens to rain their tempests. They soar away to more faith-

ful shores, to transfer victory to your enemies, to clothe their arms with might, and their spears with conquest. At their departure, the land mourns; it groans throughout its length and breadth; it expects the lamentation and the wail which shall be in every house, the pale cheeks and withered forms of your children pining in your desolate homes, the foemen's insulting tramp, the cries and wounds of the dying and the captives. Even as I and my sacred brethren now withdraw, so do all the immortals now forsake you. They launch their plagues against you; and, unhappy and desolate orphans! who shall comfort, or counsel, or defend you?"

So, shaking their dark hair ominously, and chanting a low and monotonous dirge, Primislav and his Priests withdrew from before the Temple.

In the midst of the amazed and shuddering multitude, whose blanched cheeks and trembling knees showed the extremity of their terror, Otto and the Christian Priests entered into the Temple. They moved on to the veil; they drew the veil aside, which covered that sanctuary into which only the Chief Priest was admitted, and who held his breath as he ministered in it, so awful was it considered.

Otto advanced to the great three-headed image, and smote it himself with a battle-axe. It fell forward with a heavy crash, and lay prostrate on the pavement. His attendants cut it asunder, and lifting up the triple head, he turned to the multitude, crying, "Behold the might of your idols!"

There was a great cry throughout the whole crowd. Their terror vanished. They began to laugh and scoff

themselves at the emptiness of their fears. With one accord they united in the overthrow of their fanes; and so great was their zeal, that, before night, every temple in the city was dismantled or broken down.

As soon as Triglav's temple was in ruins, the Bishop proceeded into the enclosure round it, where stood the consecrated grove, and the oak of prophecy, shadowing the fountain of Lada, and where the sacred steed of Triglav, with its attendant herd, was pasturing.

When Otto drew near the oak, he wondered at its antiquity and vast size. The trunk rose about thirty feet entire to all appearance, and unbroken; then its giant branches shot out horizontally in every direction: a small army might have camped beneath them.

The chief inhabitants earnestly implored that the tree might be spared. They loved it for itself. It was a favourite ornament of their city. It had stood a thousand years; and, for centuries, their fathers had delighted in its venerable shadow.

They promised never again to use it for augury or enchantment. "It is no sin," they said, "to receive it as the gift of God, and praise Him for its beauty."

While Otto was considering their request, a man advanced—a messenger, as he informed them, from Felsav, once guardian of the horse of Triglav. He came from his master, who, in sore terror at the recent death of his associate, had sent him to reveal the way in which the lying oracles were given.

The trunk was in reality partly hollow. The cavity had been squared out above into a small chamber, into which, through a narrow opening in the trunk, concealed by a door made to resemble the bark, a man's

form might be introduced. Down the side of this chamber, the fresh track of the lightning, which had silenced the lying prophecy, by the death of the priest who was commissioned to utter it, was distinctly visible.

On this discovery, the Bishop gladly consented to the petition of the citizens; for he knew when to yield, and when to deny.

He insisted, however, that Triglav's horse should be carried away and sold in some foreign country, judging that hereafter it might be a snare to weak consciences —an opinion which subsequent events confirmed.

The men of Stettin then besought him to take possession of all the vast stores of wealth which had accumulated for ages in the temple treasury. Otto, however, would not touch a shred. "I seek not," he replied, "yours, but you. I came not to receive but to confer gifts, gifts invaluable, incalculable, eternal. I have enough at home, and to spare." So he divided the various treasures among the inhabitants according to their desires or necessities. "One only offering," he said, "I reserve for myself, the triple head of the hideous image, that I may send it to Rome the head of the world, in token of the LORD's victory over these vain deities, and your stubborn unbelief. The work is His. There is the LORD's treasury, and there it shall be a monument of His saving power."

Incredible were the labours, and unwearied the diligence with which Otto and his ministers now laboured among a willing, even a too willing people. The blessed and happy scenes, which had been witnessed at Piritz in the beginning of the mission, were

now renewed on a far more extensive scale. Crowds streamed daily to the Christian teachers. High and low, rich and poor, one with another, thronged to instruction and to baptism. A large church of wood was commenced in the market-place of Stettin just outside the walls, and its erection was pressed on with the greatest rapidity. It was dedicated to Adalbert the Martyr, whom the inhabitants of Lubeck had speared.

Two months Otto remained in the Pomeranian capital. Then came pressing messages from Julin, the city which before had rejected him, and sought his life. After first visiting two castles, and consecrating a chapel and altar in each, he took water and went down the Oder, and across its broad lakes, and through one of its mouths, and then a short way along the coast to Julin. The zeal of that town was now as vehement for as it had been against Christianity. The inhabitants were eagerly expecting the Bishop on the quay, and very different were the sounds which now saluted him, from the execrations heaped upon him in his previous visit.

He remained at Julin a considerable time, instructing, baptizing, founding churches, assigning priests. Here also Duke Wartislav came to offer Otto his congratulations on the success of his labours, and take counsel with him concerning the establishment of a bishopric. As Julin seemed the most central situation, and the turbulent and violent character of its inhabitants required the strongest control, it was resolved that the future see and cathedral of Pomerania should be established in that city.

Otto then extended his labours to Gollnow, and

Colberg, and other cities, here succouring places desolated by war, there where all the men were gone on voyages of traffic or fishery, pledging those present to labour hereafter for the salvation of their parents, husbands, and brothers, when they should return; preaching, baptizing, founding churches, consecrating sanctuaries, settling priests in every place according to his custom. Thus he visited the greater part of Pomerania. But the winter was increasing in severity, and pressing messages came to him from his diocese, and also from Bohemia, where the chief nobles were anxious that he should effect a reconciliation between their Duke Wartislav and his brother and heir; for there had been long enmity between them, and the Duke was dangerously ill.

Otto therefore went assiduously round all the cities where he had founded churches, establishing and confirming them in the faith, exhorting the converts, giving directions to his priests, and commending them earnestly to the care of GOD. With great fervour and many tears they all besought him to remain amongst them, and himself undertake the spiritual charge of the country. But his own diocese so needed his presence, and the supplications of the Bohemians were so pressing, and all the princes of the empire, who regarded him as their best adviser and counsellor, sought his return with such reiterated intreaties, that he was unable to consent to the desire of the Pomeranians.

He felt indeed that they needed his presence deeply. The work was in reality only begun. There had been too little time to develope the doctrines and enforce the

practice of a living Christianity over so large a field as had been unexpectedly opened by his wonderful success. Every institution and church which he had established was yet in its infancy. The temper of the inhabitants was evidently enthusiastic and excitable, their imaginations vivid, and their affections strong. This was a dangerous character except in skilful hands. The multitudes, who had almost forced their way into the fold in the first fervour and vehemency of their conversion, caused him unspeakable anxiety. He knew that the heathen priests had still many followers, and that ambition and fanaticism would make them dangerous enemies; and he promised therefore to revisit them, as soon as his own diocese and other pressing matters would permit. In the meanwhile he promised to consecrate a bishop for them on the first opportunity, and send him to occupy his place till he should return.

The Duke of Poland, who had not forgotten to send the missionaries continual supplies, stores for presents, furs and winter garments for themselves, received Otto with the greatest reverence and joy. At Gnesen Adalbert, one of his chaplains, and of Otto's three Polish companions, was chosen and consecrated Bishop of Julin, and immediately departed for his difficult see. Duke Boleslav accompanied Otto to the borders of Bohemia, where he received the confession of Wartislav, the Bohemian Duke, and succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between the brothers. As soon as possible he continued his journey to Bamberg, where he arrived, as he had hoped, by Palm Sunday, having been in Pomerania a year, lacking five weeks.

CHAPTER XI.

After every great excitement a collapse is sure to follow. This is true of body, soul, and spirit. When the fever has passed its turn, then comes a total prostration of strength. Great and unusual exertion of the intellect and the will exhausts the physical energies of the mind. When the fervour and zeal of spiritual conversions is over, a season of spiritual weakness, difficulty, and temptation invariably ensues. It is in that prostration of body that the skill of the physician is most needed. Perseverance and indomitable energy can alone carry the politician or the sage over that temporary exhaustion of his mental powers. Under God's grace unwavering faith and resolution can alone uphold the convert. Then, in weaker vessels, is the aid of a wise, experienced, and loving ministry most desirable and necessary.

Adalbert and the inferior priests whom Otto had provided for the supervision of Pomerania during his unavoidable absence, were infinitely inferior to him in natural powers, ability, eloquence, tact. But they failed in even more important points: in faith, courage, patience, watchfulness, love. Otto had witnessed their timidity, and their insufficiency had redoubled his apprehension; but they were the best assistants he could find. He had no other choice.

Soon after his departure the collapse followed. The zeal of the Pomeranians in their first conversion spent itself, and the time of temptation came. They found

it more difficult to master their passions, to subdue their lusts, to extirpate their hatreds, to want the riot and the revel, than they had anticipated. The yoke and burden of the LORD, though wisely made as light as possible by Otto's care, weighed heavily upon them. Many had been hastily, perhaps too hastily, baptized, and some began to relapse. The youth had been particularly attracted by Otto's graceful kindness and winning tenderness and love. The same warmth and vehemence which had opened their hearts to his influence, when that was withdrawn naturally hurried them into rebellion and disobedience to the pure and holy law of the Gospel.

The Christian ministers insisted too much on the exterior acts and exercises of religion, neglecting to devote themselves chiefly to the renewal and purification of their disciples' hearts. The heathen priests were not slow to observe the opportunities thus offered them, and under Primislav's skilful guidance, began to set themselves secretly, but diligently, first to limit the extension, and then undermine the edifice of the Christian faith and practice among them. Many a secret festival was still kept, in honour of their ancient gods, in the groves and by the fountains which the Pomeranians had been used to revere and love. They were, as this history has already shown, deeply attached to all these objects, the only beautiful natural ornaments of their level country. The old plaintive national melodies, thrilling their heart-strings, were nearly irresistible attractions to the music-loving people, none of whom was without his lute. The priests were careful to add new zest and charms to the revel and

the banquet, and invent new ornaments and artifices to increase the beauty and awfulness of their worship.

The romantic effect of these festivals, celebrated by stealth in the dusk of eve, or in the silvery moonlight glimmering through the dim groves, or dancing upon the fountains, contributed to invest them with yet stronger attractions. Perhaps natural feelings of pity towards their old leaders and guides, in their present humiliation and shame, inclined a kind-hearted and compassionate people to view them with favourable eyes. Thanks be to GOD, no heathen in Pomerania had anything worse to complain of. There was not, under Bishop Otto, violence or persecution to be dreaded, such as too often marred the labours of other missionaries, destroying those whom they were sent to save.

Notwithstanding these trials, however, the impulse given by the goodness and talent of Otto might possibly have carried the infant Church through its difficulties, if it had not been for events which no wisdom could foresee, or prudence anticipate. For some months after Otto's departure, all things remained much as he left them. The churches which he had founded made considerable progress; the altars which he had consecrated were duly honoured. The word of the Gospel was received with reverence; the Christian ministers were welcomed wherever they went, some converts were gathered here and there, and the congregations were not sensibly diminished. Then it pleased GOD to expose His new-born Church in Pomerania to great and imminent dangers. He laid on it a most severe ordeal, and passed it "through fire and

water, before He brought it out into a wealthy place."

The summer and the following year was distinguished in Pomerania, and throughout Europe, for many strange visitations and terrible calamities; and it seemed to the Pomeranians as if all the dreadful forebodings of Primislav were fulfilling. First, about the end of May, appeared a terrible star, glaring fiercely, night after night, in the heavens. Then followed strange appearances in the sun and moon; the hue of the former was lurid, with dark spots appearing in it, while the moon showed ghastly and sickly with continual haloes. The earth, however, seemed as yet to promise an abundant harvest, when, on the 15th of June, there came a sudden and most untimely frost: it nipped in a night the whole promise of the summer. The grain just coming into ear in Pomerania was blasted, as if fire had scorched the country. The fruits withered, and fell off the trees, while the snow fell in thick heaps over the whole land.

Immediately there followed a tremendous tempest; for many days and nights the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed, and the rain streamed down in incessant deluging torrents. The innumerable streams, and rivers, and lakes of Pomerania overflowed their banks, burst the dykes, and covered the country with water. The Oder half submerged the capital, and other towns situated on its banks. The violent whirlwinds which accompanied the storm covered the Baltic with wrecks, and many were the houses in Julin and Stettin, and the other maritime cities, filled with weeping and mourning, for parent or for husband who

returned not, perishing in the deep waters of the ocean, or wrecked upon the shoals and quicksands with which the shores of Pomerania are encumbered. Then followed, as might be expected, a grievous famine. The grain-crops had been annihilated; the fruits of autumn destroyed. The honey, also, had all perished in the hives, and the drink of Pomerania was lost.

As if the quiver of wrath would never exhaust its arrows, the putrefying bodies bred a grievous pestilence. Wide over Europe, and indeed over the world, did the terrible contagion rage; its progress was rapid, and its attacks fatal. Even where the patients escaped, it was at the cost of limb, or sight, or hearing. Death also demanded the great and famous of the earth: Henry the Emperor, and other princes, ended their lives.

The constant enemies of the Pomeranians of the main land, the inhabitants of the island of Rugen, taking advantage of their reduced and afflicted state, wasted the poor relics of their property with fire and sword, dragging away many captives, and even plundering a part of Stettin. It seemed as if the powers of darkness were let loose upon unhappy Christendom; and men, beholding the universal desolation, exclaimed that the end of the world approached.

But there were throughout Pomerania ministers enough of the kingdom of evil to descant on all these events, to exaggerate their horrors,—though that was scarcely possible,—and to represent all these calamities as the consequences of Christianity, and the effects of the fury of their forsaken gods. The words of Primislav were remembered; they were universally

recounted by the priests. They spake of them as prophetical, and indeed believed them to be the result of inspiration; so remarkable was the coincidence, that he himself looked upon them as an immediate revelation of Triglav.

These terrible confirmations, as they appeared, of his forebodings, gave his words weight; and his imagined inspiration made him and his followers speak with tenfold sincerity and power; yet they scarcely needed to use words, so strongly did the fearful reality plead for them. It was enough to point to the portentous skies, to the deluged plains, the withered crops, black and without fruit; to the waters drained of fish, the pastures bare of cattle, the very hives robbed of their honey. The wasted faces of their children, the unburied carcases of their friends and relatives,—these were what they pointed to.

"Behold," they said, "the fruits of Christianity! Behold the issue of temples broken down, altars overthrown, sacrifices abolished, trees and fountains desecrated, the holy images hewn to pieces, or burned in the fire. Ye blasphemed the gods. Are they not mighty? Is not their wrath terrible? Did we not forewarn you that with them the blessings of your happy land would all melt away like dreams? Did we not assure you that they would sit on their clouds of storm, and bend against you their dreadful bows, and shoot into your souls the poisoned arrows of irresistible vengeance? Did we not tell you that they would loose tremendous Zernebog,[1] with all his swarthy deities, the gods of death, and blood, and desolation,

[1] The chief of the Black or evil deities.

to stalk triumphant over our weeping land? O, while the fury of the gods may yet be appeased, while the powers of vengeance may yet be chained, before Pomerania is utterly consumed, while there is any life and hope left, return unto the guardians whom you have forsaken, to the blessed gods whom your forefathers worshipped, and under whom they prospered!"

With these words in the midst of the horror and despair which overwhelmed the afflicted country, and in the utter dislocation of all social order which these repeated calamities had produced, perhaps no efforts could have maintained the supremacy of Christianity. When they fell on recent converts, as yet half instructed, and altogether undisciplined, it is marvellous that Christianity should have stood its ground so well. The wisdom of Otto's measures appeared in the provision which he had made for the maintenance of the faith and the Church throughout the land. The extraordinary impression which his brief sojourn had produced was also signally displayed. In every principal city and town there was at least a sanctuary and an altar for the daily sacrifice of devotion and thanksgiving. Christian ministers were dispersed throughout who could maintain the worship of the LORD, dispense what alms and succours it was possible to bestow in the universal destitution and misery, commit the dead with Christian burial to the earth, and whisper words of consolation to the bereaved and desolate, the fatherless and widow.

As if some portion of Otto's spirit had remained with his companions, they showed more zeal and courage during these trying circumstances, than their

former faint-heartedness would have given reason to anticipate. Thus in every place a few faithful and devout Christians were ever to be found, who, growing stronger and bolder in their heavy trial, and purified in its scorching fire, maintained the true faith, like lights shining in a dark place. The influence also of the Duke and Duchess was exerted in their behalf. Nevertheless, upon the whole, there was a very general apostasy. The heathen priests recovered much of their influence; in many places the Pagan temples were partially rebuilt. The idol altars and images were set up again, and their worship and festivals again celebrated openly. In some places even new temples were erected, and a deeper and sterner enthusiasm for their ancient superstition filled the hearts of its repentant servants.

In process of time the idolaters were able to employ, here and there, violence against the Christians. They did not, indeed, as yet, murder them, but they insulted and ill-treated them. The Christian churches in some cities were plundered, and injured, or even destroyed. The High Priest, Primislav, wherever he could, laboured earnestly and with frantic vehemence in the attempt to destroy Christianity, and set up once more in its place the old, false religion.

Soon after Otto's departure, while yet impoverished and afflicted by the conversion of the Pomeranians, and before their apostasy began, he had with Illah withdrawn from Stettin, and sought a refuge with Mitslav at Gützkow. The young chieftain had been absent during the complete establishment of the ascendancy of the Christian faith in the Pomeranian

capital, engaged in the pursuit and re-capture of Colmar, and the search for his lost friend Witstack. The outbreak of his old violent nature, occasioned by his prisoner's escape, had exposed him once more to the temptation of a religion which made vengeance a duty, and sanctified and deified all the unbridled passions of the soul.

In this temper he had returned home to his dwelling, and it was not without indignation that he heard of the overthrow of the Pagan temples, and the abolition of their public worship.

In such a disposition when Primislav and his daughter drew near to Gützkow as suppliants, and exaggerating their humiliations and necessities, cast themselves on his generosity and hospitality, his compassion and sympathy were much excited. The love which he bore to Illah inflamed a thousandfold these natural emotions; and as she with her father approached on foot and in lowly garb, with bitter tears appealing for shelter, her power over him became stronger than it had ever hitherto been. Most gladly did he welcome the fugitives to Gützkow. He appointed for them the noblest dwelling in the city, supplied them prodigally with every comfort and luxury which he could provide, and showed them the greatest reverence and attention. The feasts and solemnities of their religion were openly observed at once. Then ensued all those calamities which have been recounted; and his guests became as prophets in his eyes. His great wealth and large stores enabled him to exercise liberal bounty towards his own dependants and fellow-countrymen in their distress. His arms also and his warlike skill

were their chief defence against the inroads of the Ruthenians and their other assailants.

As these afflictions appeared daily to signify more clearly and distinctly the power and wrath of the false gods of Pomerania, he began to catch the infection of his guests' enthusiasm. The venerable aspect of the High Priest mourning over the desolations of his country, Illah's tearful eyes and gentler compassion naturally won upon him more and more. He began to set himself at the head of the movement for the restoration of heathenism. He himself began the erection of a new and splendid temple of Lada in Gützkow, resolved to make it as magnificent as he could, worthy he said of such a beauteous priestess, and pressing on its erection and completion with all his usual steady impetuosity. Primislav urged him also to join with him heart and hand in the utter destruction and extirpation of Christianity. This, however, with his customary resolution, he absolutely refused. The better feelings which had once swept over his heart, although their voices were now indistinct, and their impulse feeble and faint, made every act of violence against Christianity distasteful and loathsome to him.

"Let us raise," he said, "the temples and the worship of the Immortals to their old and proper dignity and glory. Then will this new superstition vanish of itself; and you, noble Primislav, and you, lovely Illah, shall again lead the choirs of your youths and maidens throughout the length and breadth of the land, to re-establish your sacred festivals; and the joy of your renewed solemnities shall resound in every temple and under every grove."

Had it not pleased God to arrest the swelling flood of paganism, and give some little respite and succour to His servants by one or two extraordinary events, and to work on Mitslav, although yet in his heathen pride and ignorance, to withhold him from lifting his arm against the holy Gospel and its ministers, there is no knowing how far the persuasions and reiterated arguments of Primislav's eloquence and Illah's beauty might at last have carried him, especially in such times of trouble, desolation, and contention.

Already wilder and sterner thoughts were rising in his mind. As he returned sometimes defeated, more often victorious, from battling with the various invaders of his country, driving his captives before him, and casting them into his prisons to extort their ransoms, the bloody weapons, the excitement of battle, the triumph of successful revenge, enhanced the natural vehemency of his temper. At such times he seemed ready to grasp his sword, and at the exhortation of his watchful guests turn its conquering edge against those who were represented to him as the most dangerous of all the enemies of his country.

During this whole period the heathen priests, having regained their courage, laboured indefatigably to recover their ascendancy. Primislav's emissaries were despatched throughout the land. In every village and city they repeated his prophecies. They pointed out how signally they had been fulfilled, and urged the people to reorganize everywhere the solemn and ancient worship of their gods. When sufficient impression had been produced to warrant more decided steps, Primislav resolved to revisit his usual dwelling;

and as in the common distress the eyes of all the community turned to Stettin for relief and counsel, he felt that if he could once regain his influence in that city, the rest of Pomerania would be won, as it would naturally follow the example of the capital.

"Noble Mitslav," he said, "we have trespassed too long on your hospitality. We thank you heartily for the shelter which you have afforded us in our hour of distress. But the immortals call us. I have seen them in my dreams. They are returning to our land. Last night I beheld their glorious forms. They marched along the clouds in solemn and glittering procession. The wrath had passed from their faces. Tears of heavenly pity were in their eyes. Horns of plenty were in their outstretched hands. They reined their black steeds above me, and bending down over Pomerania, they regarded it with looks of tenderness and love.

"The first rider was the mighty Triglav, triple-crowned,[1] king in heaven, in earth, and under earth. He lifted that veil with which he hides from his long-suffering eyes the sins of miserable mankind. 'Hear,' he said, and his voice was like the rolling thunder, 'hear, O ye immortals, the voice of your king! We have chastised our land, and it is enough. Behold in its affliction, it returns and casts itself at our feet. It rears again our dwellings, it raises our fallen altars. Our ancient trees, and sparkling fountains invoke us with their many murmurs, and the groans and tears of our worshippers invite us.

"'Sheathe your flaming swords. Restore your terri-

[1] Vita S. Ottonis, Lib. iii. i. 491. Cf. Mone, i. 206, 207.

ble arrows to their quiver. Chain ye your hell-dogs whom ye loosed. Fetter them to their beds of torment in Hela's cells. Pour forth your mercies once more on sky, and sea, and field.' They lifted their mighty hands at Triglav's bidding. They emptied their flowing horns, and showers of light, and visions of peace and beauty and victory seemed to stream forth from their bowls unceasingly. I started from my happy slumber. Now dismiss us to Stettin, that we may prepare for the immortals their dwelling. I go to rear up their fanes, to prepare their abode in image and tree, to cleanse their desecrated fountains, to tend their wind-outstripping coursers. Once more shall their oracles instruct us, and their steeds carry them on their errands of love over our land. In shrine, in grove, and by rippling stream, once more shall their beautiful shapes glide softly amidst our festivals and dances. Follow us soon to Stettin, and aid us in our good work."

On the morrow Primislav commenced his journey. Thirty priests had collected together to accompany their chief, bringing the black horses on which they were wont to ride, for him, and Illah, and themselves. As they passed out of Mitslav's house, Illah turned her expressive eyes tenderly towards the young chief, and taking his hand she pressed her lips lightly on his forehead for an instant; and then smiling and sighing, as if half eager, half loth to depart,

"Follow us speedily," she said, "dear Mitslav. Let us not miss your company and your mighty arm in the restoration of our country's glory."

She and her father then mounted, and, followed

by the attendant priests, rode slowly away towards Stettin.

As they advanced, their progress gradually assumed the appearance of a triumphal procession. Priest after priest came gathering round them, and by the time they approached Stettin, the mystical number of three hundred was already completed. Many bands of people also, and even several of the nobility collected behind them.

In marshalled order, two by two, with Primislav and Illah at their head, they approached the gate of Stettin.

In that city, there was great agitation. Houses and families were divided: some cleaving to the Christian faith, some anxious to return to their idolatry. The former, however, were timid and doubtful: they knew not how to reply to the appeals which were made to the afflictions which had overtaken them. The repeated calamities of their country had disheartened them, and the Christian ministers among them were themselves too much disquieted to be able to re-assure them thoroughly.

On the other hand, the enthusiastic fanaticism with which the heathen priests were now imbued, gave them confidence and courage, and made them superior in zeal to their antagonists.

The solemn procession advanced, and the city seemed thronging to meet it. They rode by the Christian Church, which had been erected in an open space in front of the city gate, with averted countenances and eyes fixed upon the ground, as if abhorring the abomination. When they had passed it, as they drew near

to the walls, they lifted up their faces at once, and stretched out their hands, with a loud cry of joy, as if exulting to return to the beloved home of their Gods.

An incident here occurred, which enhanced the apparent solemnity of the scene.

As Primislav rode up to the gates, a man in mourning apparel pressed forward before the crowd, and hastening up to the High Priest, fell on his knees at his horse's side, grasping his foot as if in supplication.

"Who art thou? what wouldst thou?" said Primislav, in kind compassionate tones; for he at once recognised the suppliant.

"I am an unworthy wretch," he replied, "an apostate, a blasphemer of the holy Gods; I was once a priest of Triglav. Once you knew me, when I ministered to you in your sacred labours, and tended the steed of prophecy: now I deserve no name; I merit nothing save death. I denied the glorious Immortals; I hearkened to the Christian deceivers; I followed the arch-impostor Otto; I assisted to overthrow the sacred temples; I smote with axe and hammer the holy images; yea, I myself, with this accursed hand, sold away the horse of Triglav to strangers and to Christians. Then I beheld the plagues of my country —the frost, the flood, the famine, the pestilence, the enemy's spear, the outpourings of the wrath of the immortal Gods. 'And these,' I said, 'are my work.' Every pining face seemed to glare at me; every glazing eye withered me; every corpse which I beheld around accused me as its murderer; every wind of heaven that scattered the mournful tidings seemed to bear my shame over the nation. The heavens and the earth

conspired to reject me. Sleep went from my eyes, hope from my heart. I lived an universal outcast, a continual execration. And now I come to you, O, Primislav, servant of the immortal Gods, minister of mighty Triglav, to ask, at thy hands, the only boon which can relieve me—even death."

The suppliant was Felsav, the Priest who, appalled at his companion's death by lightning in the oak, had yielded himself to Christian instruction, and had sought and obtained baptism.

He was an artful and designing man, but irregular in his life, and irresolute, though fanatic in his temper.

When the terror of the awful accident of his companion's death had diminished, and time had blunted his alarm, the impression produced upon his mind gradually faded away. The restraint of the pure and holy discipline of Christianity was distasteful to his ill-regulated passions. Its ministers had been frequently constrained to rebuke him. Disappointment embittered his feelings.

He had hoped to attain power and wealth in the Christian Church, by employing the same artifices in its service, which he had used in his idolatrous religion. He was fiercely indignant when he found himself and his artifices alike despised and useless. He was like Simon the Magician in the holy fold.

Then came the sore judgments with which Pomerania was afflicted. With that fanaticism which so often mingles with low subtlety and cunning, in disorderly and impure minds, he regarded these calamities with the same terror with which he had witnessed the sudden destruction of his companion in his fraud.

Outcast now from both the Christian and heathen societies, he was reduced to great misery and distress. Hearing, therefore, of Primislav's approach, he resolved to throw himself upon his mercy, and, if possible, re-enter his service. The High Priest, he knew, regarded him as an useful instrument for executing those schemes and delusions which the Pomeranian superstition required, but from a clear view or distinct participation of which, the nobler character of Primislav revolted.

Such, indeed, is the general rule of the superstitious or fanatic world. The greater minds, which lead it, deceive themselves, directing and suggesting, yet wilfully closing their eyes to the artful or evil measures of their subordinates. These latter, on the contrary, regarding their leaders' desires as oracular revelations from Heaven, even while they actually perpetrate the plots and frauds which serve their purposes, excuse themselves to their consciences, and maintain their enthusiasm by the imagined worth of blind obedience to that which, in their eyes, appears divine authority.

Primislav, surprised at Felsav's appearance, paused for a considerable time before he made him any answer. Remembering how useful a tool he had been, he at length raised him kindly from the ground.

"The Gods," he said, "will teach me what punishment I must appoint you, and will reveal the satisfaction with which you must expiate your guilt."

The spectators were much struck with the scene, and with the haggard countenance and miserable appearance of the suppliant. It heightened the impression which the High Priest's arrival had already

occasioned. Many shouts and loud acclamations greeted him as he entered the gates, and followed him as he rode through Stettin, accompanied by the three hundred Priests, to his ancient dwelling place; Felsav pacing behind them in manifest degradation and confusion.

They reached their abode. The Priests' houses were still standing as they had deserted them. The temple was in ruins, but its materials had not been removed. Mitslav had given them many gifts, and presents from the more earnest idolaters poured liberally in.

It seemed necessary to form a methodical plan for the revival of their religion. By inquiring among their friends and partizans, they learned that the Christians had met with the greatest success among some of the rural population, and, on the other hand, among the nobility, and, especially, the noble youth of the country.

The example of the Duke and Duchess, and the signal conversion of the two young men in Stettin, had co-operated powerfully with Otto's winning ways on this latter class. The rest of the community were either wavering between the new and old religion, or were more inclined to heathenism.

"See how much hangs on Mitslav," said the High Priest to Illah, when they were alone. "I feel as if our success depended on ensuring his attachment. Let us hasten his coming hither. His love toward you has increased. We must devise some plan to inflame it still more, and link it with the worship of our holy Gods. Let us ask him, first of all, for further help. I know his generous temper: the more we require of

him, the more likely will he be to love us, and become entirely ours."

Illah blushed. She felt that she was only too ready for such a task. Her proud and wayward heart was fastening upon him with a deep and growing attachment. She trembled to perceive how eagerly she came into her father's plans.

It was resolved to re-build the Temple of Triglav at once, and re-constitute his worship, as far as possible, in all its former splendour. Messengers, accordingly, were despatched to Gützkow, to request a loan from Mitslav, and to ask for the use of one of his vessels, for a secret purpose which could not be divulged.

"Tell the noble Primislav," said the youth, "that I lend only to my enemies. Whatsoever I possess is freely and fully at the service of my friends."

He sent them large presents of everything which he judged likely to be useful, and put one of his vessels entirely at their disposal.

The re-erection of the Temple made rapid progress. The workmen of Pomerania had acquired skill and experience under Otto's practised superintendence, and now their powers were employed in the service of his adversaries.

A few days after the completion of the Temple, a great rumour went throughout the city. The sacred horse of Triglav had returned. It was first seen standing as usual beneath the oak of prophecy. Loud were the hymns and gratulations of the Priests and every zealous idolater. Triglav, they said, had returned to them: "Behold, his steed is with us!"

Felsav, the apostate, had rendered them this service.

He, having sold the horse, went in Mitslav's ship, with a large sum of money, to recover it. It was brought secretly back in the vessel, and landed at night without the city. They led it back through the darkness, without any one observing it, and in the morning it was quietly pasturing in its wonted place.

Then groans and mysterious sounds came issuing as of old from the oak of prophecy, and visions had been spoken of, hovering in radiance over Lada's fountain. The ancient apparitions over the whole land were seen more frequently than ever, and described with greater precision by the Priests and their associates. The returning plenty and peace were attributed to these celestial visitations.

Meanwhile, Mitslav came to Stettin. Solemn and sweet were the welcomes which awaited him there.

One evening, as the two lovers were sitting in the High Priest's house, watching the workmen who were finishing the reconstruction of the Temple, Illah led the conversation to the subject of their heavenly visitants, and the fountain of Lada, of which she was prophetess.

"Much, Illah," said the youth, "do I wish to witness that beautiful apparition. Fain would I ask a question of the lovely oracle. Can you not guess it, Illah?"

Illah blushed and smiled. "Nay," she replied, "it is not for me to expound your thoughts. It is not for the children of earth to unfold the riddle of men's hearts and wishes. But if you really desire to behold the vision, if you are eager to consult Lada, have you not sheltered us when we were outcasts? Are you

not my noble father's truest friend? How can we refuse you anything? It will cause me pain and grief," she added, "for the holy Gods cannot be found without them." And here she spake truly; for her high and truthful heart shrank instinctively from the deceptive part which her father had assigned her. "It will cause me pain and grief, but them I will encounter gladly to do you pleasure."

"Nay, if there is pain and grief for you, Illah, I withdraw my entreaty."

"It is too late," said the maiden, rising; "I know your wish, and, at all cost to myself, it shall surely be fulfilled. On the third day hence, we hold a festival to Lada: you shall worship in her fane; for already her fanes and all the dwellings of the holy Gods, which the Christians overthrew, are rising afresh in Stettin and throughout the cities of our country. Then come you alone in the quiet night, under the silvery moonbeams, when the shadow of the oak covers the fountain of Lada, and we will call her forth with our mystical song, out of the deep of her crystal dwelling-place. She shall expound your question and answer the voice of your heart; for remember, the law of silence and solitude is imposed on those who would consult her oracles. Speak, and she disappears! But she knows the passionate longings of youthful souls, and she will reply to your silence. She has felt the gushing tides of fiery affection heaving and burning through her own veins; she will not fail her worshippers." The maiden shook her dark tresses as she spoke, her bosom heaving, her cheek flushing, and her eye gleaming with living splendour, as if inspired by

Lada. She pressed his hand fervently; and as she bade him farewell, "Remember," she added, "the Temple of Lada, the appointed hour, and the question which you would have answered."

"I shall not forget it," he replied, with a look that certainly confirmed his promise.

"Bid as many of the noble youth, your friends," she said, "to our festival, that Lada may not mourn over a dishonoured fane, else her answer may be of evil omen. But do thou come alone to the fountain. Lada's speech is not uttered before a throng, nor heard in the noise of a multitude. She loves secresy and solitude; therefore are the deep fountain and the lofty sky her dwelling-places." Then she withdrew.

Mitslav remained musing on his question.

CHAPTER XII.

On the third day after Mitslav's conversation with Illah, the festival of Lada was celebrated. It was not the usual season of the vernal equinox, for it was now near the end of May; but it was held in honour of the revival of Lada's worship, and to atone for the omissions of two years. Illah had collected as many of her maidens as she was able to gather; they were few in number as compared with what they had been in days of yore. Some had died in the many calamities of their country; some were captives, more were Christians.

The temple also was imperfectly restored. Many

traces of its recent overthrow were visible in its roof, walls, and pillars. The rich treasures had been dissipated; the robes, the wreaths, and other ornaments had been sold, or divided among the needy. Some, however, had already been restored, and many fresh presents had been bestowed; yet the change from its ancient lustre and wealth was sensibly felt.

The festival began at noon; it used to run deep into the night, and was anciently celebrated with much rioting and revelry, ending often in scenes of debauchery and wantonness. These, however, through Primislav's influence, had been discountenanced for some time previous to the Christian mission; and the pure though haughty spirit of Illah had introduced a chaster and sweeter form of worship into the wild idolatry. Care also was taken to avoid offending the feelings of the inhabitants of Stettin, which were perceptibly, although unconsciously, already changed for the better, by the purifying influences of Christianity, extending even over those who rejected its holy faith.

When the temple opened, Mitslav, with many youthful companions whom he had carefully assembled for the ceremony, entered through the doors. A multitude also of the citizens collected in and round the fane; for Lada's was a favourite festival. Illah was standing with her priestesses, all in their long vestments of light blue colour, decorated with flowers and silver ornaments, in front of the inner sanctuary, which was parted off by a blue embroidered curtain. She looked surpassingly beautiful. Her pale cheeks were lightened up from time to time with sudden and glittering flushes. Her choir was composed of her

fairest and dearest friends, and atoned in loveliness and splendour for any deficiency of number.

The young men made their offerings to her one by one, which she received in her own hands with winning and gracious smiles, laying them upon an altar which stood at her left hand. When Mitslav brought some splendid jewels of gold and silver, her cheek glowed brighter than ever, and a tear trembled in her eye as she accepted them.

When all the gifts were presented, the inner curtain was withdrawn, and the image of Lada appeared, decorated with similar drapery and ornaments to those which her priestesses wore.

The maidens, withdrawing into the inner sanctuary, commenced touching their lutes, and then chanting a soft but varying strain, now low, now thrilling into impassioned vehemence, performed the dance, with graceful movements, which always accompanied the festival of Lada.

After it was ended, they glided out of the Temple by a door in the side of the sanctuary. Sacrifices were offered by attendant priests, and the banquet began; the men alone remaining.

Mitslav rose as soon as he could, and wandered away to the forest of Triglav, to indulge the many thoughts, and the vehement passion which was growing hourly more intense within him. The day seemed as if it would never end. Eagerly did he anticipate the sun's decline. He watched it, with joy, going down over the roofs of Stettin. The shadows of the oaks extended gradually till they covered the green surface of the park. The sun set.

Presently, the evening star, Lada's star, was visible in the heavens. The other constellations came out; and the moon, rising in cloudless brilliance, shot her silvery arrows of light over city, and country, and lake, and sky.

Mitslav hastened to the fountain. As yet it lay partly bathed in the white lustre of the moon. But as her car went up in the sky, the shadow of the giant tree advanced over the water, and, mingling with the shade cast by the thick embowering bushes which surrounded the well on three sides, wrapped the whole of its surface in a deep glimmering gloom, which seemed like the very soul of darkness, from the contrast of the silver radiance falling everywhere around it.

For some time the youth stood, watching the gradually receding light upon the water, and the growth of the great shadow, with earnest wondering eyes, as if he could pierce into the deep dark water, and penetrate through it into the secrets of futurity.

Hitherto, nothing else was visible. But, just as the circle of darkness produced by the huge boughs and dense foliage of the oak included the whole water, and rested like a black palpable dome on every side of the fountain, there came a sudden sweet strain of music from behind.

Mitslav turned and looked back, but saw nothing. While his gaze was averted, a rustling was heard, and a strange murmur seemed to rise out of the deep buried waters.

Hastily he turned round again, and on each side of the fountain he saw three shapes illuminated by a light which came from the further end of the well.

They appeared young and beautiful maidens, dressed in bright garments, sprinkled, as he thought, with starry light. They seemed floating in the water, and shook drops of clear dew from their long waving tresses. Each held a lute in her hand, which they presently began to touch. After a short prelude, they began to sing in a low monotonous tone. A hundred echoes repeated the melody from each corner of the deep fountain, as if it was full of spirits singing to one another till the whole air was filled with the unearthly harmony.

Presently the song began to shape itself into articulate and audible sounds. In alternate strains, from either side of the water, an invocation of celestial sweetness seemed borne to Mitslav's ears.

Call ye where Lada dwells,
Where the everlasting wells
Out of the deep earth start;
And the bounding fire
Of young desire,
Leaps in the innermost heart.

Call ye where Lada glides,
In the rosy light which slides
Up the sky in evening's glow;
And where love's flush,
In the mantling blush,
Steals up the cheek of snow.

Call ye where Lada sweeps,
Where the arrowy meteor leaps,
Over the starry sky;
And passion's rays,
Dart a keener blaze,
Out of the liquid eye.

Call ye where Lada speaks,
In the melting strain that breaks
From the complaining lute;
Or looks that trance,
The soul with their glance
Of voiceless eloquence mute.

Call ye where streams meander,
And pensive lovers wander,
Through the o'erarching grove,
With whisp'ring woods,
And murmurs of floods,
And the music of their love.

Then, joining all together, they took up the melodious burden.

Lada, thy face is bliss;
Lada, thy soul is love.
Earth and the heavens above,
Melt 'neath thy balmy kiss.
Lada, a suppliant seeks thee;
Lada, his heart bespeaks thee;
Thou hear'st its earnest cry,
O to his heart reply.

The strain ceased. In the silent witchery of the moonlit hour, beneath that deep shadow, with those beautiful shapes before him, and the wild music floating round him, after the excitement of the banquet and the watching, what wonder if Mitslav thought himself taken up from the earth, or the heaven brought down before him? He felt as if the ground was melting beneath his feet.

Then, suddenly, the light at the end of the water blazed out with tenfold brightness. The high bank appeared to open at the call of the song, and a more lovely and beauteous form came forth, in all the vest-

ments and array of Lada herself, as represented in her image.

She seemed to stand on the water as on a pavement of polished jet. Her blue robe glittered all over with surpassing brilliance, as if stars were woven in the azure of heaven. Her head was crowned, and the crown appeared an entire blaze of spikes and flowers of flame.

Her face and form resembled in some degree the features and figure of Illah, only in superhuman stature and majesty. Her eyes seemed to Mitslav, to meet his, startling him with their unearthly brilliancy, and appearing to penetrate his inmost spirit. Then her voice came floating to him over the murmuring waters. It sang thus:—

> On my silvery fountain basking,
> Hark, I hear thy spirit asking;
> I have answers sweet and kind,
> Meet for faithful lover's mind.
> If thou wilt be wholly mine,
> She thou lovest shall be thine;
> While moons change and sunbeams shine,
> For weal, for woe, for ever, ever thine.

As the sweet mysterious oracle ceased, the excited youth drew nearer and nearer to the waters. His soul melted within him; his head swam. The courts of Lada appeared close before him. Surely she whom he loved was standing there, amid the immortals, waiting for him. An irresistible longing impelled him. He forgot the law of the oracle. Springing forward, and putting his hands before his face, he called out, "I come."

Immediately there was a stifled sound, half shriek, half laughter. He withdrew his hands. The beautiful apparition had vanished: the light had disappeared. All was utterly dark and silent. The still waters were before him,—around him the great black shadow.

He stood for some time on the brink of the pool. Nothing more appeared. He then moved toward Illah's dwelling. Lights were gleaming in its chambers. Presently, they went out. He longed to cast himself at Illah's feet, to recount the oracle to her, and pledge himself to be hers wholly and for ever. He would fain have bound himself to do her and her father's bidding, blindly and without delay.

He called softly. Illah heard him from her chamber. The ears of love are quick. Her heart yearned to answer him; but she dared not reply that night.

Her maidens were laughing round her, enjoying the success of their artifice; but she sate silent and weeping. She was robed in her festal vestments, only embroidered over with silver threads and spangles, and many glittering jewels. Her crown was laid beside her, made of silver and gems, in the midst of which a lamp was artfully set, gleaming through the ornaments of which it was composed.

Her maidens were in similar garments, and their lutes were lying near them, and the skirts of their robes were wet and heavy. They had returned quickly from the fountain, through secret underground passages which communicated with its banks from Illah's dwelling in the High Priest's house, by which they had crept to the stands set in the end and sides of the well.

Illah was very pale: her tears ceased not. Unwonted remorse troubled her at the success of the delusion which she had practised on her lover. His true passion made her feel bitterly the shame of her deceit. She revolted from the artifice by which she had imposed on him. She dared not answer him that night. She waited till the morning. She forgot the importance of the present moment. Rather a Providence which she knew not, was watching over Mitslav and herself. The merriment of her maidens confused her. She yearned to be alone. Her very tears disturbed her more and more. It was in vain that her companions jested with her at Mitslav's impetuosity, and their narrow escape of discovery. She wished that they had been discovered. She besought them to withdraw. They departed, still laughing and making merry; and she remained weeping and disconsolate. She dared not answer Mitslav. At last he withdrew, waiting for the morrow; and she rested not that night. She waited for the morrow.

"Who knoweth what the morrow shall bring forth?"

CHAPTER XIII.

This was the time at which it pleased God to arrest the swelling flood of paganism, and give some little respite and succour to His afflicted servants, by one or two extraordinary events. He also deigned to influence Mitslav, although yet in his heathen pride and igno-

rance, so that he should not lift his arm against the holy Gospel and its ministers.

About two years after Otto's departure, the young chief had gone to Julin, to prepare for another expedition against Denmark. There he had renewed his inquiries after Witstack, but could gain no tidings of him. None had even heard any rumour of his fate.

Thence, at the High Priest's invitation, he had proceeded to Stettin, where the delusion of the vision of Lada had been practised upon him.

On the following morning, his heart was full of the scene which he had witnessed, and the oracle which he had heard. His bed gave him no rest. He had risen in the early dawn, and was pacing, in deep meditation, along the embankment by the lake side. Suddenly, Witstack stood before him. It seemed like an apparition of the dead. His face was pale and haggard, his form wasted; he appeared scarcely able to stand upon his feet. Beholding Mitslav, he tottered forward, and grasped his arm for support. He pointed to his lips, murmuring some uncouth sounds, as unable to speak. Then he reeled, and sank fainting against his friend. Mitslav bore him tenderly to his lodging, which was close at hand. Then he laid him upon a bed, and perceiving that his weakness was apparently owing to utter exhaustion, he supplied him, in moderation, with food and water. Trained to expeditions and accustomed to hardships, he soon observed that Witstack's debility was occasioned by protracted labour, and hunger and thirst, and that all he needed was refreshment and rest. After feeding ravenously on the viands offered him, Witstack sank into a deep

slumber, from which he did not waken till the day was far advanced. Mitslav watched by his bed. At last he awoke, still feeble, but with all his faculties perfectly restored.

"Mitslav, my friend," he said, "at last I return. Surely it is a marvel and wonder, passing the expectation of men."

"It is the work," replied the youth, "of the immortal gods. Gerovit knows the strength of your arm: he has restored thee to us."

Witstack shuddered. "Not so, my friend," he answered. "It was none of our old vain gods; they are weak to rescue and deliver: they only deceive."

Mitslav started: the words found an echo within him.

Seeing his amazement, Witstack continued:—"Had they been my only succour, I had seen Stettin no more. Hearken, and I will recount to you the whole history from the beginning. I wish first to narrate it in the ear of a trusty friend. Let me pour it into your bosom; then shall you give me your counsel. You are wise and true, and a friend who never failed. Let me confide my story to you. Afterwards you shall be my messenger to my relations and friends, and gather them round me to rejoice. You will have many and strange things to tell them. Listen, therefore, I pray you, in patience and silence.

"Two years ago, when you were searching for the fugitive Colmar, I was at Julin: I went out by myself behind the city, in a little bark, upon the Oder's mouth. I had not gone far away, and was busy spearing the salmon, with which the water was filled. I

had passed up into a narrow creek behind a high bank. A boat was drawn up beneath it, with five or six men in it. Being intent upon my sport, I paid little attention to it. Presently I heard its oars in motion, and before I was well aware, it had glided up close to me. Then I looked, and saw the fierce faces of Colmar and his followers. They seized me, and, after an ineffectual struggle, bound and gagged me; and, laying me in a boat, they remained in the creek till evening came, and then carried me with them, I knew not whither.

"On the following morning I found the boat in rapid motion, apparently pursued from behind. I could not move or cry. Suddenly we came alongside of a larger vessel, and I was hurriedly raised, and cast into it among a crowd of Danes. Then there was a fierce and momentary strife, and I saw what I believed to be yourself spring into the vessel where I lay, and then draw Colmar into the water: me you saw not. Then the Danish vessel moved rapidly on, and bore me away to Hirscholm. I guessed then the secret of the mystery. Colmar, in the boat which had enabled him to escape, had accidentally stumbled on me, whom he counted as a traitor, and resolved to carry me away into his country. It was into his ship that I had been embarked, and it was to his relatives that I was delivered. I need not tell you how deep the dungeon was into which I was thrown, nor how harsh the treatment which I endured. I understood that they were not absolutely certain of Colmar's fate, or they would certainly have speedily murdered me. No one spoke to me; but day by day a small portion of bread

and water was lowered into my prison. It was a black, gloomy cell, and close on the sea side; for I could hear the waves dash wildly up to its very walls, whenever the wind was boisterous. I could scarcely distinguish between night and day, so deep and miserable was my prison-house. I thought of my wife and my children, and I often wished for death.

"At length it seemed to be drawing near. For two days no food was brought me; my famine and thirst grew intense. I sank into a deep, heavy slumber; then appeared to me in a dream a venerable form—nay, start not; it was no idol god: it was Bishop Otto."

Mitslav's astonishment was extreme. He could not repress a cry of amazement. Witstack paused for a few moments, as if reviewing the vision.

"Yes, Otto stood there, in his long flowing robes, with that kind, winning countenance which we so often admired. 'I have prayed for thee,' I heard him say, 'and I am sent to deliver thee; and when thou art freed from this black darkness, and these heavy fetters, remember that thou must aid in delivering thy brethren from the darkness of their ignorance, and the bondage of their sins. Moreover, I will send thee a means of return to thy home over the waters of the sea. Do thou, when thou hast reached thy country, never forget that thou must labour with me, that thou and thine may all come to our everlasting home and country.' Then, pointing upwards with his hand, he showed me a land full of immeasurable brightness, with glorious forms standing round a high throne whose splendour I could not look on, with harps in

their hands, and songs of ecstatic sweetness. As he spoke, his garments all burst out into such glory as I had never witnessed. Then making over me that sign of the Cross which we used to wonder at, he and the beautiful vision disappeared.

"I started up; the rusty fetters had fallen off my limbs. I pressed against what had seemed to me like a postern in the wall at the bottom of my cell; it opened with a harsh, grating sound. The wind of heaven, and the light of day, and the smell of the sea rushed in; and stumbling and struggling, I fell forward down some large stones, and behold, I was on the sea beach, and free! O, never shall I forget the first sensation of freedom! Though numbed, with limbs aching and wounded by the manacles and fetters, and exhausted with hunger and thirst, still I was no more in that hideous gloom, that cell of despair and horror.

"It was very early morning, yet almost dark. Over me towered the battlements of my enemy's castle; on either hand was a bleak open plain, with headlands jutting out and forming a narrow bay, with a small island at some distance sheltering it from the swell of the stormy Baltic. When I came to consider, though I was delivered from my prison, I did not seem much nearer effectual escape. The daylight would soon appear, and how could I conceal myself? or, if I lurked for a time amid the stones and shingle, how could I nourish and support life? I was about to plunge into the water, rather than be cast anew into my dungeon. The vision, however, which I had seen, gave me a strange and superhuman confidence. Methought I

heard his voice, saying, Wait, and help shall be given thee. As I looked across the dim, misty sea, I saw something floating over the waves. It came nearer and nearer. At last I heard a low, grating noise, and saw that it was a little boat; one of our fishermen's skiffs,—a few leathern skins stretched over a light frame of wood. I ran down to the beach, and into the sea. It was so light, that I soon reached it; its paddles were in it, and I, as you know, am practised in their use. The dawn grew brighter, the battlements of the castle grew more and more distinct; the low hum of awakening life began to sound within it: there was no time to be lost.

"Feeble and exhausted as I was, the extraordinary occurrence of the boat's arrival gave me courage and strength. The sea was calm,—calmer, I think, than I ever beheld it; so striking my paddles softly into the water, I moved quietly away. As the morning grew brighter, I saw in the stern of the skiff, half covered with a rough cloak, a small bag and a cruise. Nearly upsetting my boat at the unexpected discovery, I hastened to examine their contents. O joy! there was a piece of bread, and some cool fresh water. I found also beneath them a small fishing spear. It appeared as if the boat had been prepared by some fisherman, and then driven suddenly away from land; or as if its owner had fallen out of it, and been drowned.

"I knew that I had far to go, and that under other circumstances it would have been absolute madness to dream of crossing the sea in such a little shell; but the wonderful circumstances of my escape persuaded me that the assistance which had been given me would

continue to the end. I felt resolved, however, to husband my resources with great care. I broke off a morsel of the bread, and ate it; I drank a few drops of the water. O, heaven, how sweet was that crumb of dry bread! how pleasant the cool fresh water!

"Gradually creeping out along the shore, I passed the little island, and pushed forth into the open sea; then, feeling utterly exhausted, I wrapped myself in the cloak which I had found, and recalling the vision which had been vouchsafed me, and commending myself to Him who sent it me, whoever he is, I fell into a deep and sweet sleep. After several hours, I awoke, and found myself rocking easily on the still quiet main. The stars were now up in the sky, which was serene and without a cloud; they showed me whither to direct my course, pointing toward my beloved home.

"Seven days passed, and still there was the same tranquil sea, the same clear sky. I made slow progress, for I was fearfully exhausted and attenuated. I limited my allowance of bread and water; once or twice also I was enabled to spear a small fish. If any wind had risen, I must have perished; but some gracious power watched over me. I saw several Danish barques come forth from the shore, but my little cockle escaped their notice.

"Thus quietly, day by day, I drew upon my way as far as my strength permitted. The sun rose, and the sun set, and the stars came out, and the water flashed round me with gentle illumination. On the seventh day, the low shores of my country lay like a wreath of mist on the horizon. I felt my strength returning to me, and

my heart grew exceeding hopeful and joyful. My little skiff shot more gaily on. I would not stop till I reached my home; and thus this morning I landed at Stettin, and the first person whom I encountered was yourself, dear Mitslav."

CHAPTER XIV.

It would be difficult adequately to describe Mitslav's consternation and amazement at the history of Witstack's escape, and the remarkable testimony which it bore to the truth of Christianity, and the holiness of Otto. He had surrendered himself to the illusions which had been practised upon him. He had given up his heart to Illah, and he had been excited and fascinated by the apparitions and visions of which he believed himself a spectator. But now, when compared with the simple truth expressed in Witstack's story, and confirmed by his safe escape, those illusions lost much of their power. He knew not how to judge of them. His love for Illah pleaded strongly in their behalf; but there was a secret monitor in the deep of his heart, the oracle of GOD within him, before which the lying oracles of the powers of darkness appeared unreal and delusive.

His feelings of reverence for Otto revived in their ancient force. On the morrow after his conversation with Witstack, he might have been seen for hours pacing up and down on the bank of the lake of Stettin, apparently without purpose. It was agony to him to disappoint

Illah, who, loving her father so deeply, would feel the overthrow of his hopes more painfully than the fall of her own expectations. Yet what can he do? He cannot profess a falsehood; he cannot simulate contempt and hatred for that which, although he believes not, he yet cannot help reverencing and honouring; he cannot shake off the sense of truth and candour which the mere sound of the Holy Gospel had drawn out of his deep heart.

Yet Illah—to tell her that he cannot aid her in the overthrow of the Christian faith and worship,—to speak doubtfully of the deities whom she so loves and reverences,—to gainsay the oracle of Lada, to which she had invited him,—to declare that he could not be all hers,—this was to dash and baffle his own darling hope of wedding Illah; and it was also to pain and wound her in the tenderest point.

He was not wholly unwilling to aid the heathen priests in the restoration of their idolatry. Why should not both religions be true? Why should not the gods of each dwell in separate palaces of heaven? Why should not the worshippers of each live together in peace and amity? So he argued, trying to console himself; but yet he felt, although he knew not why, that this could not be. He felt that one faith or the other must prevail; that there could be no concord or communion between them. The extirpation of Christianity would alone satisfy the Pagan priests; the conversion of the land alone satisfy the Christians. His heart told him this truth; although he strove to doubt about it.

The vision, too, which he had seen, and the oracle which he had heard, when he reflected upon them in

the calm of deep thought, and the clear sunlight of day, began to assume an appearance of illusion. Were they really of heaven? Was there not some deceit? When delusion and truth are set side by side, the former can scarcely maintain its consistency; yet the mere imagination that Illah could beguile him was beyond measure abhorrent. He would not credit it. Still, the painful idea would come back. He almost trembled to visit Illah, for fear he should make such a discovery.

And Illah, when the day went by, and Mitslav did not seek her, remained melancholy and disconsolate in her chamber. Unawares her conscience had been aroused, and it would not rest; she could not find courage to acknowledge the fraud. She thought of her father's authority; and the glorious object, as she deemed it, of restoring their ancestral faith: for a time they satisfied her. Then she discerned the vanity of these excuses; the refuge failed, and she grew hourly more unhappy.

Before Mitslav went to Witstack's friends to communicate his escape, and recount its marvellous history, he wished to see Illah, to tell her of his last night's resolution, and how strangely it had been interrupted. The hours were passing rapidly. At last, he could not endure the agitation of his heart; he sought Illah's dwelling. He asked to see her. With unusual reluctance she at length consented.

Mitslav saw her pale cheek, and her eyes full of tears, and he knew not how to address her. At length, taking her hand, he said, in kind but sorrowful accents,

"Dear Illah, last night I heard the answer of Lada,

and I thought it the messenger of unbounded happiness for me. She told me that if I were wholly hers, thou wouldst be wholly mine; for surely she knew—yea, all know—with what intense affection I love thee. Ah! how my heart leaped when the oracle reached me! And now thou sayest, why should I not be wholly hers, and find you mine wholly and for ever? Illah, thou wouldst not have me say what my heart cannot consent to; thou wouldst not love me if truth were not found in me. I should not be worthy of thee if I could deceive thee."

Alas, poor Illah! every word of her lover seemed a new reproach to her. His soft, sad accents smote into her heart like barbed arrows; his praises tasted like the bitterness of death. Her cheek grew paler, and her tears fell faster. She remained silent; she knew not how to reply.

"Thou wouldst know the cause of this change," he continued. "Strange things have befallen us; the God of these Christians troubles me."

"What is it," said the poor maiden, "which disquiets thee? Why was His Name ever heard among us? Why did this Otto ever come to disquiet us? We might have dwelt in peace, Mitslav; we might have loved one another. It is vain that I conceal it any more. Why should I strive to hide my affection? my tears, my trouble confess it. And my love would have been my joy: why must it be unutterable grief?"

"Illah, O that I could comfort thee freely! but wouldst thou have me deceive thee? I cannot fight against the Christians."

The maiden shuddered.

Then Mitslav began to recount to her the history of Witstack's escape, of the vision which had been vouchsafed to him, and of his wonderful return to Stettin. "Surely," he ended, "it is a mighty GOD which can deliver thus; and how shall we condemn or how reject His messengers?"

Illah remembered her father. She knew his unbending spirit, his deep enthusiasm for his gods, his bitter hatred of the Christian Bishop. "Why did they ever visit us? why did they ever trouble us?" was all that she could answer.

"Illah!" at last said her lover, "let us not grieve any more; let us wait awhile in patience. All that can be done for thee I will surely do. Time will yet smooth our difficulties. It tries all things. It will unfold the truth. I will not stand in thy father's path in all that he does for the re-establishment of your faith. So far I will even serve him. But I cannot fight against these Christians or their GOD. I cannot hate them. Therefore I cannot strive with them. I cannot doubt the tale of Witstack. I cannot gainsay his words. Illah! let us wait in patience." He pressed her tenderly to his heart, and then hastily withdrew. Illah remained weeping, but his words had a little comforted her.

When Mitslav returned to the house where he had left Witstack, he found him nearly recovered from his weakness, and anxious to meet his family. Great was their wonder and joy when he was thus unexpectedly restored to them; and greater still their amazement, when with eager enthusiasm he explained to them to whom he attributed his deliverance.

"And now," he said, "I must do his bidding. I must declare throughout Stettin the might of the Christians' God. I must publish in every corner that Otto is His messenger, and that he will speedily return to us again. I must tell my beloved fellow-countrymen that he is coming to rescue us from the chains and darkness of our ignorance, and to bring us to that bright country which he showed me in my vision."

Under these impressions Witstack first of all made an open profession of his purpose to become a Christian. He offered himself to its ministers for their instruction, and requested permission to bring the boat in which he had been marvellously delivered, and hang it up by the city gates not far from the Christian Church, that he might always appeal to it as an abiding witness of the power of the God of the Christians, and the prayers of Otto. He brought it therefore in solemn procession, and suspended it against the entrance wall; and then he went up and down throughout the city, visiting and expostulating with all his friends; and as his wealth and reputation were great, and all his family were converted by his example, his labours were blessed with considerable success.

Great was the need of such a new undaunted champion suddenly drawn into the Christian ranks, as it were out of the heart of the adversary's camp. Primislav, with the other priests, had successfully employed the arguments with which the afflictions of their country had supplied them. Multitudes of half-hearted Christians had been gained over; and

as they beheld their pagan temples rising out of their ruins, their altars re-established, the wonted sacrifices offered, and heard again the songs of their old festivals in which they had so often joined, they began openly to join the pagans, apostatizing from the faith. The priests were not slow to profit by the change. They soon awakened angry and bitter feelings towards those who were more faithful than themselves.

Presently they were ready for acts of violence, and mustering in large masses, and gathering crowds of the wilder seamen used to piracy and plunder, they proceeded to disperse the Christian congregations, and attack their churches. One or two of the smaller sanctuaries had already been demolished.

"Felsav," said the High Priest on the tenth day after Witstack's arrival, "I fear that ere long the arch deceiver Otto will return to his blasphemous work. There is no time to be lost. While this fickle populace is in the vein to support us, let us hasten the work of destruction. You know the great church which pollutes our market-place, which they call by the name of Adalbert, of him whom our forefathers slew at Lubeck. It is the Christians' stronghold here. It offends our gods with its haughty elevation and its crowded assemblies. The hour is come in which your zeal and repentance must be displayed. You blasphemed Triglav. Now you must encounter danger in his behalf. You must head a faithful band to assail that house which affronts him in his city. It must come down to the dust.

"Till Otto comes I would not appear myself. Then, if needful, I will confront the blasphemer. You have

already made some reparation by recovering the sacred steed of prophecy. This new work, more acceptable still, now requires your strong arm. I will provide on the morrow tried and courageous followers. Do you to-night collect as large and daring a crowd as you can. Arm them with instruments of destruction; and go, my brother, and strike the first blow yourself; strike it against that accursed altar which they have raised within their chief sanctuary. So shall Triglav accept you; and I, my brother, will reverence and enrich you."

Felsav trembled and shuddered, but he durst not refuse the charge. He made as much show of readiness and thankfulness as he could in declaring his obedience. That miserable man, since his apostacy, had been living a wild and irregular life. He had returned with vehemence to the indulgence of his unbridled passions. But remorse and apprehension tormented him. He could not shake off the memory of the terrible death of his companion in the oak. He dreaded more than anything to rear the hand of violence against the abode of that God of the Christians whom he knew not, but whom he pictured to himself only as a Being of tremendous and irresistible strength. He feared His wrath, the wrath which could speak in the thunder, and dart the hissing levin bolt. He had been for some time labouring to stupify and deaden his anxious conscience, by deep draughts of mead, and the hideous riot of secret orgies. His brain had begun to reel under the effect, and his strong limbs had learned to shake and tremble.

He would have rejected the High Priest's com-

mission if he had dared, but marking his keen eye fixed sternly upon him, he felt that there was no escape. He rushed out therefore from his presence, and hastened to collect a band whose arms were used to violence, and souls set on spoil. He passed the evening with them in long and loud revelry, striving to drown his rising terrors in the fumes of intoxication. He cast himself heavily down to sleep. But terrible dreams disquieted his slumber; the thunder seemed to keep crashing, and the lightning to be darting through his brain, and the face of his dead companion appeared to be pressing its ghastly lips on his forehead till it ached even to bursting. He started up in the morning unrefreshed. His agitation was greater than ever. But there was no way of avoiding the office which had been assigned to him.

His fierce associates were already calling him, Primislav was standing ready to exhort them, and pronounce Triglav's blessing on their endeavours. It sounded to the apostate like a curse. Hastily snatching up an axe which had been made ready for him, he marched with a flushed brow and uncertain steps at the head of the multitude towards the Christian sanctuary. The door was closed, and a small and faithful congregation were even then at worship. Bursting the door open, the idolaters rushed in. The few Christian worshippers started up, and hustled and insulted by the rabble, shrank to the sides of the building.

The multitude immediately seized on the vessels of the altar, and all the plunder which they could discover. Then gathering round the altar, they pressed back that Felsav might advance. Some of them had wor-

shipped in that very church, others had been disciples of Otto in time past. Most of them had seen and reverenced his presence. There were few, when the immediate work of plunder was over, who did not hesitate and tremble. All shrunk from commencing the actual work of destruction. Each wished that some other hand than his own might make the first experiment of the power of the Christians' God.

There was a pause of some minutes. The Christians had time to gather them round and be amongst the spectators of the scene. And many from without, and Mitslav among the number, who were of neither party, came thronging into the temple to witness the event.

Felsav was violently agitated. He fain would have shrunk back into the press, but there was no room to escape, the throng was too dense. His trouble increased. An intense pain throbbed through his forehead. His apprehension amounted to agony. Then he saw that every eye was fixed upon him. They perceived his disturbance. Some began to sneer. A murmur ran through the crowd. He saw that flight was impossible. In despair with a wild cry he sprang forward and raised the axe. Suddenly the pain became overwhelming. His eyes swam. His brain seemed bursting. His right side became paralysed. His arm sank. The axe fell from his grasp. He reeled and fell to the ground. Some ran to raise him up; others cried aloud. The confusion was great. Those nearest him strove to raise him up, and set him on his feet. But it was in vain, a sudden stroke of paralysis had smitten him.

"It is the Christians' God. He is here," they exclaimed; "let us flee before we also are smitten."

A sudden panic ran through the crowd. They rushed out of the church, the hindmost pushing and trampling over the foremost. Mitslav, from his towering stature, though far back in the church, had seen the apostate fall. He saw the prevailing terror. At last the multitude extricated itself from the building, and then stopped wondering at its own dismay.

All nearest to Felsav feared to touch him for a time. They thought him smitten from heaven. Mitslav stepped forward and raised him in his arms; others then came to his assistance. As they moved him blood gushed from his ears and nostrils. They carried him out of the church. The bleeding relieved him in some manner. He unclosed his eyes, staring wildly round about. Presently they set him down, and he rose staggering to his feet. He could not, however, move far. His right arm was permanently paralysed. The rest of his body, in some measure, recovered.

Then rose different cries from the multitude; some ready to fall on Felsav as an enemy of heaven, and one who had brought them into grievous peril. Others praised him for his courage, and lamented his accident; others upbraided him as a deceiver, and at league with the Christians. Others again shouted out to return and destroy the temple; others opposed its destruction for fear of some worse judgment. Those then again were upbraided by the more violent as cowards.

The confusion was boundless. Some damage was done to the walls and external pillars of the church, but none dared enter. Mitslav looked in. The Christians were again upon their knees. He heard their

prayers: they were interceding for himself, for Stettin, for Felsav, for their persecutors.

As the crowd grew more vehement and frantic, and seemed ready to burst in once more, he advanced, and beckoning with his hand, began to address them. They all knew him well: he was universally popular. They thought him also a zealous pagan. He was also their bravest warrior; their safeguard, in particular, against the wild Ruthenians.

"My friends," he said, "what means this confusion and madness? Why should we injure our fellow countrymen? Why disturb their worship? Why injure their temples? Have the Christians harmed us? Whose goods have they taken? Your own hands destroyed your own temples. You are rearing them again already. If you destroy the Christian temples, who knows if you will not do so only to re-build them! Bishop Otto was kind and venerable: he sought nothing but your welfare. Whether he was right or wrong, I know not; this I know, that there are many among you who have experienced his benefits. He redeemed your wives, and sons, and daughters from captivity: he succoured the distressed. Let us, if you will, restore our own temples, and raise up our own altars: leave the Christians theirs. Then let the gods themselves decide which shall remain and flourish hereafter. They will teach us the truth in their own good time. Felsav himself was not long since a Christian: he is now again returned to his gods. Perhaps he will change once more. Even he will now acknowledge that the Christians' God is mighty: Witstack, also, your noblest citizen, will declare the same truth."

The vacillating crowd readily fell into Mitslav's views. They began at once to rear a heathen altar, and to lay the foundations of an idol temple, side by side with the Christian Church. Like the Samaritans of old, under the terror of judgment, they feared the LORD, and served their own gods.

These events in Stettin revealed the temper and mind of its inhabitants, and they also were a fair sample of the disposition prevailing through Pomerania. On the whole there was a general and spreading apostacy. Christianity did not spread on into those places where the Church had not been previously planted: where it had found room, it maintained a perilous and precarious existence. Occasionally, acts of violence were committed upon its ministers; its churches and altars were ruined or overthrown; the congregations were insulted or dispersed, but no blood was shed. The fear of the Duke, the influence of the nobility—who were well-disposed to Christianity, if not Christians, or else, like Mitslav, and, indeed, guided by his example, still undecided and waiting the course of events,—the dread of the Polish Duke, whom the apostacy offended, and the incursions of the Ruthenians, violent idolaters,—all tended to preserve more or less an equilibrium between the two religions, although the balance on the whole was inclining more and more to idolatry. The activity and fanaticism of the heathen priests was counterbalanced, in some measure, by the stedfastness of the more earnest converts, by the activity of some, and Witstack in particular, who, though in much ignorance of the real nature of Christianity, were yet zealous for it, and by

the apparent neutrality or calmness of Mitslav and his imitators. The accident or striking judgment which had befallen Felsav, contributed to heighten the favourable impressions, or rather to deter the enemies of the Gospel. Thus, no decisive advantage had as yet been obtained, and all the inhabitants were eagerly gazing into futurity, and anxiously expecting what might next ensue.

The High Priest was much offended with Mitslav's conduct about the Christian Church. He had persuaded himself that Illah's beauty, and the oracle of Lada, would have attached him altogether to the heathen worship. He bade Illah avoid him carefully for the present, and she, poor maiden, much as she loved him, rejoiced to receive this command. It was painful to them both to meet under such trying circumstances, and most especially to her, conscious as she was of having been engaged in that scheme of delusion, which if Mitslav discovered, he might be lost for ever, and which every moment she feared that she should unveil to him herself. He, however, finding that he was sedulously avoided, withdrew from Stettin. Indeed, his presence was needed at Gützkow. It was the bulwark of the western side of Pomerania against the incursions of the wild Ruthenians, and tidings came that they, hearing the divisions which had arisen in Pomerania, and aware of its still reduced state, while many of its warriors were absent under Duke Wartislav, on an expedition against the Leuticians, were preparing a new inroad in unusual force.

Anxious, however, not to break with Illah's father, finding that the temple which he had commenced at

Gützkow was now completed, he prayed Primislav soon to visit him, that the temple might be opened with the usual festivals. Primislav consented, as he desired to visit all Pomerania, and prepare its inhabitants against any new attempt to extend Christianity, and entertained still some hope of binding Mitslav to their superstition, to which purpose the festival at the opening of the new temple might probably open a way.

Witstack also had promised to accompany his friend to Gützkow, to assist him in his war with the Ruthenians. That fierce people were bitter idolaters, and Witstack, in his ignorant Christian zeal, rejoiced and gloried in fighting and slaughtering idolaters. Whenever he made any expedition, it was always now directed against places which were not Christian. He plundered them as before, only with far less violence and cruelty, but he avoided injuring cities that were Christian.

"You shall see," he said, "Mitslav, that my arm is no weaker, my heart no fainter, because I am a Christian, or, at least, trust to be so soon; and as I accompany you, we shall have opportunities of comparing our old and new faith. You must not bid me to your heathen banquets or worship: in all other matters I am freely at your service."

The High Priest, who had heard of Witstack's labours in favour of Christianity, felt it more necessary than ever to promise Mitslav a visit, in order that he might endeavour to counteract the force of Witstack's example with the young chief.

A day, therefore, was appointed for his coming, and Mitslav departed.

CHAPTER XV.

While these strange events had been taking place in Pomerania, Bishop Otto had been occupied with the necessary review of his extensive diocese, and involved, as an estate of the empire, in the manifold troubles which were sure in Germany to follow on the demise of an emperor, and the election of a successor to the imperial dignity. His heart was in Pomerania, in the sphere of his successful labours, among the kind and hospitable people who had given themselves to the Lord through his instrumentality.

For three years it was impossible to extricate himself from the manifold occupations by which he was embarrassed. Tidings came to him, from time to time, of the calamities which had overwhelmed the country, and the troubles and persecutions by which the Church was assailed. The priests whom he had left lamented over the growing apostasy, and earnestly implored him to hasten to their assistance. At length, having re-animated his diocese, and finding public affairs in Germany assume a more settled and peaceful character, he resolved to resume the labours of his mission.

He determined to choose a different route from that by which he had travelled previously. In the first place, he was unwilling to be again a burden to the dukes of Bohemia and Poland; but his chief motive was his desire to avoid the least appearance of compulsion in carrying anew the Gospel to the Pome-

ranians. They had been taught to loathe it in centuries past, by the violence and rapine with which it had been accompanied when the Saxon dukes had endeavoured to impose it upon them at the point of the sword; and as those Saxons themselves, in the days of the great Emperor Charlemagne, had for the same reason shaken off its hateful yoke whenever his armies were withdrawn, overthrowing the churches and massacring their ministers, whom he had forcibly established among them, so in past centuries had the Sclavic nations bordering upon Saxony and the other German states seized every opportunity of abolishing the faith, the moment they were able to raise their arms against their oppressors. Otto desired, therefore, to come, not in any way as the messenger of the Duke of Poland, who had, by invasion and threats, striven to blend the subjugation with the conversion of Pomerania,—not as the minister of any man,—but simply as the messenger and minister of the LORD.

Nevertheless, remembering the warnings of Bernard, and the usefulness of his advice in the former mission, he was careful to provide a still greater abundance of stores for the support of his followers, for presents and gifts to the Pomeranians, for the redemption of captives, the erection of churches, the decorations of the sanctuary. He determined also to mark his return by greater splendour and magnificence than had accompanied his first arrival, the better to counteract the machinations of the heathen priests, of which he had been forewarned.

That he might not exhaust the stores of the Church which he had planted, and that those yet to be con-

verted might not murmur if he now made the Gospel a burden which before he had preached freely, he studied to come with abundance of gold and silver, purple and fine linen, precious cloths and great and manifold treasures.

Passing through Saxony, he purchased these things, with grain and other food, and embarking them in several boats, floated down the Saale and the Elbe as far as Havelberg, near the borders of Pomerania. Then, lading his goods on fifty waggons, he proceeded by land through a portion of the country where he had not yet preached the Gospel, until he arrived at the town of Demmin, on the river Peene. Here he found no Christian except the governor. All the citizens were Pagans; and as all were under arms, and the city in great agitation, the old terrors of his attendants were renewed. The governor, however, encouraged them, and established them in a fortified eminence, where they pitched their tents.

There was no real cause for alarm; for the citizens had armed themselves, fearing that the rebellious Leuticians whom Duke Wartislav was invading had repulsed his army; and hearing forces moving round them and engaged in battle in the night, they were all armed and on the watch. The morning, however, showed that it was the duke's own soldiers, who, having parted into two bands, had met by mistake in the night, and were now contending with one another. The morning revealed to them their error; and when the timid attendants of Otto were putting out their fires to flee, the prefect re-assured them by announcing the true cause of the tumult. Then, looking round, they saw the

whole country on the side of Leuticia desolated, and smoking with the devastations of the conquerors. The whole day the duke was occupied in directing and receiving the plunderings of his forces, who had overcome the Leuticians, and were now wasting them with fire and sword.

In the evening the victorious army entered Demmin. Duke Wartislav, rejoicing in Otto's arrival, hastened to invite him to his presence. Here the usual sad sights which follow upon victory met the Bishop's eyes. The conquerors were busy dividing the plunder, cattle, and garments, and furniture, and money; and many captives, men, women, and children, were also to be parted among their captors. Tears, and groans, and wailings resounded loudly among them, as wives and husbands, fathers and mothers, and children, were falling to the lot of different masters, to be separated, perhaps, for ever.

Otto's compassionate heart was stirred by the melancholy spectacle to its innermost recesses. The sweetest exercise of charity in his eyes was always the redemption of captives. What was it to his burning love that the unhappy crowd were Pagans and persecutors? He only beheld their affliction; in distress, all were his brothers. With earnest entreaties he sought of Duke Wartislav to alleviate, if he durst not remove, their distress. At his intercession, the feeble and the tender were released altogether; where this could not be, those of the same family were kept united. Many also who most needed it he redeemed at his own cost, presenting them freely with their liberty; he only implored them, as his recompense, to hearken

to the Word of Life during his stay at Demmin, that they might return to their homes and hearths, not only ransomed from earthly bondage, but from the slavery of sin and Satan.

Many were the tears wiped away, many the hearts that were relieved; many were they whose sorrow was turned into joy, and many the spiritual conversions which were wrought; and many were the messengers of grace scattered throughout Leuticia by this compassionate work of Otto. Then Wartislav arranged with the Bishop the plan on which he should act. He promised, within a fortnight's time, to convoke a diet of the nobility, and chief citizens, and wisest leaders of Pomerania, at Usedom.

"Thither," he said, "reverend father, will I come myself; and there I trust that the princes of the land will return to the Word of light and life. Then shall the cities of Pomerania be all opened to your messengers and the holy Gospel; it shall have free course. We will strive to ensure a favourable hearing, and all will be well. Nevertheless, beware of our heathen priests; their influence is still extensive. Their cunning and subtlety are great; and I fear that their wrath is so keen and bitter at the overthrow of their authority and wealth, that they will shrink from no act of treachery or violence. If blood is once shed, I know not what may follow. Our wild people, if they once taste blood, become like the fierce wild beast, when his fangs have once been fleshed in the quivering veins of his victim. Otherwise, as you have found, they are kind, and honest, and truthful.

"I know your wisdom and patience; only keep

guard over your companions, lest their rashness or timidity should endanger our holy cause. As to yourself, the only thing which I dread is your too great zeal and courage."

"The LORD," said Otto, "will be with us; He will guide His servants. He will instruct me, who am the blindest among the sinners whom He has chosen, to hold forth the lamp of His truth. There is one among your princes whom you recommended to me on my first mission, and for whom my heart has long yearned. He has done us many acts of kindness; he rescued me at Julin from imminent death, he saved our Church at Stettin, and yet I fear that he remains firm in his ancestral idolatry."

"You mean," replied Wartislav, "the noble Mitslav. It is said that the charms of Illah, the beautiful daughter of the High Priest, Primislav, have freely been expended upon him, to ensure his heathenism. Yet truly he is a brave and wise youth; and I rejoice to hear of the goodness which he has shown you; your LORD will not forget it. Already, if I err not, his heart misdoubts its heathen superstitions. He shall come to Usedom; he shall hear your words. He is too virtuous not to love the truth when fairly set before him. He hath been too faithful an unbeliever not to become a Christian."

"We will earnestly pray," replied the Bishop, "that His grace, without which no heart is moved, may make the young man ready. We will meet at Usedom. GOD prosper and recompense thee, my son."

In the meanwhile, Mitslav had received the promised

visit from Primislav at Gützkow, and they had opened the new temple of Lada, which had been built in that city with as much splendour as haste permitted. Illah had accompanied her father; and then they had speedily withdrawn to Wolgast, where there was another temple of Triglav, and in which, as deeply devoted to their heathen superstition, they not unfrequently resided.

CHAPTER XVI.

Immediately after the transactions recorded in the previous Chapter, the tidings of Otto's approach reached Pomerania. The news ran through the whole land, with the speed of lightning. Friends and enemies were alike interested in dispersing it, and all the strange events which had happened disposed Christians and heathens both to receive it with strong emotions of expectation and anxiety.

Then followed the announcement of the solemn diet which was to be held under the Duke's superintendence, at Usedom, at the feast of Pentecost. He himself took the greatest care to assemble all his subjects of distinction, and, especially, all remarkable for prudence and moderation. He was naturally anxious that all who were either Christians, or well-disposed to Christianity, should obey the summons; yet he equally desired that the assembly should not have a party character, but should be regarded as a fair representation of the whole country.

Witstack was among those who were most zealous in supporting his views. He exerted his influence in Stettin, which was very considerable, but did not confine himself to that city. On the contrary, he journeyed through all Pomerania, and in every place where he had friends, he used his utmost exertions to persuade them to attend.

His old friendship with Mitslav directed him naturally to seek out with especial care, and use every possible argument to gain a man of such importance and reputation; and as Gützkow lay on that frontier of the Duchy, which was as yet most entirely addicted to idolatry, and in which lay the first sphere of Otto's present labours, his anxiety to win him to Christianity was redoubled.

The High Priest, at the same time, felt the deepest indignation and alarm, as soon as the news of Otto's arrival reached him. He agitated the minds of the inhabitants of Wolgast, a city lying in the same direction with Gützkow and Usedom, by his exhortations and denunciations of new calamities which would attend the entrance of the Christians. He strove to instil his own bitter hatred into their minds, and he resolved to employ, without delay, every possible artifice and violence to hinder, in the outset, the spread of Christianity. He knew, indeed, that it would be in vain for him to appear at the diet. There the Duke's influence and authority, and the presence of so many well-disposed and moderate men, not liable to sudden impulse or easily deluded, would prove too strong an obstacle even for his daring and subtlety. But he determined to remain in the neighbourhood,

and baffle, if he could, the first actual labours of the Bishop in the preaching of the Gospel.

The Duke's kindly but urgent invitations, and Witstack's earnest arguments, and, indeed, a natural nobility of spirit, and a deep anxiety to be thoroughly convinced of the truth, drew Mitslav without difficulty to Usedom.

On the appointed day, the chief persons of Pomerania had assembled in that city, resolved to hearken patiently both to the Duke and to Otto himself, and to give a faithful and sincere consideration to the arguments which they might adduce.

Then, on the day after the feast of Pentecost, all the barons and captains of the whole province, and the governors of the cities, who had gathered together at Usedom, entered into the hall of the Duke's castle, and the conference began.

The Duke introduced Otto.

"Behold,"[1] he said, "the cause of our assembly. Behold the messenger of the Most High. He brings peace, not arms; he seeks to gain, not yours, but you unto GOD. Give ye, good heed, I pray you.

"Four years ago, preaching and teaching through the upper portion of Pomerania, I and you yourselves are witness how he filled every place with the Gospel. And then, indeed, he was anxious to visit this part of our country, but having been occupied fully during the space of a year in those holy works, he was compelled to return home, by the weighty business of his own see.

"And now, I pray you, consider the motives of that

[1] This is an exact translation of the Duke's speech.

former and this present journey, and, as we are bound to do, let us carefully observe who he is, why he comes, what he seeks, and when we should attend to him.

"First, as to his person, you see that he is a man venerable for his age and hoary hairs. His nobility is attested by his works and virtues, and, as we have learned upon faithful testimony, by a long line of paternal and maternal ancestors. If we inquire about his dignity, he holds the rank of an Archbishop, and is a mirror and a light to all the princes of Germany. He is also very acceptable to, and a dear friend of, the Roman Emperor and the Pope. We know also that as to gold and silver, servants and feudatories, lands and houses, and whatsoever this world calls precious, he is a most wealthy and honourable lord.

"But, I pray, what is his object? why has he undertaken so great labour, sparing neither his own body nor his property? In a word, he has but one purpose, to deliver you from the devil, and unite you by the Catholic faith, to the Lord Jesus Christ. And how, in what way?—Not by deceit, not by force, not for any earthly profit, but solely for your own salvation and for the advancement of the glory of God. And now we cannot imagine any valid reason why we should not hearken to him. He is not one for whom we should prepare death and the stake, or other injury, as if he were an impostor and deceiver,—as ye did not long since for the poor and destitute preachers of Christianity, suspecting that bare and needy men spoke to you the Word of God, only out of deceit and fraud, and for the sake of gain. And them, indeed, you expelled, with blows and stripes, out

of your borders; and have hitherto remained in your unbelief. Be ashamed, and repent of your long error and ignorance! Ye would not hear poor preachers of the Gospel; now hear rich! For ye said, and some still repeat, blasphemously, that the God of the Christians is meaner and viler than all the other gods, Who cannot find any ministers except among the ignorant and rustic, eaten up by poverty and beggary. Thus ye spake in your madness. But He Who is pitiful, and tender, and long-suffering toward sinners, has now taken away all such excuses.

"It now remains, that we, who are called and are the heads and chiefs of the country, should declare our assent to so honourable and glorious and holy a matter, that the people who are our subjects may be instructed by our example. And every religious or virtuous proceeding, I think, should rather be derived from the head into the members, than from the members into the head. In the primitive Church, we have heard, the Christian religion, beginning in the people and the poor, extended itself to the middle classes, and, at last, drew into itself the greatest princes of the world. Let us strive that, in recompense to the primitive Church, her faith and sanctification beginning in us princes, and descending through the middle class, may, by a natural and easy advance, illuminate the whole people and nation."

Doubtless the Spirit of God was there to bring the Duke's address home to the hearts of that assembly; for he presented Otto to them, who, taking occasion from the holy season, began to discourse to them with his usual simplicity and force, of the coming of

the HOLY GHOST, the forgiveness of sins, the manifold gifts of grace, the goodness and mercy of GOD, preaching and announcing JESUS.

The assembly was moved by his words, as one man, and they unanimously resolved that they would themselves hearken to Otto with all sincerity and humility, and that the whole land, as far as they could ensure it, should be open to the Bishop and to his followers, that they might preach the Word freely, no man hindering them.

The assembly then broke up; and the Duke had a private conference with Otto, in which he warned him, that, notwithstanding the unanimous resolution of the diet, there were several regions and cities where much opposition and danger were to be expected. "For the cities," he said, "are mostly independent of my authority; their inhabitants are haughty and untamed, and, in many of them, the heathen priests have recovered their paramount influence."

"We will not," replied Otto, "proceed any more as we did on our first mission. Our messengers shall go forth two by two over the whole country. In most of your land, some grain has been sown, and is already bearing fruit. The Word of Life shall strengthen and support it, until it altogether supplants the tares. Where nothing has yet been done, I will myself undertake the blessed charge of the LORD'S holy Gospel; and in Stettin and the other cities which are haughtiest and fiercest in character, and where I have to mourn over the worst apostacies, it will be necessary that my dignity and office, unworthy as I am, should confront our antagonists, and put to shame those who

have fallen away. Witstack, a noble Stettinian, to whom the LORD has been very gracious, has laboured patiently and faithfully, and in some measure prepared our way in that city."

"I have heard," replied the Duke, "of the wonderful deliverance which the LORD vouchsafed to grant him. Had he not been thus rescued, and then boldly recounted the strange history, I fear that proud city would have been entirely lost."

"And now," added Otto, "could I not see Mitslav, and reason with him of our holy faith? My heart yearns toward the youth: he has, I know not whether with perfect consciousness, been of much service in opposing the violence and persecutions of the enemies of our faith. Our prayers have long ascended in his behalf."

"I will send him to thee," answered Wartislav, "and GOD grant a prosperous issue to thy arguments."

That evening, and, from time to time, on several days afterwards, Otto and Mitslav were in earnest conference. With singular patience and simplicity, the young chief listened to the Bishop's words. He had always felt his heart drawn toward him, by the manifest candour of Otto, accompanied with such singular sweetness and graciousness, and sustained by his unwearied courage and patience. Yet his old faith had twined itself closely round his heart: it had been allied with his renown, and had mingled in his love. His devotion to it had been with him a matter of deep feeling, however misguided. Its roots ran deep into his soul. It was evident that, should he once surrender it, he would give himself up with his

whole spirit to Christianity. At the same time, it was equally manifest, that, to extirpate it, was a business of more work and difficulty than to effect the conversion of shallower and less honest minds. The gracious Providence Which had watched over him, had decreed that the acts and arts of the chief antagonists to Christianity should especially contribute to undermine the edifice of superstition which they were intended to uphold.

"Father," at last said Mitslav to the Bishop, "I must have wearied your patience. I thank you much for the holy and blessed words which you have spoken to me. I begin more and more to perceive what that gracious love is which seemed to reveal itself to me when I knew not what it was. I begin to hear echoes within me testifying to the truth of thy Gospel, convincing me of my sins, making my heart burn and yearn after other objects than the glory and the gain of earth, which I have so long coveted. They tell me that He of Whom thou speakest will meet all the needs and wants of my poor aching spirit. Nevertheless, I have long served our old ancestral gods: they have seemed to me to bless my spear and my schemes, and my fields and my barques; they have given victory to my arm, wealth to my house, success to my revenge. And now, also, I confess to thee, for I can freely repose on thy sympathy, that I love, above every thing upon earth, one who is bound by every tie of education and affection, to our heathen worship."

Then he explained to Otto who Illah was, and recounted the whole history of their love.

"If I obey thy Gospel, I fear that I lose Illah. I

strive to hide nothing from thee, my father; neither do I conceal from myself, that if thy Gospel be truth, I must not shrink from sacrificing for it that which is as the sight of my eyes, and the life of my heart. Now, therefore, let me withdraw to silence and to solitude for a season, to muse over thy words in quiet. Thou hast taught me to pray, and I will implore the Almighty FATHER, of Whom even our teachers have spoken, though in indistinct and dreadful tones, to reveal fully to me the whole truth as He has ordained it. Do thou also pray for me thyself, as thou tellest me thou hast long been used to do. Visit me a fortnight hence in Gützkow, and I trust that I shall be able to give thee a plain and brief answer."

"Fear not, my dear son," said Otto: "the FATHER Whom ye have ignorantly remembered, will not forsake His children. He will solve your doubts. With great gladness will I visit thee in the home of thy fathers, and I shall long for the hour when I shall once more clasp the hand which drew me out of the mire of death, and rescued our holy altars from destruction, and which has been zealous for those who are no gods, while as yet thou knewest no other. It may be that even she whom thou lovest shall be doubly restored to thee, as a Christian and a faithful spouse."

Mitslav shook his head mournfully.

"Nay, despond not," said the Bishop; "farewell, till we meet, my son: 'only believe, and all things are possible to him that believeth.'"

CHAPTER XVII.

During and after the diet at Usedom, a thousand various rumours were rife throughout Pomerania. Terrible apparitions and awful voices, the bright form of Triglav on his black steed, threatening wrath and a renewal of their late calamities, had been seen and heard in various corners of the land. The temples had groaned, the altars dropped with blood, the images had moved their hands with boding gestures, the oaks had uttered lamentations, and the fountains had wailed aloud. And everywhere the heathen priests were active in circulating and heightening the colours of all these foreboding reports, and denouncing a severer vengeance on Pomerania if it again departed from its ancestral worship.

In Wolgast, in particular, Primislav never rested from multiplying these fearful predictions. The decree of the diet at Usedom stung him almost to madness, which grew even more intense when he learned that, after converting and baptizing many of the chief nobility at Usedom, Otto had chosen Wolgast for the first sphere of his own individual labours. The High Priest had summoned Felsav to him, who had in great measure recovered from the stroke which had smitten him, although his right arm was permanently paralyzed; and they sate conversing together on the best method of inflaming the agitation of the city, and preparing its inhabitants, by some deed of violence, to nip the enterprise of Otto in the bud.

"O that I could but give our wavering people one taste of these Christians' blood! then would they never rest till they were all utterly destroyed. It is thus that our forefathers ever began. They stirred up their brethren, till, in righteous fury, they smote the arch-deceivers, or some chief leader of these Christians. Then all were speedily cast out, and church and blaspheming altar went to the ground in an instant."

"The gods must come down. Triglav must appear and defend his cause," answered Felsav. "I was wont, in times past, to exhibit him to the trembling worshippers; but now my arm renders me useless." Thus he spake, disguising his terror, and his unwillingness any more to act openly against the Christians.

Primislav frowned. He dared not, in the agitated condition of the place, and in the immediate vicinity of the Christians, intrust such schemes to any in whom he could not confide; yet he shrank from enacting the meaner part in these delusions himself. While others performed it, he was willing to make use of their deceits. His pride and enthusiasm were not then offended. Nevertheless, some effort of this kind appeared absolutely necessary; and, with the usual craft of the human heart when anxious to soothe and clear itself, he began to consider that, while others had failed, he had invariably succeeded,—that it would be a becoming evidence of his superior ability and hardihood to launch an impulse into motion, which should end in the overthrow of the new religion, and ensure the final triumph of his own gods.

On revolving his scheme, he remembered how the

country villages had been influenced by the Christians, and at the same time he was anxious to agitate the city likewise. On the morrow it was market-day in Wolgast, and the peasants would be thronging into the city. He resolved to make some of them his instruments, especially as, from their rustic simplicity, they would be more easily deceived. Very early, therefore, in the dawn, he commanded Felsav, as he would not act the part himself, to lead out one of the black horses of Triglav, some of which breed were kept in every city, and conceal himself with it in a forest which overhung the approach to the city.

After showing himself as late as possible in the evening, he lay down to rest awhile; and then, before the day dawned, carrying out his whitest and brightest garments hid beneath his robe, he clad himself in them at the appointed place of meeting, and when he heard some peasants approaching just before the sun rose, mounting the horse and pushing on to the edge of the forest, he shouted aloud to the rustics with that sonorous voice for which he was renowned. They looked up; and seeing the stately white form, whose garments appeared almost dazzling in the dim morning, against the gloom of the forest, mounted on the dark shadowy steed, exactly as Triglav was reported to reveal himself, they stood trembling and half dead with terror.

"Stop," he said, "my children, and hear the voice of Triglav. I am your god. I am he who clothes your fields with grass, and your forests with leaves; the fruits of earth, the calves of the herd, the lambs of the fold, and all things which serve to the use of men, I, by my mighty power, give to my true worship-

pers. I take them from those who despise me. You remember how I smote you of late. Say, therefore, to the inhabitants of Wolgast, you shall not receive a strange God, who cannot profit you: bid them not to suffer the men of another religion, who, I foretell to them, are approaching, to live any more." Immediately backing the practised steed on the soft, noiseless leaves, he vanished into the forest.

The peasants fell terrified to the earth, shuddering and worshipping. Then, when silence followed, rising up, they rushed breathless into the market-place, proclaiming to every one whom they encountered the vision which they had seen, and the charge which he had given them. Soon a crowd began to collect, and the council of the city was hastily convoked, to whom they rehearsed the same history.

Primislav hastened silently back into the town, after disrobing himself in the forest; and as soon as he learned the success of his scheme, and that the council was sitting, he entered into it in his usual apparel, followed by Felsav and the other priests.

"What is this," he said, "that I hear? Strange tidings have been brought me. Who are they that speak of the visitation of our gods?"

The trembling peasants repeated once more their account of the apparition. At first Primislav and his associates expressed many doubts, examining the narrators with apparent severity. He asked them how the god appeared? what form he wore? how he was arrayed? on what he rode? Their evident consternation confirmed the truth of their statements to the rest of the council; and he, after conversing with the

inferior priests, assumed at length, as if with great reluctance, the appearance of entire conviction.

"Their statements," he said, "coincide in all points with the accredited revelations of our god. Look, aspect, garments, steed—all mark the truth of their testimony. Unwilling as I am to believe, I cannot doubt it any more; neither do my brethren disagree. They even rebuke my hesitation. Triglav hath come down among us; the great god hath visited us; he hath uttered his oracle. Ye remember, O my brethren, the warnings of coming misery and death, with which I strove to dissuade our princes from admitting these Christians to our beloved country. Ye remember, likewise, too well, how signally they have been fulfilled. Would that my words had been false; but I spake only under the inspiration of the gods. The Christians approach again; our princes again betray us. I would not again behold the sword and the pestilence stalking through our whole land; I would not again draw down the terrible fury of the immortal gods. I spake in warning then. Behold, a mightier messenger hath descended now; a more glorious prophet hath visited us. Triglav himself, the king of all the gods, has left his heavenly abodes, and the worship of the immortals. Triglav himself hath come down to forewarn us, lest we a second time incur his wrath. Who shall save us then? who pity us, when we have provoked him past endurance?"

Then turning to the people, who were by this time thronging round the council,

"Behold," he said; "this is what I for years past have been saying. What have we to do with a strange

God? what have we to do with the Christian religion? If, after all his benefits, we forsake our god for another,—if, after his chastisement, we still deny him, will he not justly be angry with us? Lest he be angry with us, and kill us, let us be angry with the Christians, and kill them."

At these words the whole multitude shouted in vehement indignation, and the council, at Felsav's proposal, unanimously ratified a decree, that if Bishop Otto, or any of his fellowship, entered Wolgast, he should be immediately slain; and they further determined, that whosoever should receive any of them into his house, if they should enter the city by stealth, should be immediately subjected to the same punishment.

Primislav, he knew not why, had shrunk from communicating his contrivance to Illah. In his heart he felt that she would be grieved by it. Her mother had died in her birth, and he loved her tenderly, and had taken more than a father's pride in her beauty and fame. And now, poor maiden, she had lost her vivacity and mirthfulness; her pride seemed humbled; her fair form was thin and wasted, and her pale cheek and sunken eye revealed the trouble and sorrow within her heart, which she would fain have concealed from her father. Words also had unawares escaped her, which signified, unknown to herself, remorse and shame at the deceit which she had practised upon Mitslav.

But she loved her father, and had been a daily sorrowful witness of his growing indignation and disquietude. She felt that she was his chief comforter,

and watched him in all his movements with the anxious eye of deep affection. She had noticed his departure from home in the night previous to the execution of his artifice; on hastening in the morning to visit him, she found him just returned, his robes wet with dew, and the garments in which he had been disguised lying on the floor beside him. He hastily and with some confusion sent her from the chamber on some slight pretence. When she returned, the white garments were removed, and she thought no more of the matter.

But presently the rumour of the apparition was carried to her by her maidens. With the usual loquacity of such attendants, they related every circumstance of the story, which had naturally grown in awfulness and particularity at every repetition. The form was now taller than the oaks, and the garments whiter than the sunbeam, and the steed huge as a temple. But Illah heeded not their prattle. She called to mind her father's confusion, his dewy robes, the white garments strewed around him; and her heart sank within her. The memory of her own similar artifice rose up with new bitterness before her; she bade her maidens withdraw, and remained in deeper desolation than before.

It may be the maidens wondered at the strange, sad way in which she had received such a glorious revelation; but they loved and knew her well: they saw that she wished for solitude. They went forth again into the city, to hear the manifold tales which were in every mouth; and Illah was left by herself, musing upon her sorrow and her love.

As she sate alone in her house, she heard the sound of voices; two men had hastily entered. They seemed strangers, and weary. It was the custom in Pomerania to exercise abundant and indiscriminate hospitality. In the houses of the chief inhabitants tables were always spread for any chance guests. Illah, who swayed her father's family since her mother's death, as if she had been his wife, was especially renowned for her kindness and hospitality; she had ever been a friend of the distressed, a relief and refuge to the needy and the helpless; and the fame of her bounty had gone through Pomerania.

The laws of hospitality also, as in many half civilized and barbarous nations, were regarded as binding upon all: the protection and assistance of all guests were considered as most sacred duties.

In the midst of her sorrow, Illah, the moment that she beheld the strangers, seeking apparently her hospitality, roused herself to fulfil these holy ties.

"Strangers," she said, "ye seem faint and weary. Behold, there is meat and drink for your refreshment and there are chambers for repose at hand. Eat and drink and rest yourselves, and then shall you tell me your business, and, in whatever you require my aid, I will freely give it."

They partook of the banquet which she showed them; and then, as they seemed anxious and disquieted, she began to offer her assistance anew.

"You seem troubled," she said, "and look at one another. Are you in danger or in terror? Show me in what way I can cheer or succour you."

They looked for some time at each other, as if fear-

ing to speak. At last, encouraged by her sweet and kindly manner, one of them said, "My name is Albin, and this, my companion, is called Ulric, and we are Christian priests. Otto, the Bishop, has sent us before him, to announce his speedy coming."

Illah started up in amazement and alarm. They were the first Christians with whom she had conversed: for she had avoided them altogether, in her zeal for her gods, on their former mission. Indignation, at first, mingled with her terror, and she had nearly, in her surprise, called her attendants to seize them; but speedily the obligation of the laws of hospitality returned to her mind, and pity and compassion revived within her. She knew the dangerous excitement with which the city was filled. She felt that to send them forth would be to expose them to imminent death. She had also heard the decrees which had been passed. Then, recovering her calmness, she said, "O, my lords, why have ye entered into this house? It is the most perilous dwelling in Wolgast for you. Already, sentence of death has been passed against you by our Council, and against me also, if I entertain you."

A clamour was heard without, in the streets, as of a tumultuous crowd, and hurrying footsteps were heard and angry and threatening voices.

"I fear," said the maiden, "that the city is already alarmed, and that your enemies are seeking you. I should hate the Christians, but I fear our gods; and the laws of hospitality must not be broken. Haste ye, and follow me."

She led them out by a back entrance of her dwelling, and summoning a servant hastily, she bade him

caparison three horses, and mounting the priests upon two of them, ride quickly with them out of the city, until they should be in safety. They mounted the horses, scarcely trusting their senses, and, wondering at the goodness and beauty of the young maiden. Several citizens saw them, but recognising the High Priest's servant and horses, they suffered them to pass without inquiry. When they came without the city, they galloped rapidly on till they were some miles from it, and then dismissing the servant with the horses and a present, they returned in haste toward Usedom.

Ere they had gone any considerable distance, they met Otto with his company advancing toward Wolgast, and Duke Wartislav with a few attendants, who had purposed to see him so far on his way.

They briefly recounted their escape and the state of commotion in which the city was, and the decrees which had been passed in the Council.

"The arm of the LORD is manifest in your behalf," said the Duke. "Had your brethren perished, we should have had no warning, and if you had entered the city, after they had once shed Christian blood, verily you could not have escaped with your lives. The men of Wolgast would have been as possessed with the evil spirit of murder: they would have known also that I could never spare them, and their despair would have kindled them to tenfold fury. Now I will accompany you myself, and I will send for a sufficient force to ensure your safety. I cannot," he added, seeing Otto about to expostulate, "consent that you should expose your precious life without occasion."

While they were halting for the messengers whom the Duke despatched, to return with an adequate escort, they bade Ulric recount the events which had occurred at Wolgast. He related the history of the apparition which they had heard on their entrance into that city.

"I know," said the Duke, smiling, "how these visions are devised. Often have they served the purposes of our ambitious priests; often have they been used to interfere with my designs. They adorn some one of their body with the trappings of their idol gods. They select a time suited to their purposes, and make tools of the credulous and superstitious. Doubtless, also, the powers of darkness assist their delusions, and then they know how to turn their lying wonders to good account, affecting at first to doubt them, and then pretending to examine and be convinced of their truth. After teaching their false gods to utter what prophecies they desire, they inflame the minds of the ruder people with them, and gather violent and frantic throngs ready for any deed of cruelty or rapine."

"But who was the woman who protected you? May the LORD recompense her as He recompensed Rahab in Jericho!" said the Bishop.

"Her house was near one of their heathen temples, large and stately. She herself was young, tall, and exceedingly beautiful, with dark heavy tresses, and bright sad eyes. Her speech was gracious and most musical. Her garments were of light blue colour and adorned with jewels and ornaments of silver. She seemed alarmed and indignant when she heard that we were Christians; telling us that we had better have

entered any other house. Then she recovered her calmness. There was a dignity and majesty about her, and she spake to her servants with authority. It may be that our danger and her compassion entranced our eyes, but she seemed to both of us almost as if she had been an angel."

"Strange, indeed," cried Duke Wartislav. "Your deliverer must have been Illah, the daughter of our chief adversary, the High Priest Primislav, who doubtless contrived the apparition which endangered you. She is indeed a noble and princely maiden, and I have heard that Mitslav is deeply attached to her.

"Marvellous," he added, with reverence, "are the ways of our LORD and Master. Is it not passing strange that she, the idolatrous Priestess, the daughter of the arch-idolater, should have been chosen to protect the ministers of our GOD?"

"See also," replied Otto, "how in any nation, he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him; for, doubtless, as Rahab's hospitality brought salvation to her house, so shall the hospitality of this maiden be accepted before the Throne of Grace. Let us, in the mean time, pray for her, that the darkness of her ignorance being removed, the true light of life may shine in upon her."

While Otto and the Duke were thus conversing, many among the priests and soldiers who were newly come with the Bishop, were taunting and laughing at the two fugitives. A young priest named Encodric, in particular, ridiculed their fears and their flight, and their deliverance by the hand of a maiden.

The soldiers who had been sent for, speedily arrived, and the march to Wolgast was renewed.

In the meanwhile, the crowd in that city had been diligently searching for the two Christians, whom they understood to have come within their walls. Ulric and Albin had entered, unconscious of their danger, after the decree at Usedom in favour of Christianity, and it was not until they began to see the scowls and frowns with which they were regarded, and observed the people collecting around them from time to time, that they had sought for refuge.

Some little time after they had entered Illah's dwelling, the multitude, trusting that they were taken as in a net, came to search after them, to put them to death.

Illah acknowledged that two strangers had sought and found her hospitality, and that she had afterwards sent them upon their way. They examined the whole house, and, of course, made no discovery. None thought of asking if she knew who they were. All believed her to partake in her father's bitter indignation against the name of Christian.

He also returned to his house, furious at the escape of his victims, and fearful also that they—as really happened—would be able to warn Otto of the dangerous state of Wolgast.

Illah trembled when her father entered. On the one hand, the disguise which he had worn, and the contrivance which he had practised, grieved her: on the other hand, she also dreaded lest he should inquire if she had known the two strangers to be Christians. It was the first time that there had been any

feelings of estrangement or suspicion between the father and his daughter, and they were very bitter.

As their eyes met, each felt that there was something to be concealed. But Illah only feared to grieve her father: she was not ashamed of what she had done, for she had only acted according to her conscience, in obeying the laws of hospitality, which were esteemed so sacred and binding. Her father was rather disquieted by a secret feeling of shame and degradation. Still there was deep affection between them both. In Illah's girlhood they had been all in all to each other.

And Illah's eyes swam with tears, when she marked the grief and indignation striving together upon her father's countenance.

"Didst thou know," he said, at last, "that these two strangers were Christians doomed to death, with all that should harbour them?"

"I knew it not until they had become my guests; then they informed me of it themselves. But they had broken my bread, and eaten my food, and come under the shelter of my roof. Thou wouldst thyself, O my father, have protected thy guests, even though enemies or Christians."

"I would have received all other enemies at the hazard of my life, but I would have slaughtered Christians as wild beasts," cried Primislav, fiercely. "But I blame thee not, Illah," he added; his mood immediately changing when he beheld her shudder. "Thou hast acted according to the laws of Pomerania, neither can I deliver thee to death. Shadows seem falling thicker around me, and my heart grows sadder

daily. Many, alas, forsake me; but thy love still refreshes me. Since thy mother died, thou hast been the sunshine of my soul. Now thou sharest in the gloom which has come over it. Thou wilt not leave me now, dearest Illah?"

She tenderly embraced her father.

At that instant, a cry was raised in the city, announcing the approach of Otto. Great, at first, was the fury and vexation of the people, when the strong force under the Duke, by which Otto was protected, revealed to them that their preparations had been discovered, and their murderous intentions baffled.

Primislav hastened out, and found the Christians entering; but the presence of the Duke and the force with him were so imposing, that he felt it vain to offer any immediate opposition.

Wartislav and Otto, with their followers, entered the castle, resolving to give the minds of the citizens time to cool down from their present heat.

A violent tumult had nearly been occasioned, and blood almost shed by the rashness of one of the younger Christians, had not a singular accident occurred. The Christian priests, and among them, Encodric, the same young priest who had ridiculed the two fugitives, went forth to see the city. Immediately the people began to muster, and Primislav was among them. "See," he said, "these strangers, these Christians: behold, they are examining our temples, to set them on fire and destroy them."

Ulric and Albin, observing the threatening aspect of the crowd, refused to tempt God any more, and withdrew with their companions. Encodric alone pressed

on. There was a large temple dedicated to Gerovit, on one side of the Market-place. He advanced to its porch, and was already opening the door. The multitude soon ceased from pursuing the others, and gathered round Encodric.

"Let us sacrifice the Christian," cried Primislav: and a thousand other voices re-echoed the shout.

The young man looked round. He saw his imminent risk; and there was no way of escape. Hastily he pressed on into the Temple, and took refuge in the sanctuary. There stood the huge image of the man-slaying god, and by it, against the wall, hung a large and magnificent shield, of remarkable workmanship, and covered entirely with plates of burnished gold.

Encodric saw the crowd approaching, and heard their angry cries, and not knowing what to do, he snatched up the golden shield by way of defence, and, hanging the thong round his neck, and pushing his arm through the loops by which it was carried, he, in despair, ran hastily forth to encounter the people.

What was his surprise, to see them all, as he approached, tremble, and turn, and flee from him. As if he had the fabled Gorgon head, every one fled, shuddering, out of the way. He had accidentally snatched up the sacred shield of Gerovit, which no one was permitted to touch, except when, at the beginning of a war, it was carried a short way by the priests, in solemn procession, before the expedition.

Still Encodric pushed on, and still the people retired. Some ran away; others fell flat on the ground. Their very devotion to their heathen superstitions rescued the Christian from their malice.

As soon as he had passed the throng, he laid the shield down, and ran hastily across the market-place, to the castle where his companions were sheltered.

Otto took occasion to warn his followers of the extreme necessity of care. "O," he said, "that our mission may be accomplished without bloodshed. Let us bring no needless guilt on the heathen, to whom we come. Let us not tempt the LORD."

The first violence of the people having come to nothing, and no one having been injured, the fervour of their fury soon passed away.

The authority of the Duke and the decree of the diet, requiring a patient and temperate hearing for Otto, began to take effect, and dense were the crowds which assembled in the Market-place, when on a platform used by their orators, the Bishop preached to them, on the following day, the blessed Gospel of the LORD. The difficulty always was to obtain a patient hearing. When that was once procured, the same happy effects always resulted. His venerable aspect, his melodious voice, his simple eloquence, and, above all, the grace which wrought in him mightily, were irresistible among the kind and honest people, whose hospitality and cheerfulness opened their impressive hearts to the Word of mercy and love, as soon as they heard it.

Among the thousands who had so lately decreed to massacre every Christian who should visit them, and to execute any one who should receive them, there were few who did not yield themselves to Christian instruction, few who did not presently receive the Gospel with joy. And, ere many days were elapsed,

Wolgast was a Christian city, its families incorporated into the LORD's Body by Baptism; the heathen temples were overthrown, a church was rapidly growing up in the market-place, and a good Priest John appointed to undertake the ministry among them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHILE the conversion of Wolgast was thus happily proceeding, the Archpriest's heart was torn with regret and impotent indignation. His words, his authority, so lately irresistible, were now passed by with silence; he could not bear the alteration.

"Illah," he said to his daughter, "see how this blasphemy gains ground. Have the mighty gods indeed forsaken us? is there no comfort, no light anywhere? This guilty city seems utterly apostate. I must away to Stettin; there at least they have returned to mighty Triglav's protection,—there at least I may maintain the conflict with better hope; or, if all fails, there would I rather perish. I must leave thee here; for I must journey in haste, and have many places to visit secretly in the way. But thou art my only comfort, the light of my sorrowful and weary eyes. Follow me soon to Stettin, and there will we once more rear the banner of resistance against these blaspheming invaders."

"Surely, my father," she replied, "I will accompany or follow thee wheresoever thou goest. Are not my

worship, and my fame, and my life twined with thine? But thou art sad, and worn with toil and unrest. Had we not better flee away, and find some shelter and refuge in a strange land?"

"And how can I leave my country, the land of my love, and my renown, and my power, the land of my fathers and my gods? how can we learn to hunger and to thirst, to depend on others, and to beg our bread? And whither shall we go, where these Christians will not follow us, and persecute us with their blaspheming words? No, my daughter, here was I born, here have I lived, here laboured, here honoured and invoked our holy gods; here will I maintain their cause, even to death. Follow me in a few days, Illah; so shall I find the sweet comfort of thy love awaiting me at Stettin." Then Primislav departed.

Tidings of all that had occurred at Wolgast had been carefully transmitted to Gützkow by messengers whom Mitslav had appointed for that service. He heard of the rumoured prodigy of Triglav's appearance, the danger and the rescue of the Christian ministers by Illah's instrumentality, the entrance of Otto and the duke, and the conversion of the city. In calmness and the quiet of his home, he had been revolving all the words of Otto, and all the merciful providences by which he had been constrained to serve Christianity in spite of himself. He felt more and more the vanity and nothingness of his old heathen superstition; he learned more and more that the Gospel alone could meet the deep needs of his yearning spirit.

"The time is come," he thought, "that I must yield

myself up to Christian instruction,—that I must seek the forgiveness of my sins, and the renewal of my heart, which this holy Gospel offers me. I will implore Otto to hasten his coming to Gützkow, that I may obtain fuller light; but in the meanwhile, these oracles and visions of our ancient gods seem more than earthly revelations. Are they only lying wonders?"

His heart reverted to Illah; he longed to ask her for an answer to this question. He thought also of her sorrow, and the pain which the overthrow of her worship, and her father's authority and wealth, must give her. Her pale cheek, her sad, troubled gaze, were continually before him. He resolved to see her once more before Otto came to Gützkow. Mounting his horse, he rode rapidly to Wolgast.

Illah sate alone in her house; it was close to the water side: for Wolgast lies on one branch of the Oder, by which it disembogues itself from the Stettiner Haf into the Baltic sea. Close by it stood the temple of Gerovit in ruins, as it had been overthrown by the zeal of the converted inhabitants. It was drawing towards evening. She watched the sun declining, and shooting its red beams over the broad river and the level country beyond. The murmur of the waters and the hum of the city floated round her; the soft melancholy of sunset soothed her mournful spirit. Sometimes she thought of her father, and his grief; sometimes her heart reverted to Mitslav, and she wondered to find how heavily the fear of meeting him no more weighed upon her heart.

Suddenly she heard a well-known voice speaking to her in soft and tender accents. She had bade her

maidens take care that her solitude might be undisturbed; they, little knowing how great a trial it would be to their mistress to receive Mitslav, had naturally made an exception in his favour. Illah scarcely started at the sound of his voice; her heart was so full of it, that it seemed to be expected. He took her hand, and gazed wistfully on her countenance, which seemed to him lovelier than ever in its sweet melancholy, and wan, wasted beauty.

"Illah," he said, "you are suffering, and I cannot relieve you: it is sad for me to think that I even add to your grief."

"Nay, Mitslav, though my lot is painful, though I mourn for my father, and the change which has overtaken our land, and though through these strange accidents we may be parted, yet your affection will ever be a consolation. Its memory will always be pure and sweet, shining like yon rising star over the dark waters of my life."

"But why should we be parted?"

"Can I forsake my father?"

"Why cannot I minister to him with you?"

"Are you not a Christian, Mitslav? O, can my father endure the name of Christian? or how should I, a heathen priestess, be united to a Christian? Nay, I have heard that your new faith will not suffer its disciples to join themselves with the worshippers of the immortal gods."

Mitslav groaned aloud. "I am not yet a Christian; but—mistake me not—perchance I shall be soon. I already believe the words of Otto. They seem to answer the demands of my heart; they draw

me with a force which I cannot resist. I know little yet of the holy doctrine which they teach; I am yet ignorant and fearful; but I cannot feel as if they blamed my love toward Illah. Either you shall hereafter follow me by obeying them yourself, or some other way will be opened for our union."

Illah shook her head sadly; yet his confidence cheered her. Then she recalled her father.

"O, Mitslav, how shall I ever reject the gods to whom my mother commended me? who have watched over my youth, whom I have served with all my heart. And now my father has none to comfort him; he loathes the very name of Christian. How shall I take from him his only comfort? And does he not love our gods? Has he not taught me to see them in the dim, awful temple? in the bright sky, the gleaming forest, the dancing fountain? Has he not taught me that they are the authors of all our blessings? that from them have come the wealth and strength of Pomerania? Were we not happy once? O, why did these Christians ever come to trouble us? why was the sound of their voices ever heard among our groves? O, had they never come, might we not have been happy still? Would they only depart for ever, might we not be happy again?"

Mitslav looked at her fixedly, and seemed lost for a few minutes in deep thought.

"I know little, Illah," he said, "and my spirit is very dim; but I could not be happy any more in that old ignorance,—nay, not even with thee. I scarcely know how to speak of these things; but is not death near us all? and is there not a life beyond the grave?

And is there not One Who made us, and for Whom we yearn? One with Whom is purity, and peace, and truth, and in Whom alone we can rest?"

Illah looked at him with wonder and awe. She knew not what to answer. When she continued silent, Mitslav once more took her hand tenderly and reverently, saying, "May I ask you one question, Illah? I fear it may offend you."

"What can I tell you, Mitslav? What can you, the wise and the valiant, inquire of a poor weak maiden?"

"Illah, you remember the oracle given me at the fountain? I told you what I saw and heard. You have heard of the apparition at Wolgast, which terrified our peasants, and agitated the city with that fury, from which you, at the hazard of your life, rescued Otto's messengers. Were they indeed visitations of your gods? Did Lada truly descend upon the fountain? Was Triglav he who gave that commandment to the peasants?"

Poor Illah! She recalled the quiet moon, and the waving oak, and the whispering fountain, her maiden friends, the song, the oracle,—the whole scene rose up before her. She thought of her father, with his dewy robes, and the white garments lying round him.

"Were the visions indeed the immortal gods, or were they both delusions? and who were the actors in them?"

As these considerations showered upon her, she withdrew her hand from Mitslav, and covering her face, she stooped forward and began to weep bitterly. Wonderful was the effect of that question upon Illah's mind. As when the sudden wind smites some sunlit mist, which has worn the appearance of a stately city,

and scatters it into long lines of wavering vapour, which presently disperse and vanish altogether; or, with the might of an earthquake, which shakes, with a viewless subterranean power, the solid earth, toppling down the temples reared for ages, swallowing streets, and rending rocks, and making the flourishing town a desolation and a waste; so did this question shatter, in a moment, the whole dream of Illah's life. The fabric of her ancestral superstition, with its aerial palaces, its joyous banquets, its stately martial shapes, and bright and beautiful forms of gods and goddesses feasting amid the intense sunbeams, or bounding joyously over the blue fields and rosy clouds of heaven, and visiting earth on errands of wrath or love, peace or war, shattered, crumbled, vanished. It had seemed firmer and more solid than earth, now it was emptier and less substantial than the light cloud or the wandering dream.

As it disappeared, there seemed nothing but darkness and desolation round about her. The consolations which she had previously possessed in her attachment and ministry to the idol gods,—in the thought of their favour and protection, their brightness and their loveliness,—all disappeared with her belief in them. And then came the remembrance of her father; of the pain and shame which her uncertainty would occasion him, and the wild, aching void of a heart which has lost an old faith, and not yet found another.

Mitslav saw with amazement and horror the effect of his question on the maiden. He knew not what feelings were struggling in her mind, nor the deep humiliation which his words occasioned: he only saw her secret, bitter grief.

"Illah," he cried, "how have I pained thee? Does my question grieve thee?—think no more of it."

"Mitslav," she exclaimed at last, with a deep sigh, "if I alone were implicated in your question, I would answer it without delay. But it involves others dearer than myself. Yet I fear that my silence will be sufficient answer. Leave me now, I pray you; I must away to rejoin my father."

"Illah, you must hearken to Otto's words; you must also be a Christian. Then may you be mine for ever."

Illah shuddered. It was a sore trial to her to say farewell in her desolation to one who loved her so truly, especially when the dream of her belief was broken. She trembled lest her resolution should give way. She raised her eyes at last, and said,

"Tempt me no more, dear Mitslav; my father will chide me, or rather he will be oppressed with his many sorrows, if I meet him not when he arrives at Stettin. You would not have me unthankful to my father? you would not love me so faithfully, if I could forget him. If I shall ever feel joy again on earth, I know not; it will be very desolate without you."

"We shall meet again, Illah; my heart tells me that we shall surely meet. I cannot tell what hope possesses me, but it gushes strongly within my soul; let it overflow into thine also."

So, hastily catching her to himself, he bade her a tender farewell; and then, withdrawing from her presence, rode slowly back to Gützkow, to prepare for Otto's arrival.

Illah went to Stettin; Mitslav's visit had relieved and cheered her.

CHAPTER XIX.

THERE were great preparations and expectations, with mingled joy and apprehension, in Gützkow, at the news of Otto's approach. A few of Mitslav's followers were already Christians; a few more had yielded themselves, with their chief, to the instruction in Christianity which Otto had provided for them. The majority were either indifferent, as Mitslav had lately been, or were altogether ignorant of the Gospel. Nevertheless, all were anxious to listen to the Bishop's preaching, and ready, if convinced, to give themselves to the LORD, although they had a natural awe and dread as to the real nature of the Christian faith.

When Otto drew near, Mitslav went forth in solemn procession, with all the nobility and chief citizens of his district, to salute and welcome him with every token of reverence and affection. He conducted the Bishop to his castle, promising that he and all his people should gladly hearken to his godly admonitions.

"We know not well to what we are pledging ourselves; but we know that you are a good man, and serve a good LORD, and we are persuaded that He will require of us nothing but what is for our good. Neither will He lay upon us any burden beyond what we are able to carry; and whatsoever He appoints He will strengthen us to fulfil. We are blind—He will give us eyes; dumb—He will open our lips; poor—He will enrich us; dark—He will enlighten us."

Otto beheld with joy the sincerity and humility of

the high-spirited and valiant youth. Perhaps Mitslav little thought to what extent he was binding himself; but he spoke in faith, for he was conscious of meaning what he said. He was venturing all things in receiving the Gospel, and the LORD Who drew him accepted him. After a splendid banquet in Mitslav's castle, according to the rude but prodigal hospitality of the time and country, Otto went forth to see the young chief's dwelling-place. It was a small but pleasant city, situated on the banks of the Peene, a deep and silent river, with water clear, but of a bright brown colour.

Close to the castle, which was situated by the river, a thick grove of magnificent old oaks, standing at regular intervals, overshadowed a broad, level field of turf: and the trees thrust their gnarled roots through the turfy bank, and spread their thick foliage far over the water. Beyond this grove, following the course of the river, towered the new temple of Lada which Mitslav had just completed. His great wealth, under the impulse of his usual liberality and his love for Illah, had led him to render it as magnificent as he could, with the materials and workmen of the country. No expense had been spared in its adornment, and the citizens regarded it with unbounded admiration and pride. In it was an image of Lada, wrought out of oak, but arrayed in the brightest vestments, and covered with gold and the richest ornaments which Mitslav's treasure could supply.

Then they passed throughout the city, admiring its beauty, and the neatness of the houses, and the wealthy and merry appearance of the inhabitants, and

the evident attachment to their young chief, which was manifest in their countenances and salutations. At the same time Otto viewed with regret the many idols with which, as well as the stately new temple, the whole place was decorated. For Mitslav, in the time of his idolatry, had been zealous for his gods. Otto, however, made no remark that day, except to commend the beauty and the order of all that he beheld.

On the following morning, an embassy from Albert, Duke of Saxony, consisting of several of his chief nobility, arrived, according to Otto's wish, at Gützkow, to make offers of service, if he should need it, amidst the rude and independent Pomeranians. They brought also many splendid presents; for Otto was much beloved by the Saxon princes. Presently, a numerous convoy of Otto's own attendants followed, bringing stone and other building materials, and gold and silver, and vestments, with skilled workmen, according to his determination to preach the Gospel freely, and rather benefit than burden those among whom he laboured. Otto had so ordered these arrivals, that he might do as much honour to Mitslav as he could, and give him every possible comfort under his trials.

The next day an assembly of the chief citizens met together in the hall of the castle, in the presence of the noble messengers from Saxony. There Otto preached with more than his usual eloquence, and more than usual effect. The whole audience was moved even to tears of compunction and thankfulness, and with great earnestness and humility, Mitslav setting the example, did they unanimously profess their

readiness to yield themselves up to the holy Gospel of the LORD.

"And now, my children," said the Bishop, "a harder and sterner duty summons us forth, which I must not, though I fain would, shrink from imposing on you. Your idols and your temple must fall."

Great was the regret and consternation of the people when they heard these words. They had delighted in the beauty of these images, and had taken particular pride in the new temple which was just completed. They besought Otto to spare them, merely as objects which they loved, and ornaments to their city. They offered to ransom them at any cost; they prayed him even to use the temple for a Church. But the Bishop was inflexible. He knew that the destruction of their images and fanes was absolutely necessary to rescue them permanently from their ancient idolatry. "New wine must be put into new bottles." Had he consented to their request, their old superstition would soon have mingled with the holy worship of Christianity. He spake to them also a similitude, according to his usual simple eloquence.

"Do you sow your grain on thorns and briars? I trow not. As, then, you first root out the weeds and thorns, that you may scatter your good seed and obtain your abundant harvests, so must you first utterly extirpate the very root of idolatry, that thorn of our preaching, that your hearts may receive the good seed of the Gospel, and bring forth the fruit of everlasting life."

With these and similar exhortations, he wrought mightily on their simple spirits.

Then stood up Mitslav, and said: "You know, my

dear fellow countrymen, that I have been zealous in time past for our false gods; you know that I have spared no cost and pains in the erection of this temple; you know that I have watched its growth as a parent the growth of his only child. But the Bishop speaks the truth: our hearts are very weak. If we leave temptations for ourselves, they will draw us speedily to our evil ways. My hand, which was first in the erection, shall be first in the demolition of the building."

The whole assembly were swayed by the words of their young chief, and unanimously consented to the Bishop's wish. They even rose all together, and went forth themselves to commence the work of purification, and Mitslav smote the first blow with his own hand upon the temple. His heart was heavy; for he remembered Illah, and how he had trusted to behold her leading the soft worship of Lada amidst those very pillars. But he shrank not from the task. Then leaving the work of destruction to be completed by the citizens, who showed themselves zealous in it, the nobles returned to their assembly. Then Otto stood forth again, and said,

"My children, as you have shown such zeal for the Lord, He will surely recompense it to you. In the meanwhile, I will provide that a Christian Church, richer and more beautiful, shall rise up close by the spot where the temple stood. There shall you offer your pure offerings, and it shall be a fairer ornament to your pleasant city than any which your own hands have heretofore raised. I will not stint my own stores: and noble Mitslav, yea, and you all, will rejoice to assist me. I made not this offer before, that you

might freely choose out of your own hearts to abolish your idol gods."

Then, turning to the Saxon ambassadors, he added, "Tell your princely master that, by the goodness of GOD, we need not, nor desire help of sword or spear. We thank him for his kind remembrance of us, and the offers which he has made to us unworthy sinners; but you see with your own eyes the kindness and the zeal of this good people, and with what readiness they receive the holy Gospel. The Word of GOD we have: this is a sufficient weapon."

The assembly then dispersed. Mitslav and the chief citizens immediately presented themselves for Christian instruction. Early on the following morning, the foundations of the Church were laid by the river side, near where the temple of Lada lay in ruins. With indefatigable energy, Otto and the young chief pressed on the erection of the building. The Bishop's care, the ruins of the temple, and Mitslav's stores provided ample materials. The workmen whom Otto had brought laboured night and day, and all the inhabitants fit for such labours offered their services freely. Otto's practised skill superintended the whole edifice. In an incredibly short space of time the building was sufficiently advanced for consecration and use, and already superior to the heathen temple which had been demolished. The sanctuary was formed, and the shell of the Church ready. Leaving, therefore, its completion to be carried on afterwards, Otto fixed the ensuing Sunday for the dedication.

While the Church was building, Mitslav and many of the inhabitants had been baptized. The youth had

poured out his heart anew to Otto. He had unfolded to him his past life, his violence, his pride, his ambition, the wars and strife in which he had been engaged. He also explained to him how sore a trial his deep love for Illah had been; how nearly it had made him an enemy of the Christians. He spake much of her to Otto, dilating on her goodness, and kindness, and purity.

"Ah, father! great and sore was the trial to cause Illah pain, not to give myself up for her to the defence of our false gods. It has been like snapping my heart-strings."

Otto cheered him, showing him how wonderfully God had dealt both with him and Illah. "She also," he said, "will be granted to our prayers."

One thing, however, Mitslav spake not of,—namely, the debtors pining in his dungeons. As yet he knew not all the pure and merciful requirements of the holy Gospel. It seemed to him an act of justice to detain them. So natural did it appear, that he never thought of mentioning them. Otto felt that Mitslav was already sorely tried by the overthrow of the new temple, and his separation from Illah: he also wished to make him release his captives as publicly as possible, for the example and imitation of the Pomeranian chiefs, who acted on the same principle as Mitslav, although with inferior success. He therefore awaited his opportunity.

On the day of the consecration, the converts who had been baptized were to be confirmed. During the service of consecration, they were all in the Church in their white robes of Baptism, their sponsors accompanying them. At the time appointed for the sermon,

the Bishop, turning to the candidates, began to explain to them the meaning of consecration, showing them that GOD'S true temple is one not made with hands, that they were that true temple, and therefore bound to holiness and purity.

Then, addressing himself directly to Mitslav,—"Thou," he said, "my dearest son, art a true house of GOD. Thou art thyself dedicated and to be dedicated to GOD, thy Omnipotent Creator, that, ransomed from every strange lord, thou mayst be His dwelling and possession. It is of no avail that this house without you should be consecrated, unless this inward dedication is fulfilled within you. Hinder not that dedication."

Seeing how Mitslav was moved, and beholding that the SPIRIT of GOD was present, he continued,

"Thou art already in part the house of GOD; see that you be wholly so. Already thou hast changed idolatry for faith, and hast received the grace of baptism. Now comes the time that thou must adorn thy faith with the works of mercy. Impiety, violence, cruelty, oppression, rapine, homicide, deceit,—all these must once and for ever be renounced. Briefly, whatsoever you would not have done to you, you must not do to others. You should release all the prisoners whom you hold in captivity, and if not all at once, yet certainly all who are Christians, brethren in the faith; but far better all."

Mitslav was amazed, and for a season confounded. He had been proud of his many debtors. He had esteemed it a duty to surprise and ensnare them. It was startling also to discover, so soon, how much more

there is in Christianity than at first is manifest. The sword of the SPIRIT came searching through his heart. He hesitated for a moment, and then said,

"It will be hard for me to release them all, for many of them are imprisoned for long-standing accounts and large sums. Surely debtors should pay their creditors?"

"Even so," replied Otto, solemnly; "and how much owest thou unto thy GOD? Thou hast heard the holy Gospel; thou hast learned the LORD'S Prayer. Do they not teach thee that, if thou wouldst have a release from thy debts to GOD, thou must forgive the debts of thy brethren toward thee? Thou canst not have the remission of thy sins, if thou remittest not the obligations of thy brethren. O remember the great account, and the tremendous judgment; for art thou not indebted to thy GOD?"

Mitslav trembled; he mused for some time in deep thought. Then, groaning heavily, he said,

"Father, in the name of the LORD JESUS, I now release all those who owe me money, that, according to thy Gospel, my sins being forgiven, the dedication of GOD'S house within me may be fulfilled."

Then, calling to one of his attendants, who had charge over his captives, he whispered to him to hasten to his prisons, and bring them speedily out, and clothe and feed them, and lead them into the Church. "Let Colmar alone remain," he added, "for he owes me more than money,—insult, and bloodshed, and the captivity of Witstack."

There was a pause, during which hymns and psalms were chanted by the bishop's direction. In the

meanwhile the captives were released, clothed, and fed, wondering and amazed at their unexpected release. It pleased the LORD also, Who watched so graciously over Mitslav in his ignorance, to complete the work of conversion in the youth.

A mixture of salt and wine and ashes was required for the ceremony of consecration. Suddenly it was found that the ashes had been forgotten. Ulric, the priest, went to find some, and, unwilling to trouble Mitslav's attendants, he was searching everywhere to find some. He went into one or two of the houses close at hand, and found none, and then entering into the court of one which joined on to the wall of the castle, he entered into an under-ground cellar, where he judged it likely that such things might be cast. Into this a narrow window opened out of the dungeon in which Colmar lay.

Ulric was startled to hear a deep groan coming apparently from the wall of the cellar. Then came a feeble voice for help. "Who are you," cried Ulric. "I," said the voice, "am the unhappy Colmar; for three years have I been languishing in this dungeon, fettered and in darkness. And now all my fellow-prisoners are liberated, and I only remain in misery." Ulric having gathered the ashes which he needed, hastened back to the church, and whispered to Otto the discovery which he had made.

Otto was astonished; he had heard the history of Colmar, and he knew how much cause of offence he had given Mitslav. "What shall I do," he said; "he has already granted me many requests, that I dare not importune him myself with further petitions. First

let us betake ourselves to prayer," and turning to the east with his ministers, he continued for an hour in earnest intercession. The people looked wondering on at the lengthened and fervent supplication.

Then rising, Otto directed Ulric and other priests to draw Mitslav aside privately, and endeavour to obtain the liberation of this last captive also. "I would not," he said, "that any sorrow should mar the great joy of this day, nor any fetter of guilt remain round the soul of this good youth. But speak ye with care and gentleness."

When Ulric spoke to Mitslav in behalf of Colmar, he started with great astonishment at the unexpected discovery. It seemed as if nothing in his heart, no lingering opposition to GOD'S word could be hid, not in the deepest dungeon without, nor in the innermost abyss of his soul within. "Let what I have done suffice," he said at last. "I have released all my other prisoners; but this Dane hath not only owed me five hundred pounds of gold, but he hath hurled insult against me, slain my messengers, and made captive my friends."

Then Ulric began to show him the bishop's earnest desire that no debt of guilt should remain on his soul, that no remaining bitterness should mar his conversion and forgiveness. "He fears to ask you himself, you have done so much already. But his love for you constrains him to ask you through our mouths. The more this Colmar has offended you, the truer grace will you show in forgiving him; great will be the mercy and compassion which GOD will heap upon you."

Violent and intense was the struggle in Mitslav's mind. All the passions of his old nature, the love of money, pride, hate, revenge, now rose up in vehement rebellion against this last demand of the Gospel. It was the great hour of his temptation. But the prayers of GOD's people prevailed. Mitslav groaned loudly, and at last, touched by the Spirit of mercy and consolation, he burst out into unwonted tears. Then hasting with the priests to the bishop, he said weeping, "In this request also, beloved father, I will do reverence to the LORD my GOD, and to thee His servant, and to these holy priests. I have prided myself in time past on my wisdom and my policy, and have boasted that no debtor ever escaped my power. Now I learn that my boasted subtlety was the worst of follies, and my vaunted success my truest shame. I give my last prisoner to thee, and with it my haughtiness and my carnal wisdom. I give him to thee freely; yea, for the name of the LORD JESUS CHRIST, I will bestow my body and all that I have, if He requires them of me."

Then sending on the instant for Colmar, he offered him, bound as he was in fetters and chains, at GOD's altar, as a sacrifice and a sweet smelling savour, in the midst of the admiration and the tears of the whole wondering congregation. Thus, with universal joy and thankfulness, the confirmation of the neophytes and the consecration of the church were finished.

On the following day Mitslav gathered all the liberated prisoners, besought their pardon in as far as he had wronged them, clothed and feasted them, and offered them when needful the means of returning to

their country and their homes. "Only remember, I pray you," he said, "to seek for mercy for me henceforth in your prayers, and speak of the power of the Gospel, and declare the name of the LORD Who has released you by changing and abasing my proud heart." At the close of the service which was celebrated afterwards, Otto tenderly embracing Mitslav, said, "I know not how to thank thee enough for all the goodness which thou hast showed to the LORD. He will recompense it to thee here, and in the resurrection of the just."

Thus did the haughty and crafty chief learn the humility and simplicity of the Cross; and as he had been a pattern of successful ambition to all the Pomeranians, so now did he become a pattern and a model of true Christian grace. For after his example, every one around him turned from his old evil ways, ceasing from injustice, and violence, and oppression, and restoring every man what he had forcibly taken, and forgiving every man the offences of his neighbour. It happened further, that while Otto was at Gützkow he was enabled to render another signal service to the Pomeranians, and not to them only, but to the cause of Christianity.

Boleslav, Duke of Poland, had heard of the apostacy of Pomerania. It had indeed been exaggerated at his court. He had often invaded Pomerania in time past. Sometimes he had subjugated great part of the country; sometimes he had been repulsed with loss in so intricate a country by the bravery and activity of the people, although his forces were far superior to theirs. Taking advantage of the report of their apostacy, the Duke's officers had incited him

to enter their country again with a larger force than ever. They loved an invasion of Pomerania, for its wealth and abundance furnished the invaders with plentiful spoil.

Mitslav also had once nearly captured the Duke himself, after scattering his forces by a surprise; and the country under his sway was distinguished for its superior cultivation and consequent abundance. And now tidings came of the approach of the Polish Duke with an overwhelming force. The Pomeranians under Mitslav prepared to defend themselves. But Otto intreated them first to suffer him to defend them with other arms. He went out to the Duke, and related to him the happy history of his successful mission. Duke Wartislav's zeal, and Mitslav's conversion supplied him with ready arguments. Boleslav could not resist his importunity, for he loved him dearly. The Duke protested that his only reason for taking up arms was the impiety and apostacy of Pomerania. This pretext was plainly removed; and though his army, greedy for spoil, murmured sorely at the alteration of his purpose, Otto's reasonings and intreaties prevailed, and to the great joy of the country which he threatened, he led his forces straight home.

Little opposition was now to be apprehended throughout the whole country except in Stettin the capital, and the islands adjacent to the coast. In Stettin the apostacy had gained great head, and Primislav with his priests had now concentrated their exertions in that city. The islands were inhabited by a wild and barbarous race, more deeply devoted to their idolatry even than the Pomeranians of the mainland had ever

been. Many of the priests and more zealous pagans had taken refuge upon these from the successful advance of Christianity.

The island of Rugen, with its chief town Arkona, was renowned through the whole north for its deep superstition, and for the worship and temple of Suantovit; so they named the supreme god whom the Pomeranians of the Main denominated Triglav. But first Otto would fain have laboured in Femen, an island close to Wolgast, and therefore nearer his present sphere of labour. But when Stettin required his own immediate attention, he sent his chaplain the priest Ulric, the most faithful of his companions, to Femen. Thrice he launched forth, and thrice he was driven back; the islands were not to be granted to his prayers.

Otto's companions, and Adalbert in particular, expostulated honestly with him on the uselessness of exposing CHRIST'S servants in a field well nigh impossible, while so much labour was yet needed where GOD was blessing their labours. Otto could take a rebuke, and therefore first sending out messengers to Kammin and other places to extend and confirm the Church in all directions, he resolved immediately to proceed to Stettin.

CHAPTER XX.

THE bitter hatred and fury of Primislav and the other zealous pagan priests were kindled into tenfold flame by the history of Otto's rapid successes. The tidings

of Mitslav's conversion, the destruction of the temple which he had erected, and the erection of a Christian Church upon its ruins, the great effect attributed to the young chief's example, inflamed, above all other Christian triumphs, the implacable resentment of those who regarded him as an arch-apostate. The total loss of their influence and wealth, and of the boundless authority which they had once possessed, with the poverty and distress consequent upon them, naturally aggravated the intensity of their malice. Their last hope lay in Stettin. It was now their solitary stronghold. They determined to defend it to the last. Every citizen, every friend, high and low, rich and poor, were solicited by them. All the acts of Otto were represented in the darkest colours; all the afflictions which had befallen them in late years were again revived in every one's recollection, and all attributed to the preaching of the Gospel.

Primislav dispersed all the remains of their once great wealth in gifts and presents to all who would receive them. He visited the islands and drew thence, and from Rugen in particular, a troop of violent men, zealous and fierce idolaters, used to spoil and bloodshed, to be ready instruments of his vehement hatred. There he saw still practised a custom, long discontinued in Pomerania, namely, the sacrifice of human victims; for they were wont, if they could entrap or seize any Christian, and especially any Christian priest, to offer him, with many cruel tortures, on the bloody altar of their god Suantovit. The idol ministers at Arkona reproached them with their faintheartedness and effeminacy. "We should have caught," they said,

"this Otto or one of his companions, and slain him with torments on the altar of our god. What scent so acceptable to the immortals as the reek of their blasphemer's blood? Then would your people have been zealous for their gods, then would they have smitten all these Christians, as we have always done."

"Come with us, brethren," said Primislav, "and it may be we shall yet secure some such acceptable offering. Ye blame us justly. We have been too cowardly. Lend me your stronger arms and bolder hearts, and perchance a blow may yet rescue us from this Otto."

Returning with these violent and barbarian followers, he renewed his endeavours to agitate Stettin. He stirred their pride by recounting some threats which the Polish Duke had uttered against Stettin in the late expedition which he had abandoned. He reminded them of the acts of violence which they themselves had already committed, the overthrow of some of the Christian churches and altars, the threats which they had uttered against the Christian bishop. He renewed again the rumours of the lying wonders which had denounced Triglav's wrath on their next offence against him.

The efforts of the more faithful Christians however, and of Witstack in particular, counteracted many of these machinations. They were distasteful to the majority of the inhabitants, and certainly to the far larger portion of the respectable citizens. Witstack's zeal and resolution gradually instilled itself into several of his acquaintances and friends. Thus the field was in reality better prepared for Otto than at first sight

appeared. For a noisy and boisterous minority often not only claims the name, but even contrives to assume the semblance of a whole city or people, united together and bent upon some object. And thus Stettin was generally supposed to be eagerly devoted to its renewed idolatry, and the wrath and fierceness of the people were imagined to be aroused with irresistible violence, while it was in truth half Christian.

One after another therefore the Christian priests and many of the chief Pomeranian Christians came continually to Otto, beseeching and imploring him not to lead them as victims to certain death, nor expose them again to the headlong violence of the Stettinians. Their opposition to the bishop was so stubborn and protracted, that he knew not how to overcome it. He persuaded, expostulated, intreated, rebuked, but all proved ineffectual. They seemed by no means so eager as he was for the crown of martyrdom, which, however, it was not ordained that he should wear. He pointed to the comparative ease and comfort in which their mission had hitherto been carried on. No hardships to be endured, no risks to be encountered, no deaths to be feared. Perhaps he was too impatient in his longing to be sacrificed for his Master's cause; yet without this glowing zeal, he would never have accomplished the great things which he effected.

When some weeks passed, and he could not overcome the terrors of his companions, one morning, while the Christians were resting in a fortress and tents pitched not far from Gützkow, a rumour spread through the place that Otto was not to be found.

They sought for him everywhere; they sent to Gützkow, but could discover no traces of him.

Mitslav, when he heard the report, hastened to the Christian encampment. After questioning and searching with the priests, he paused and said, "Surely we may guess whither he is gone; but I have been used to let no quarry escape me, either in chase or war. Come follow me."

A few soldiers and one or two men who were with the Christians were soon in readiness, and with Ulric and the most active of the priests, they mounted, and put themselves under Mitslav's conduct. He led them rapidly through forests and across fords, with which his youthful adventures had made him well acquainted, to a spot, where, after turning and twisting in manifold directions, to avoid the thick woods or deep streams, which intersect the country in all directions, the road to Stettin passed over the brow of a low hill, almost the only elevation in the country, and then descending, followed the course of the Oder until it reached the city.

This hill was about three-fourths of the way to Stettin, the towers of which were visible in the distance over the level champaign.

As they wound through the forest which covered the brow of the hill with towering oaks and dense nut thickets, by paths which were marked only by the tracks of the many wild beasts that inhabited it, and which few but such men as Mitslav knew, they heard the faint tramp of a few horses on the soft turf under the old trees; and, presently, as they themselves ascended the hill, the gleam of steel, such as a spear-point might give, caught their attention.

Giving his bridle to one of his attendants, Mitslav, beckoning to his companions to stop, quietly dismounted, and then, gliding serpent-like through the bushes, he moved in that direction in which the glimmer of weapons had been seen.

On each side of the road toward the top of the hill, was a comparatively open space, over which a few giant trees, standing at considerable intervals, threw their gnarled limbs in huge and strange contortions, chequering the short soft sward with a quivering net-work of light and shade. There he saw, lurking under cover of the huge trunks, several armed men, dismounted from their horses, but holding their bridles over their arms. The horses grazed quietly as far as the reins allowed them; but the men were all watching eagerly the form of one of their companions, who could be seen on the very top of the hill, gazing cautiously down the road which led in the direction of Gutzkow.

Gliding as near as he could to where the men were resting, he observed that two or three of them wore the garments of priests of Triglav. The rest were chiefly wild-looking Ruthenian soldiers, with two or three Pomeranians of a fierce and truculent aspect.

Suddenly the spy on the summit of the hill raised his hand, and pointed with it toward the bottom of the ascent, on the side opposite Stettin. Following the direction, through a vista of the trees, he saw at a distance a figure on foot slowly approaching the foot of the hill.

Hastily, but silently as he had ascended, Mitslav glided back to his companions, and observing a narrow glade or path which led to the road, a short distance

below the hill top, with a leafy wall of impenetrable bushes on either side, which, meeting over head, formed an arch of verdure thick enough to exclude the mid-day sunbeams, he mounted and led his followers quickly but stealthily, until he was within a few yards of the road.

The figure which he had seen at a distance was now mounting the hill. The ambush amidst the oaks had now mounted, and were descending the bank into the road. Presently there was a loud shout from the spy whom they had placed: "It is the Bishop—the Christian Bishop!"

Then the little band began to descend rapidly toward him, with fierce shouts and angry threats.

He stopped as the first cry met his ears, and beholding the wild adversaries barring the path, and mounted so as to render flight hopeless, he thought that his hour was now come, and that the crown of martyrdom might yet be his.

"O that I had been," he said, "once more at Stettin! and, O that I might complete the work amongst these good Pomeranians, before I am called away!"

Such were the words which reached the attentive ears of Mitslav, as the Bishop stood nearly in front of his lurking-place. There was no time to be lost; the ambush was close at hand thundering down the hill with great speed. Driving his heels into his horse's flanks, he sprang down into the road, followed by Ulric and the priests and the soldiers whom he had chosen. Then, wheeling rapidly up the road, he and his men stood in front of the wild band descending the hill, and between them and the solitary pilgrim.

It was Otto. Mitslav had correctly conjectured his movements. He knew him too well to believe that he would rest as long as any part of his work was undone. He concluded at once that Stettin was the object of his journey; and, aware of the machinations which were forming against him, he resolved without loss of time to hasten to his protection. His knowledge of the country enabled him to overtake Otto on the same day that he started, although Otto had journeyed nearly the whole night.

The one hill over which the road passed appeared the most likely place to discover where the Bishop was, as it commanded an extensive prospect of the level country on either hand; and as that eminence was the limit of the territory of Stettin, it seemed necessary to prevent Otto from passing it. On the other hand, single emissaries of Primislav were ever hovering round the Christian camp, wherever it was established. One of these had seen Otto pass singly and unattended along the Stettin road. He watched him for some miles, and then, hastily procuring a horse, had ridden at full speed to Stettin. Primislav, as soon as the information was given him, gathered a few of his most violent associates, with some of the wild Ruthenian warriors, whom he had brought with him from their barbarous island, and sent them under Felsav's guidance, who was much recovered from his seizure, although his right arm continued paralyzed, to secure—or, if that was impossible, to kill—Otto.

Greatly were he and his company surprised and confounded at the sudden appearance of the young chief with his gallant followers, between them and their

prey. The miserable waverer Felsav trembled like an aspen leaf, and the Ruthenians also were startled; for they all well knew the might of Mitslav's arm, and the valour and skill of his followers. They had made experience of them in many ruinous defeats. Still, the vehemence of the bolder priests and the Pagan Pomeranians overcame for a time the terrors of their leader; and the fierceness of the barbarians revived, and they did not shrink from the contest.

It was not, however, Mitslav's wish to engage in a conflict, if his object could be attained without it. He divined that it would grieve Otto if blood was shed in his behalf; and new Christian feelings disinclined him, especially so recently after the holy ordinances in which he had partaken, to engage in strife and bloodshed.

There was a considerable pause, the two bands, nearly equal in numbers, standing facing one another. The Bishop, in the meanwhile, walking calmly on, had reached the company thus arrived for his protection. He saw Mitslav, and beyond his soldiers he beheld the armed Pagans. A glance sufficed to reveal to him the whole matter.

"Ah, my son," he said tenderly to the young chief, with his wonted playful kindness, "you are determined to repay me at my own weapons. I have robbed you of your wealth and your prisoners, and now you come to rob me again of my throne and crown. If it had not been for your strong arm, I had found it in the deep mire. If it had not been for your swift steed, yonder heathens' swords would soon have given it me."

"My father," said Mitslav, "you have much yet to do. Stettin is yet to be won; and how shall the stronghold of Satan be overthrown, if you, the LORD's captain, are not at the head of His army?"

"Mitslav, I pray you," said Otto, "let no blood be shed for me. If you will suffer these poor, misguided men to depart unharmed, I will return with you, and do your bidding. I will go as safely as you wish to the assault of Stettin. Thither, however, I must go."

"I will send," answered Mitslav, "for your companions; the tidings of your courage will shame them."

"Let me speak," said Otto, "to these our enemies." So saying, he advanced; but Mitslav and his men followed close upon his steps.

When Felsav, however, beheld the venerable aspect of the Bishop, his terrors increased. The unexpected appearance of the Christian soldiers had alarmed him; but Otto's face was more than he could endure. It covered him with shame and remorse, and made him think that he heard again the thunder rolling, and saw another flash of lightning ready to destroy him. He turned his horse's head; and the rest of the heathen company, beholding their leader flee, and fearing the better arms and formidable appearance of their antagonists, judged it wiser to retire.

Mitslav did not pursue them further than the brow of the hill, whence he watched them far on the road to Stettin. Then, alighting, he commanded a temporary shelter to be hastily erected under the shade of the old oaks, and, as he had promised, sent immediately for the companions of Otto.

CHAPTER XXI.

Fierce was the indignation of Primislav when his emissaries returned without success. Many were the reproaches which he heaped on Felsav's cowardice; neither could he refrain from stern denunciations against Mitslav who had so often balked him of his prey. His love for him when he found himself unable to use him as his tool, had for some time begun to change into suspicion and bitterness. The impotence of his wrath and his continual disappointments, inflamed the wounds which the overthrow of his power and wealth, joined with his fanatic enthusiasm, had inflicted on his heart. The fury which before had aimed exclusively at Otto, now comprehended in its circle the apostate Mitslav.

Had not his apostasy occasioned the greater part of the youthful nobility of the country to fall away from their ancient worship? Then, instead of Illah's beauty subduing him to Paganism, her own faith in her gods had been partially undermined. For her father could not help feeling that her devotion was colder and less enthusiastic than it had been originally. A deep despondency had taken possession of her; her filial piety and affection, and her attachment to Mitslav appeared every day more irreconcilable; yet both seemed to deepen in intensity, the more antagonistic they became.

Thus she pined and drooped more and more, while her pallor and decay appeared to the moody spirit of

her father as a perpetual though silent reproach. But instead of taking it to himself, he added it to the burden of injuries which he imagined himself to have received at Mitslav's hands. Foreboding Otto's speedy approach, it was his wish to procure as many omens and auguries as he could denouncing the sure return of all the manifold calamities, which during the three years of Otto's absence, had desolated Pomerania.

"Illah," said her father, one evening, "where are all your ancient and mighty invocations, the hymns which have descended to us through uncounted generations, of power to heal the sick, to arrest the flying ghosts, to unlock the central abysses, to draw forth the ghastly shape of Morena queen of death, or Povist god of storms, or even raise tremendous Zernebog from his throne of raven darkness? We need the mighty incantation. The blessed immortals are deaf. They have withdrawn into the courts of heaven, and the golden chambers of the stars. They hide their faces from our polluted country.

"We must summon with words of stern resistless command the black armies from beneath the earth to our assistance; Gods and men fail us. The powers of death must be our defenders.

"You are so pale and wasted," he added with a sad smile, "that you look in your wan beauty like Morena's self. You might act her part now, as once that of her beauteous sister Lada, and stir up the souls of our followers till they yield themselves to do my bidding at all hazards, and in the face of every danger."

"No more deceit," she cried; "no more delusion, my father. Any thing else will I readily perform. But delusions return on the deluders. Let us deal with them no more."

Primislav frowned and shuddered. Her words smote home. He was sensible, though he would not own it to himself that he had no strength left. His fortress was delusion; and before the truth delusion seemed ever baffled. It was like a struggle against a resistless torrent sweeping onward toward the headlong cataract. The waters of fate whirled wildly on. His arts, his courage were impotent to oppose them. If I cannot withstand them, he thought, yet let me only draw my enemies with me. Let me not perish unavenged.

Watching his gloomy movements, Illah took up her harp, which had long lain neglected by her, and passed her fingers over the strings with a sad and melancholy prelude. The last song she had sung to it was the hymn of Lada at the fountain when beguiling Mitslav. She could not tune it to joy; but began to sing to her father one of their old sad death songs, invoking Morena, not however as he desired, against Mitslav, but against herself.

Morena, queen of death,
The ice is in thy breath;
White hailstones gem thy wreath,
Thy ghastly robe is of the pallid snow;
Where tears of bitter woe,
In glimmering ice-drops show.
Thy misty feet slide noiseless o'er the ground,
The death-wind moans around.

Thou com'st. The livid fire,
In many a snaky spire
Shoots from the funeral pyre.
Bring forth the virgin form in lilies dight!
The eye is quenched in night,
The rosy cheek is white;
From the wan lips the soul a-tiptoe springs,
It opes its filmy wings.

Round that dim bridal bed
The solemn mourners tread;
They wail the virgin dead.
The soul has vanish'd! Down death's dreary coasts,
Amid the many hosts
Of rustling whistling ghosts,
Gazing in wonder on the unknown shores
With fluttering wing it soars.

Morena, bid me sleep!
For me let mourners weep!
The pyre with odours heap!
Morena, come! With sweet unearthly eye
Thy sisters round thee fly;
They beckon me to die;
I would be with them in their silent home.
O come! Morena, come!

The sad despairing character of the melancholy dirge with Illah's mournful aspect and the sorrowful tones of her voice, checked the outbreak of her father's indignation. She seemed to call for death so earnestly that he had not courage left to denounce Mitslav to her, or to require her co-operation in the schemes which he had devised. After pondering for some time he said, "This Otto will surely come. Ere long he will be here. I will muster our friends

together. I will once more oppose him openly; once more seek the aid and blessing of mighty Triglav and the heavenly gods, and fight against the blasphemers in the light of day. If we fail, then we must move the infernal powers, that we may snare the prey, and appease their fury with a Christian's blood."

In the meanwhile, the friends and companions whom Mitslav had sent for, arrived at the appointed resting place. None of the Christians durst remain behind. They were filled with shame at the timidity and cowardice which had exposed their Bishop alone to so imminent a risk. From his faith and confidence they at length imbibed some portion of his spirit, and they resolved to accompany him anew to Stettin, notwithstanding the dangers which they formerly experienced, and the rumours of the conspiracies preparing against them in that city.

Then came a messenger from the Duke, requesting them to meet him at Usedom, and proceed thence by sea to Stettin. Otto obeyed his request. From Usedom, he sent missionaries forth in many directions as the Duke advised. The Duke would fain have accompanied him to Stettin, but Otto besought him rather to confide wholly in the Word and assistance of God. "I have not used the arm of flesh in this whole work, yet God has prospered it hitherto. Now we approach the consummation. He Who hath begun it in us, will finish it for us. Stettin is haughty, and its citizens independent; leave them to the poor ministers of the Crucified Redeemer. We shall conquer by His Blood."

The Duke was so far persuaded, that he did not accompany him himself. But for fear of the fierce and barbarous Ruthenians whom Primislav (as he had heard) had introduced into Stettin, he sent Mitslav with a few chosen warriors of approved birth, and valour, and prudence, to watch over Otto's personal safety, and prevent any sudden surprise, by which he might be assassinated without obtaining a hearing.

At Usedom they embarked in one of the Duke's vessels, amidst the prayers and tears of the Duke and his attendants. Their approach had been announced, and on the arrival of their ship at the quay at Stettin, a vast concourse of the citizens was waiting for them. Witstack was at their head; he had collected all his personal friends, and all attached to the Christian cause, to welcome Otto with as strong a demonstration of shame for their past apostasy, and joy at his second visit, as he could prevail on his fellow-citizens to make. As soon as the Bishop landed, Witstack hastened to meet him, and reverently grasping his hand, he recounted to him with a loud voice in the hearing of all the people, the history of his extraordinary deliverance. During Otto's absence, a church, which he had begun upon the quay outside the city walls, had been completed with ample materials sent by him from Germany, and therefore with unusual solidity and considerable splendour.

"Let us go, my son," he said, "and render thanks to the Lord, and pray for as signal a deliverance from thy city, out of the bondage of its hardness and impenitence."

He entered the Church, followed by Witstack and many Christian citizens. Their hymns and psalmody resounded from the sacred edifice; and a multitude of pagans gathered to oppose their entrance into the city were smitten with such wonder and pleasure at the holy melodies, that, notwithstanding the instigations of the Priests, they refused to oppose Otto's passage. When the services were ended, Witstack advanced to the head of the procession; and as they entered the gates, he took Otto by the hand, and touching with his spear the boat in which he had made his escape, then hanging against one of the posts of the city gateway, he said, "Behold this boat, the testimony of your holiness, the confirmation of my faith, the argument of my mission to this people."

All stopped, wondering that the little bark, which two men could easily lift, and which could scarcely carry one man on the quietest river, should have passed safely so long a voyage over the stormy Baltic.

"This," added Witstack, "I hung up here, that all who enter in and go out, might learn in all their necessities to cast themselves on GOD'S mercy, and in their present ignorance to seek for His Word which thou bringest to them."

Then they passed on into the middle of the market-place, the crowd continually increasing round them. In the centre of the open space, stood a platform, erected on wooden steps, from which the orators of the city used to harangue their compatriots. On this, Otto ascended, the Christian priests standing

round behind him in a circle, and Witstack as a herald, with voice and hand stilling the assembled multitude.

The Bishop began, not as the people had expected, with threatening and harsh reproaches, but in tender and gentle and self-condemning accents, bewailing the calamities with which they had been afflicted, lamenting his own sins which had so long withheld him from them, and representing the unwearying and inexhaustible love of God, still ready to receive them and embrace them, as if they had never apostatised. The whole multitude was moved even to tears, when suddenly a violent commotion and uproar on one side of the market was perceptible, and the crowd was seen swaying to and fro moved by some vehement impulse.

Presently out of the crowd appeared Primislav in his archpriest's garments crowned with leaves of oak, twined round a golden circlet, carrying in one hand a small golden image of Triglav, and in the other brandishing a battle axe. His tall form, his haughty countenance, his ample limbs seemed all swollen with indignation and fury. His eyes glared fiercely at Otto, and his teeth were hard set. He was like one possessed. A company of inferior priests, robed in their sacerdotal vestments, and all armed, with a band of wild half-naked Ruthenians as stripped for battle, followed close behind him, pressing hastily and roughly through the people.

All seemed to partake in their leader's fierce excitement, as they rushed on leaping and shouting, and brandishing their weapons. When they reached

the platform, the archpriest turned, and drowning Otto's and Witstack's voices with loud shrill tones that seemed like screams, he began to address the amazed multitude.

"O madmen, and fools, and cowards, why are ye thus deceived, enchanted? Behold the source of all your past afflictions. Behold your enemy and the enemy of your Gods. Why wait ye? Will they leave contempt and injury unavenged? This day shall for ever finish his delusions."

Then beckoning some, and calling others by name, and brandishing his axe at Otto, he summoned every servant of his gods to join him in the assault. His followers and several persons among the crowd began to gather round, all brandishing their spears, and striving by shouts and execrations to lash themselves into fury. Otto with Witstack and Mitslav and his priests advanced calmly to the edge of the platform, and without motion or word stood calmly confronting and contemplating the infuriated assailants. The power of the human eye over the fiercest wild beast of the forest or the desert is well known. The gaze of the civilized man full of calm composure and lofty courage has a similar effect upon the frenzy of the savage. The quiet look of confident faith, is gifted with the same authority over the demoniac fury of fanaticism.

Primislav's arm seemed arrested in an instant by Otto's quiet gaze. He paused, and in spite of himself shuddered and trembled. A similar panic soon extended to his followers. Otto seemed to their eyes as if invested with a supernatural brightness, and they felt as

if their own arms stiffened at the socket. Primislav remembered the sudden paralysis of Felsav. Even he became terrified. As they paused in evident fear, the whole Christian multitude began to gather close together behind and on each side of the platform. The panic of the pagans increased. Otto with rapid intuition discerned the singular providence, and taking advantage of the temporary pause, he began to speak to them.

"Why do ye not throw your javelins? Why are your right hands idle? How long will ye stand so strange a spectacle?"

They neither replied nor moved. It seemed as if soul and body were inanimate through terror.

"Let your gods," he added, "help you. Let yon angry priest invoke them; let him counsel, let him aid you. If he has knowledge, if he has power, now is the time to use them."

Primislav stood amazed and confounded. It seemed as if his gods failed and forsook him. He glared angrily at Otto, but durst not move or speak. Then Otto, with a loud voice, blessed and glorified the Lord Jesus, Who protects and defends His servants, and abases the violence of the haughty; but fearing lest the happy opportunity should be lost, after praying for the pardon of his adversaries and motioning with the sign of the cross over them, he dismissed the assembly, and descended without further delay from the platform, and withdrew with his followers and the Christians to the church of S. Adalbert, which he had consecrated on his former visit, outside the city walls, and after breaking and demolishing the idol altar

which had been erected in it, and purifying the building from its pollutions, he gave commandment for the immediate restoration of its walls which had been partly injured and shattered by the violence of the heathen aggressors.

On the following day the elders and the wise men of Stettin met once more in solemn conclave, to determine the course of conduct which they should pursue. The debate lasted from morning until deep into the following night. At last the eloquence of Mitslav, and the arguments of Witstack prevailed. All Otto's deeds and words when accurately examined, appeared to bear the strictest investigation. At length the council unanimously resolved on the extirpation of idolatry, and a renewed submission to the Christian religion. It was also decided that Primislav should depart the city within seven days' time.

As soon as the debate was ended, though it was late at night, Witstack hastened with the joyful tidings to Otto, recounting also the effect which the miraculous failure, as it seemed, of the attempted assault upon him, had produced in the minds of the inhabitants. Deep indeed was the joy and thankfulness of the Bishop and his companions at the happy announcement, and fervent the hymns and hosannahs which resounded that night in the Christian camp.

CHAPTER XXII.

The condition of Primislav's mind after the failure of his intended attack on Otto, was beyond measure lamentable. He cursed his own weakness and cowardice, and his panic-stricken companions' flight; he even upbraided his gods for their impotency to assist him. Then came the tidings of the council's decision, followed by rapid and signal conversions. The restoration of the Christian Churches, the overthrow and utter demolition of all the Pagan altars and temples, followed close on one another. Finally, he was publicly informed of the sentence of banishment pronounced against himself.

His brother priests, also, while they still clung to him, could not refrain from occasional sarcasms and taunts. Illah alone was faithful to him, although shaken in her attachment to his superstitions. The sentence of exile smote her heavily: she could not forsake her father in his humiliation and distress. Was she not his chief and only consolation? But she had promised herself to nourish and soothe him in some dim and quiet retreat, far from the noise and tumult of cities, where perhaps Mitslav might from time to time visit them, and where she and her father might possibly at last learn the same faith, and be happy with him as of old. But now she must leave her beloved Pomerania, and retreat into strange and fierce lands, amidst men of blood and riot, the strongholds of their ancestral idolatry, where it would be

death for Mitslav to appear, and where her father's enmity against him would be protracted and inflamed.

To Primislav the sentence was as great a torment, but accompanied by wilder and more bitter feelings. Must he leave the country where he reigned as a prince? where his herds were countless and his wealth incalculable? where all hung on his lips, receiving his words as oracles? And now he must depart to poverty and exile, to eat the bread of dependence, and expose his humiliation to his rivals, the chief Priests of Arkona and Carenz, whom he had long outstripped in splendour and reputation. His own people, his own children, have cast him out; all have forsaken him.

Such were his thoughts as he sate in the porch of Triglav's temple, watching in moody silence the rustling branches of the aged oaks, and the circling flight of the sacred hawks, and the stately movements of the consecrated steeds.

"And ye must all perish; the oaks fall before the axe of the insolent stranger, the temple crumble under his triumphant footsteps, and horses and birds, and every sacred object, be divided or scattered by unhallowed hands. Let us at least perish with you; but before we perish, let us revenge ourselves. Let us offer some sacrifice of blood, a victim to make atonement for our country's apostasy."

"Father, let me be your sacrifice," said Illah. "I am broken-hearted, and the earth will not miss me. I doubt our gods, and have no others, hanging between earth and heaven over the deep gulf. My cheek is pale, and my lips are cold as Morena's, and I am dear

to thee; therefore at your hands the gods will accept me. Let me be your sacrifice."

"Better is Christian blood, Illah, to wash our polluted altars; we must seek other sacrifices than thee. Thou," said he, sadly, "art already a victim. Seven days yet remain before our banishment, before we are cast out by our apostate children. Five days hence I will appoint once more a solemn assembly at Triglav's temple. Yet once more before we depart shall our songs of adoration resound, and the oak and fountain mingle their voices with our melodies. The sacred steed of prophecy shall proclaim the acceptance of our offering, and the last steam of sacrifice shall ascend from our altars before they are for ever desecrated; and its reek shall be the scent of a Christian's blood, the noblest we can find."

Illah shuddered. Was not Mitslav a Christian? She believed, however, that her father loved him; it was but a momentary thought, disappearing before distinctly apprehended.

Two days went by. A band of the fiercest and most fanatical Ruthenians, still attached to Primislav, was kept continually in readiness. Spies had been sent out in every direction through and round the city, to watch all the movements of the chief Christians, and in particular of Otto. He was, however, so completely occupied, and so continually surrounded by crowds thronging for instruction and consolation, that no opportunity of seizing him presented itself. The other chief Christians were in general equally occupied.

The days were few, and they seemed melting away.

The third day was nearly ended. Primislav resolved to celebrate a solemn incantation of the powers of darkness, revenge, and death, according to the custom of the heathen when compassing at any time their enemy's destruction.

It was the fourth night. The most faithful priests had been gathered together, and the wonder-workers, and enchantresses, and witches, had been drawn from all the neighbourhood. The sky was moonless and starless; there was no wind stirring; the gloom was intense. Under the oaks of the sacred grove seven piles of wood had been kindled, whose flames had been suffered to die down as the evening advanced. And now the glimmering heaps of embers cast a lurid and ominous lustre around, the only light of the dark scene. Round these fires paced many forms, differently arrayed, but all covered with the wild red hue of the expiring ashes. Here, robed in gowns of dark crimson colour, with strange and terrible embroidery of skulls and skeletons, moved the priests of the blood god Pyar; they bore his image, the wild lion springing on his prey, wrought out of gold, in their hands. Then, in long black garments, like half invisible phantoms, the worshippers of the death god, Flins, followed the glimmering human-shaped idol, through whose meagre limbs the bones seemed springing, with a wild beast on his shoulder, and a burning torch in his hand, his feet resting on the firestone. Then other hideous images: Zlebog, with his satyr-horns; Garten, with lion head, and feathery body, and blooming rock; Nebrod, with black wings and dusky, flowing gown. Last came two bands, one dressed in white, the other in garments of

divers colours; the former preceded by an aged priestess, bearing the white image of the pale but beautiful Morena. Lada led the other in her many-coloured garments, decorated with jewels. In her hands was the form of the terrible Hela, dreaded over the whole north; a female with a lion's head, whose yawning mouth gaped—typical of the hungry grave.

The seven fires were set in a circle, and in the midst was Primislav, with his divining rod, and the chief priests of the various deities round him. A Finnish sorcerer was beating his muffled drum, and a trumpet wailed out at intervals. All the seven bands were murmuring in unison a low monotonous chant, interrupted at regular intervals by a shrill, screaming cry, whenever the trumpet sounded. And at each of these cries attendants stirred up the several fires, which gave out a momentary flash, lighting up the moving forms and the motionless band of priests in the midst, and the gnarled trunks and giant limbs of the oaks, and casting a faint glare on the porch of Triglav's temple.

The flashes grew fainter at each repetition, and the heaps of embers gradually died down, until all, save that of Hela, the last of all things, had gone out. Her embers still glowed brightly. When the sixth pile was quite extinguished, and Hela's only remained burning, all the moving bands suddenly stopped; the drums rolled louder, and the trumpet sounded a long, shrill blast. Then, with one accord, the whole company, men and women together, broke out into the well-known form of incantation, requiring the appearance of the destined victim. It was a wild, irregular

strain, broken with long pauses, which added to its effect by the contrast of midnight silence.

Pause ye now,
And veil the brow!
Hold ye your breath,
Veil'd and hush'd as death!
Ere we wake the dreadful lay,
Which the countless dead obey.

O earth, earth, earth, thou universal tomb!
What pangs of travail seize thy labouring womb?
Thou knowest the dreadful lay.
Grave! stubborn grave! thy stony lips unseal!
Death, mighty warder of thy myriad prey,
The mightier summons feel!
Unbind thy bars; thy prison doors unfold;
Loose the adamantine chains
Of thy inextricable pains,
And thou, O Silence, speak! O darkness, thou behold.

Feel ye the racking spasm,
As earth is rent asunder?
Adown the yawning chasm
The summons rolls in thunder.

Hear ye? ye hear not, but the deaf do hear it.
Fear ye? ye fear not, but the senseless fear it.
Hark, I hear the perish'd nations,
All earth's gather'd generations!
They stir with a murmur wild and low,
As the autumn woods rustle when north winds blow.
See, from their tranquil beds
They rear their listening heads;
Like to dreamers half awake,
When the clarions of battle their slumber break.
Now they lift their shadowy forms,
Now in vast unnumber'd swarms
They start from their couches and tremble;

Maidens, and infants, and hoary hair,
Sages, and kingdoms, and kings are there,
At the voice of the spell like mute mists they assemble.
Will ye not speak? Night hath her pinions furl'd,
Death hath awak'd his world.
Hark! I hear his trumpets crying,
Hark! I hear his banners sighing.
Up dim Hela's dreary coast,
With a silent step they glide,
Myriads, myriads, on they post,
In an everflowing tide.
Nearer now their voices groan,
As when seas in caverns moan.
Now up Hela's chasmed night,
Gleams a faint unearthly light.
Lo, the mighty dead appear,
High their shadowy heads they rear,
Wild waves their hair,
Their eyeballs glare.
Whom seek ye there, with your wild rolling eyes?
Whom do ye ask for your sacrifice?

The dirge ceased suddenly. There was utter silence and darkness. Illah cast a cupful of incense upon the fire; a flash of light shot up, and a bright cloud of white smoke rose up like a curtain to the boughs of the overarching tree: it was the mirror of the infernal powers. Suddenly also a form appeared faintly drawn in the midst of the smoke: it was the destined victim.

"Mitslav!" So Illah cried with a loud scream, and then sank fainting on the ground.

"Mitslav!" repeated the High Priest, in a voice of great amazement; "Mitslav the Apostate!"

"Mitslav!" re-echoed the whole company, in tones of awe and wrath; "Mitslav, the Apostate! The death-gods have chosen their sacrifice."

The form vanished. There was a slight rustle, as of footsteps. Primislav sprang forward, but nothing was to be seen. Illah awoke from her trance; she looked up. Her father was now standing in the midst of the cloud of smoke.

"My father," she cried, passing her hand over her brow, "Mitslav was there a moment ago, and now behold my father! What have I done? Is there no end? no truth?"

"It was Mitslav," said a hundred voices.

"But is not my father there now?" she replied, confusedly.

They lifted her up from the ground; her father hastened to her assistance. It was not unusual for the priests and priestesses of these dread rites to faint under the excitement of their wild enthusiasm.

They lit up torches and dispersed. Illah returned home, leaning on her father's arm, and weeping more bitterly than ever at the strange, sad issue of all her dealings with her heathen superstition; uncertain whence the apparition came, and whether Mitslav or her father had appeared before her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Bishop Otto, having found such an abundant blessing bestowed upon his labours at Stettin, resolved, while the hearts of men were thus aroused and awakened, to proceed without delay to Julin. He heard that

the inhabitants were eagerly desiring his presence, and ready to abolish their superstition, and overthrow their idols and their temples and altars, as soon as he should appear. A barque was prepared and equipped to convey him, and the noon of the sixth day after the diet at Stettin was fixed for his departure.

All this time the emissaries of Primislav and the heathen priests were prowling and spying round and through the city, watching some opportunity of seizing or assassinating Otto, or any other of the leading Christians, and also anxiously seeking to find Mitslav in a situation where they might be able to secure him, and carry him off, to offer him in sacrifice.

That young chief, on his return to Stettin in company with Otto, had, notwithstanding his conversion, been naturally anxious for an interview with Illah. He knew the sorrow and pain of heart which she was enduring; her wasted form, and wan cheek, and sad voice continually recurred to him. At the same time he was aware of the altered feelings with which her father regarded him, and the enmity and vengeance which he had vowed against him. The anathemas and threats which had been pronounced against him had been rumoured through the city, and he had learned that several of his old adversaries, the Ruthenians, now collected in the neighbourhood of Primislav's dwelling, were on the watch to execute these denunciations upon him. He had therefore resolved to seek a meeting with her, if possible, in secret, that he might learn her condition, and express his unabated love. Perhaps he hoped to discover in her a more favourable view of Christianity.

It happened that he selected the evening which had been appointed for the incantation in Triglav's grove. He beheld an unusual stir within Primislav's dwelling, and therefore withdrew into the grove of Triglav, concealing himself in its thickets, although well aware of the risk he ran. He watched the priests and prophets, and priestesses and enchantresses, gathering with stealthy steps into the High Priest's house. He beheld the seven fires kindled under the oak of prophecy by the ministering attendants of the temple. They burned up, and then, as the shades of evening grew denser, died gradually down. There had been sounds of worship issuing all the time from the temples, and as the last pulse of light quivered in the sky, the temple doors opened, and the seven processions issued out, to circle, with their wild, idolatrous chant, the seven fires of the seven chief deities of vengeance.

Mitslav, who had from his childhood been distinguished for his devotion to his ancestral faith, was acquainted with the ceremonies used in the various acts of devotion paid to the many gods of his country, and recognized at once the incantation of the death-gods, in answer to which it was supposed that the dead ancestors of the living were permitted to reveal whatsoever their children desired of them. Then he watched the flames go out, and the several processions move round the embers of the different fires.

The night was so dark, that there appeared no danger of discovery. He imagined that he recognised Illah's form at the head of the seventh company, and approached as near to her circle as possible. The consequence was that, as she cast her incense into the

fire, he was standing at some little distance behind where the smoke rose up, and had actually for a moment been visible through it. Illah, however, and the rest of the assembled heathens regarded the appearance only as a vision sent by their fathers, to point out the fated victim of the death-gods. He heard the sudden exclamation of Illah, and the cry of the whole throng re-echoing his name. For a moment he fancied that they had discovered him; and therefore hastily but silently drawing back into the darkness, he plunged into the thickets of the grove, and after the heathen assembly had broken up, he returned undiscovered to his house in Stettin.

After pondering some time over the strange wild scenes which he had witnessed, he felt that he had been denounced among the violent Pagans; and although he had scarcely seen enough to follow thoroughly the whole ceremony, he yet collected that he was sought for as a sacrifice, and that his blood was demanded as an atonement for the conversion of Pomerania to Christianity. The sound of that cry, therefore, put him upon his guard; and though it was not in his nature to fear or to shrink from danger, he resolved to be wary and careful as long as any of the priests or the wild Ruthenians were left to plot assassination in Stettin. One or two of his most faithful friends were appointed to follow him, and counterwatch the emissaries of Primislav, whom he had discovered hanging on his steps. He also went always armed; and his well known valour, and the might of his arm would, he trusted, deter or disappoint any sudden onset.

And now the sixth day was nearly over, and pru-

dence persuaded Mitslav to remain secure in his house as the time of danger had almost expired. But the pale form of Illah haunted him; he longed to speak to her, to comfort her, to learn her welfare. A strange sense of apprehension and despondency weighed heavily on his heart. Sometimes Illah's shriek, sometimes Otto's voice imploring help, sometimes the execration pronounced against himself seemed to ring in his ears. It was the foreboding which so often casts its shadow over the spirit, when destruction or imminent danger is at hand.

While he was indulging these gloomy reveries, a young maiden requested admission. "Illah," she said, "has sent me, noble Mitslav, to bid you meet her alone by the river side, beyond the grove of Triglav, two hours ere the sun goes down."

It was a relief to Mitslav to make the promise, however dangerous it might be to fulfil it. Perhaps it was only a deceit of Primislav; but he did not hesitate. Giving a chain of gold to the maiden, he engaged to meet Illah at the appointed place and time. He took, however, such precautions as a man uses to excuse himself in rash actions. He requested Witstack, with a few faithful and brave attendants, to follow him the greater part of the way. They hid themselves in some thickets, a little beyond the grove, while he advanced about two or three bow-shots' distance to the place where Illah was to appear. After waiting a few minutes, he beheld her coming hastily amid the gnarled trunks of the oak grove. He sprang towards her. After one long and tender embrace, he looked in grief and dismay at the extreme

pallor of her countenance, and the deep lines which sorrow had drawn upon her young cheeks. He was about to speak.

She put her hand on his mouth, saying softly, "This place is full of danger, especially for Christians, most of all for you. Yet I have sent to ask you to meet me, to forewarn you that the death gods have marked you out for their sacrifice, and that two hundred of our fiercest followers are day and night on the watch to seize you; and you are confident and careless. You always despised your own safety."

"Illah," said Mitslav, in answer, "will you not come with me? Your sadness appals me. O let me be your protector, your comforter."

It was a sad temptation. Illah trembled with agitation.

"I cannot, Mitslav; I cannot leave my father; and you, too, are a Christian."

"Ah, Illah, you must also, ere long, become a Christian. When six days since I saw you in the oak grove by the firelight, did you not call me? What would I not have given to have spoken to you in the midst of those wild rites! Surely you cannot love them!"

"You saw me!" cried the maiden, starting. "Was it your own form, your own living shape that we beheld there? We deemed it an apparition given us by our fathers."

"Even so, Illah," replied Mitslav, smiling; "I was there, close by you in the thick darkness. I had come to seek you, and found you at your wild devotions. I heard your cry, and the shouts of your com-

panions. I glided swiftly away, easily escaping, although your father sprang after me for a moment, and withdrew into the well-known thickets."

Illah knew scarcely which to do, to rejoice at the vanity of the prophecy, or to mourn over the manifold delusions of the worship which she dared no more to call her own. At that instant there was a sound of oars in the river below them, and a large boat full of armed men, and with Primislav the high priest in the stern, glided with as little noise as the many oars could make close down the bank upon which they were standing.

"O fly, Mitslav!" whispered Illah; "behold my father and his fierce Ruthenians! Surely they are seeking for you—for the victim whom they demand!"

The boat glided into a bed of rushes about sixty paces off, overhung by interlacing branches which the giants of the forest stretched over it, dipping their lowest sprays into the water. Mitslav pressed a tender kiss on Illah's forehead, and turned to depart with speed. Illah also fled hastily away. At that instant another large boat appeared at the opposite end of the broad reach into which the river here opened. The sight at once arrested Mitslav's flight, for he distinguished in this second vessel Otto and the Christian priests, accompanied by several of the chief citizens of Stettin with armed attendants, and steadily impelled down the river by many strong rowers.

The set of the current brought it nearer and nearer to the lurking place of Primislav's boat, which had evidently concealed itself in that spot the better to

ensure a surprise. Mitslav, forgetting himself, sprang at once towards the spot where the heathens were concealed, that he might warn Otto of his danger. But thickets of hazel and other bushes impeded his progress. As he forced his way through the last skirts of the copse, he beheld the two boats side by side, some of the crew of Primislav's vessel clinging to that of the Christians, and others engaged in a fierce attack upon them. The side of Primislav's boat swung up against the concave bank under the influence of the stream.

The heathen assailants appeared at this time superior in the conflict, as the Christians were more anxious to defend themselves than to attack their adversaries. Some of the Ruthenians had succeeded in laying hold of Otto, upon whom their chief efforts were concentrated. They dragged him into their boat. Primislav raised a battle-axe in his hand, and was about to drive it into the bishop's head. At that moment Mitslav, drawing his dagger, sprang with an active bound into the midst of the Ruthenians, and, seizing Primislav's arm, drew the axe out of his grasp, and cast it into the water.

Before the heathens had recovered from their surprise, he lifted Otto and pushed him back headlong into his own boat. He was about to follow him when he felt Primislav's arms twine round him, and his hot breath hiss in his ear, "I have thee, Apostate!" Mitslav's hand tightened on his dagger. One thrust, and he could save himself. But he was a Christian, and it was Illah's father. He dropped his dagger into the water, and strove to extricate himself from Primislav's

hands without injuring him. Primislav clung to him like a drowning man.

A hot iron seemed to Mitslav drawn down his back, and then came another, and another. A Ruthenian had driven his dagger into one of his shoulders, and two or three other wounds were inflicted upon him from behind. And he was drawn down at last by many hands. Then twenty swords were raised to despatch him. "Hold!" cried the High Priest, in low but distinct tones. "It is the gods' sacrifice. It is the destined victim. It is Mitslav, the apostate." Cords were speedily produced. His lips were gagged, his arms pinioned behind his back, and he lay at the bottom of the boat helpless and bleeding.

In the confusion occasioned by Mitslavs' leap, the short struggle, and their recovery of Otto, the Christians had extricated their vessel from the grappling hooks of the Ruthenians. They received Otto with a shout of joy; but were altogether unconscious how his liberation had been effected. Their eyes had been fixed upon him, and as Mitslav sprang from behind the heathens' boat, they had not been able to distinguish his form. Otto himself was not aware to whom, or to what accident his deliverance was owing.

When therefore the Christians saw the Bishop safe among them, they had no desire to renew the battle; and when Primislav perceived that they had succeeded in securing the appointed victim, he also became anxious to avoid further strife. Footsteps likewise were heard, and arms began to gleam amidst the oak trees on the river bank. Witstack and his followers were pushing toward the sound of the conflict, and

neither party as yet knew whether they were friends or foes.

In the meanwhile Otto's boat had moved some distance down the stream, while Primislav was ascending it. The latter turning round a sharp bend of the bank was speedily out of sight. When Witstack and his foremost followers reached the waterside, Otto's boat alone was visible. They recognised it at once, and hastily concluded that Mitslav had embarked in it. Otto, they knew, was on his way to Julin. The inhabitants of that city had sent an urgent embassy to request his presence, and he had consented to their petition. It was natural that Mitslav should accompany him, and the urgency of the summons might well excuse him for departing without forewarning them. They searched the grove indeed for a time, but finding nothing, they slowly returned to Stettin.

During this time Primislav's boat had reached the landing place opposite to his dwelling. To it six soldiers bore the bleeding and half-inanimate youth without delay. Illah was watching at the gateway. Unutterable was her horror as she beheld her lover thus carried half-dying to all appearance, in the hands of his remorseless enemies. Regardless of the wondering spectators, she sprang to the bier and threw her arms over him, and pressed her lips on his clammy forehead. "Withdraw her," said Primislav to her maidens who thronged around at her cry. He had to exert his utmost strength before they could separate her from Mitslav. "Bear him into an inner chamber and dress his wounds carefully," said Primislav.

"Suffer me only," cried Illah, "to wait upon

him, to wash his blood, to bind up these gashes." She seemed as beside herself. Her father judged it best to consent. Mitslav was borne into the house. His wounds were carefully stanched and bound up. Illah's hands performed the task, laying on the different gashes the simples and herbs then in use; for in that country as elsewhere maidens were frequently the most skilful leeches. Mitslav was half sensible. He was just conscious who was ministering to him. Presently he lost sight of her; for her father constrained her to quit the apartment, commanding some of his attendants to keep a strict watch over her. He feared lest she should go or send messengers to inform the citizens of Stettin of Mitslav's capture.

After lying for some time, the young chief recovered his senses more completely, and awoke to the danger and misery of his condition. He could scarcely doubt for what purpose they were preserving him, or the fearful end to which he was destined. His morning's forebodings were fulfilled. The bolt had fallen upon him. Although unable to rise from his wounds, to make assurance doubly sure, four Ruthenians were set to keep watch over him. These barbarians, beholding their chief enemy in this miserable estate, gave him no rest with their taunts and revilings.

In the meantime Illah was at her father's feet, beseeching and imploring him to release Mitslav, reminding him of all his ancient kindness, and offering and praying to be sacrificed in his place. But Primislav's heart had been hardened by his disappointed ambition, and the injuries which, as he thought, the Christians had heaped upon him. His prisoner also

seemed a gift of the gods themselves. The unexpected capture just before the expiration of the appointed time presented itself to his mind as supernatural and miraculous.

Illah, with all her pleadings, and tears, and agony of sorrow, could not move him even to contemplate delivering him. All that she could obtain was permission to see him once more, and bid him her last and eternal farewell.

"When the shadow of yon tree," said her father, "touches the temple gate, then you must leave him. It will do so speedily, therefore be brief, my daughter."

Illah staggered to Mitslav's side. He was half in a trance. It appeared as if an angel had come to him. He roused himself.

"This is kind of you, Illah; and you love me, do you not?"

She could only clasp her hands round her heart.

"Then forgive thy father; love him, cherish him."

"Surely," she groaned, "you at least must loathe him."

"Illah, I am a Christian; therefore I forgive him. He is your father, therefore I love him. I would lay down my life for him. I pray for him without ceasing."

Illah's tears flowed ever faster.

"When I am gone," said the youth, "you will not forget me. We may meet again," he added, gazing on her wistfully and anxiously.

"Will they then spare you?" she cried.

"Nay, Illah, they will not spare me. You know I am the sacrifice."

Illah started and shrieked. It had not occurred to her before. Her sorrow had reached its head.

"Illah," he repeated, "we may meet again."

"They will kill you," she groaned. "How can we meet?"

"Illah, become a Christian, and we may yet meet—nor ever part more."

Illah looked at him in wonder. His face was calm. A soft bright glow was upon it.

"Yea, I know not," he said, "whence comes my comfort, but I feel as if we were not parted even here for ever. Our love has hitherto been sorrow. It will turn to joy."

He was growing faint.

"Illah," cried her father, from without, "the time is come." He dared not trust himself in the chamber.

She sank swooning by Mitslav's couch. They bore her to her own apartments, keeping strict watch over her. Her swoon was long and heavy. Alas, her awaking seemed heavier still. Yet Mitslav's words had mingled one drop of wild hope in her cup. Else she would have died.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The morning at length dawned. It had been resolved, to add solemnity to the sacrifice, that the omen of Triglav's horse should be taken. It would show that the gods accepted the offering. They might yet turn

back the tide of apostasy which had overspread their beloved land.

The night had been dark and gusty. The wind had roared through the boughs of the forest, and the thunder had pealed at intervals. Other strange and unearthly sounds had been heard in the grove. When day came it was found that two bears had entered the hallowed precincts, and attacked the herd of sacred horses.

These had evidently rushed to and fro in wild excitement, and at last had turned upon the wild beasts and slain them, although two or three had been killed by the bites and hugs of the bears in the fierce encounter. Triglav's own horse had been slightly wounded. There was a clot of blood upon his neck. The untamed steeds were still wild and furious, galloping up and down from time to time, and kicking and biting at one another.

"Surely Zernebog is in the horses," said Felsav, who was the guardian of Triglav's steed, when he stood before Primislav to announce that all things were ready. "Can we not delay the sacrifice? I cannot guide the beast as I have been wont. My paralyzed arm disables me. And he obeys not readily the accustomed signals. He snorts and stamps. He is lathered with sweat and foam. His eye is wicked. I almost fear to approach him. Can we not tarry another day?"

"What!" replied the High Priest angrily, "that the Christians may again rescue our prey! I will not wait an hour for all the powers in earth or heaven." It was a blasphemous speech even in an idolater.

They went forth into the park. The altar had been reared high under the oak of prophecy. All the priests were collected together, standing in a half-circle behind the altar, all clothed in purple garments, the robes sacred to the blood god. Primislav alone wore his accustomed dress, the splendid pontifical array of the Archpriest of Triglav. Behind the priests stood the Ruthenian soldiers, and all the violent heathens still remaining attached to their old faith ; and in the midst of the semicircle formed by the priests, the wild looking forms of the different soothsayers and sorcerers moved restlessly up and down, making a dissonant noise with their Finnish drums and braying trumpets.

At a signal from Primislav, six priests, clothed in the same crimson garments as their brethren, brought Mitslav forth on the bier. They carried him to the altar with shouts, and then bound him with his face upward upon it. Then the nine spears were laid at the proper intervals on the ground in front of the altar. The saddle and bridle and sword and axe of Triglav were laid beside them. The High Priest signalled again, and Felsav uttered a peculiar shrill sound, which the horse of Triglav had been trained to obey.

The horses came trotting up as they had been accustomed to do at the sign, but not whinnying and bounding as usual: they snorted and stamped and plunged and kicked. It was an evil omen. Then came a second similar cry, and Triglav's horse advanced before the rest. He was the largest of the herd, and exceedingly powerful and beautiful, and in general tame and docile, so that a child might lead

him. But now he moved slowly and reluctantly, stopping every now and then, and lifting his head, and tossing his long mane, and panting and uttering short sharp snorts. His eye was red as fire. He looked as if possessed. A second evil omen.

Felsav trembled as he approached him. Still he suffered Primislav to bridle and saddle him, and to hang the sword and mace of Triglav on the pommel. Felsav took the bridle, but his right hand being useless, he had to employ his left hand. A third evil omen.

Then the High Priest approached the altar on which Mitslav was lying composed and silent, save that his lips were moving incessantly in prayer. Primislav chanted a hymn to the Blood God, and laid the knife of sacrifice on the victim's heart. He returned to the steed, and chanted another hymn or invocation to Triglav. He then went and stood by the first of the prophetic spears, and beckoned to Felsav to lead the horse over them. The beast advanced quietly till he reached the staff of the lance. But then instead of lifting his right foot as usual, he planted his fore-feet firmly on the ground, and would not move another inch. The evil omens seemed multiplying. Primislav frowned.

Felsav led the horse a little distance round, and then returned to the lance, but with the same result. He again led him round, but this time the horse reared up high in the air, so that he almost fell backward.

"Goad him," whispered Primislav furiously, "or we shall be baffled by the accursed horse."

Felsav knew not what to do. He was smitten with great terror. At last he let go the bridle, and drawing a dagger, he pricked the horse in the flank. In a moment the fury of the beast was overwhelming. He reared violently again, and striking out with his forefeet, he dashed the two priests to the right hand and to the left. Primislav reeled and staggered and fell forward, his forehead striking violently against the corner of the altar. But the horse, his head being free, darted forward, and then turning round, drove his hind feet with a tremendous kick right against the head of Felsav, scattering his blood and brains over the altar, and the nearest priests, and literally smashing the poor wretch's scull. He fell to the ground a corpse.

A shout of horror and dismay broke from the whole crowd. The horse bounded wildly away into the depths of the forest. Primislav rose with difficulty to his feet, tottering and staggering, and pressing his hands tight upon his forehead. He stood for a moment, and then began to laugh and to howl by turns. He tossed his arms violently over his head, and then with a swift but uncertain step, rushed away through the throng which opened in great fear before him. The blow had injured his brain. Primislav was a maniac.

The terror occasioned by the fearful spectacle ran through the whole assembled multitude. For a considerable time they stood gazing with awe-stricken eyes, and whispering to one another their mutual alarms. None dared to approach the altar on which Mitslav lay bound. It seemed as if the Gods had de-

clared against the sacrifice, and denounced their loathing of its instigators by the fearful judgment which had overtaken their leaders. Others regarded it as the work of the Christians' GOD fighting irresistibly against His adversaries.

As Mitslav lay on the altar half fainting, half wondering, at the protracted delay, he was suddenly sensible of soft lips pressing upon his aching forehead, and a gentle arm flung over his shoulder. Opening his eyes, he saw as in a dream, the pale but tender face of Illah bowing anxiously over his as if watching for the signs and breath of life. Then other kind faces thronged around. Witstack and several of the Christian priests. They swam before his eyes like images run in disturbed sleep. Presently the thongs which fastened him to the altar, fell from him, and soft hands lifted him up. Then his wounds began to bleed afresh with the motion of his sudden release, and he fainted away altogether.

Some of the less known Christians in Stettin had attended out of curiosity at the sacrifice which was to be offered near Triglav's temple, in ignorance of its real character and purport. As soon as they discovered who the victim was, they were filled with indignation and terror, and hastened into the city to Witstack and other noble Christians, to inform them of Mitslav's danger. The delay occasioned by the stubbornness of Triglav's horse, and the fearful accidents which had taken place, gave them time to assemble in force, and hasten to Mitslav's rescue. During the disturbance and confusion caused by the death of Felsav, and the frenzy of the High Priest,

the watchmen in Primislav's palace had gradually ceased from their vigilance. The cries of the multitude attracted them to the spectacle which aroused them.

Illah seeing herself unguarded, broke away from her trembling maidens, and hastened with garments floating, and hair dishevelled, toward the altar on which Mitslav lay. Her wretched father had already disappeared among the thickets. The body of Felsav was the only visible sign of the judgment which had befallen them. That lay disfigured and bleeding in the dust, all shrinking from touching it. They imagined him the object of the wrath of heaven, and dreaded lest they might participate his doom. Illah scarcely saw it. Her eyes were fixed on the altar, and the form bound upon it. Was he yet alive? It seemed as if her feet would never bear her there. He lay still motionless. Was he yet alive? At length she reached the altar, for none thought of interrupting her in the universal confusion and dismay. His eyes were closed. His face white and ghastly. She trembled with apprehension. She bent over him. He saw her not. She put her ear to his lips. O joy! He still breathed. His breath played over her cheek. She was in time to rescue him. There was yet hope. She pressed her lips to his. Then his eyes opened languidly, and he beheld his beloved. She took the knife which was lying on his bosom, and strove to cut the thongs which fastened him. Her feeble and unsteady hands were labouring with little effect at this task of love, when forms and faces gathered round them. Witstack and his companions had arrived.

The heathens were far too terrified and confounded to make any show of resistance. Many fled, more threw down their weapons, and mingled freely with the Christians, already half converted by the fate of their idolatrous chief.

Witstack therefore hastened to the altar with some of his chosen friends. He recognized Illah at her task of love. He believed her however still a heathen, and he knew not whether her devotion to her father's idolatry had prevailed over her affection for Mitslav. His fetters were now speedily divided, and carefully withdrawn from his limbs. Kind hands lifted him up, and then perceiving that the blood was oozing fast from his garments, and that he had utterly fainted, they laid him on the bier on which he had been brought, and bore him away to Witstack's house in a deep death-like swoon. His wounds however, did not appear deep, and his faintness was rather the result of utter exhaustion. As they were bearing him away, Witstack spoke words of encouragement to Illah, and she seeing Mitslav in kind and friendly hands, began to look around for her father. Ignorant of all that had occurred, she feared lest he might be much displeased at her appearance. She could not see him. Her eyes fell again on Felsav's corpse. A new and dreadful apprehension overtook her.

She looked wildly round. All guessed the meaning of the appeal. But none could bear to answer it. At last she murmured out, "Where is my father? where is Primislav?"

She perceived the troubled looks of his attendants and friends. They shook their heads sadly.

"We know not," at last they replied. "He has fled away. Sore judgments have befallen him. The terrors of the Gods are round about him. We know not whither he has fled from them."

The extent of the affliction was not as yet known, and they naturally dissembled as much as they could in relating it to Illah. With difficulty they at last persuaded her to return to her dwelling, and give directions to her attendants to search in every quarter for her father. The trials to which she had been exposed had exhausted her strength, and she fell into such a state of weakness and exhaustion, that for some time she could not leave her dwelling.

It was long before Mitslav recovered from the effect of the wounds which he had received. A violent fever occasioned by the dreadful pain, and the exposure to the wind and sun in his wounded condition, followed immediately on his previous languor. He lay for a long time hovering between life and death.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Six months had elapsed since the eventful day of Mitslav's deliverance. The attempt to sacrifice him was the last effort of the expiring idolatry of the country; and that, having failed, only increased the general disgust. In Julin, and throughout the whole of Pomerania, Otto had laboured with universal suc-

cess. City and country, noble and peasant, rich and poor, young and old, were alike converted. Everywhere churches were rapidly growing up; schools were established; choirs formed. Everywhere the old evil customs of heathenism, revenge, polygamy, infanticide, were discontinued; and a general improvement of manners and life was visible throughout the whole society. Pomerania was added to the Christian world.

Mitslav after a protracted illness of nearly three months, had removed to his own dwelling at Gützkow, where he was at length slowly and gradually though effectually recovering from his dangerous wounds, and the prostration which they had occasioned. He had not seen Illah since his eyes had closed upon her, as she bent over him on the altar of sacrifice. The history of his singular escape had been narrated to him, the terrible end of Felsav, and the accident and madness of the High Priest. He imagined that Illah was occupied in searching for her father, who had not since been heard of. To the repeated messages which he sent, the same answer assuring him that she was safe, though weak and in much grief and anxiety, was always returned. But she came not to Gützkow; and when he instantly besought an interview, a kind and tender reply petitioning always for further delay, was all that he could obtain.

By degrees his strength began to return, He could once more mount his horse, and row his skiff and dart his javelin. And as the spring was now opening into summer, he was preparing to hasten towards Stettin, and seek himself for an interview with Illah, resolved

to accept no excuse, and suffer no further delay. While his boats were making ready, as he intended to proceed by water, tidings suddenly arrived which interrupted his journey.

The inhabitants of Rugen had sent an embassy to Stettin to upbraid the Pomeranians with their apostasy from the common ancestral faith of the whole Sclavic brotherhood. They had for some time previously renounced their alliance, interdicted their commerce, and driven away their ships. Some attempts to send Christian missionaries among them, increased their fury. They proceeded to attack and sink every vessel of Stettin which they could surprise, enslaving the crews if they would not renounce Christianity. They attributed the patience of the Pomeranians to the desolation of the past years, and to the timidity and cowardice which Christianity had produced among them. They resolved therefore to assemble their own forces, and collect all the fugitive priests and other exiles, who had resorted to them from devotion to their false worship, and avenge the cause of their idols upon their apostate brethren.

The Ruthenian messengers entered Pomerania, and, going from city to city, repeated their fierce defiance, which their wild fellow-countrymen had commissioned them to utter.

"Without our counsel and consent, ye have renounced our common gods. We therefore renounce you. Ye have waged war against their temples and altars: therefore will we wage war against you. Ye have banished your priests; therefore will we expel you as vagabonds over the world. Ye have demolished

your fathers' religion; therefore shall ye perish from off the face of the earth."

Tidings presently arrived that the Ruthenians, with all the fierce Pagans and wild adventurers whom they could collect, were following fast on the heels of their ambassadors. Vessel after vessel crossed the narrow strait which divides Rugen from the mainland, and discharged its load of fierce warriors on the fertile fields of Pomerania. A force of five or six thousand men was thus formed, all inspired with fanatic zeal, and hungry for rapine and spoil, and threatening immediate destruction to every Christian whom they should encounter. They advanced with haste, plundering, burning, massacring at every step.

Mitslav was the chief of the district nearest to Rugen, Gützkow lying in that direction. There was no time to be lost. The tidings of danger appeared to restore his strength. He sent round in every direction messengers, to assemble as many Pomeranian soldiers as could be collected, and to call the inhabitants with all speed to arms.

Meanwhile, to arrest the progress of the invaders, he led out his own dependants, with the forces of the neighbourhood, to a narrow pass between the rivers Peene and Trebel, where the superior numbers of the enemy would be of less advantage, and which he might maintain till the arrival of the whole Pomeranian force.

Among the presents which Marquis Adalbert had sent to Otto were many pieces of armour, both defensive and offensive. Other nobles and princes of Germany, Poland, and Bohemia, had contributed offerings of the same kind. During the interval of

Mitslav's illness, as most of these warlike stores had been deposited at Gützkow, many of his warriors had accustomed themselves to the use of these superior equipments; and rode their large and stout horses in strong defensive panoply, hitherto confined to one or two chieftains in Pomerania.

At the head of this well-mounted band, knowing the imminent danger and inevitable calamities which would result from the invaders advancing beyond that pass, Mitslav rode toward it with all possible speed. Just as he reached it, the foremost of the Ruthenians were rushing toward it with eager precipitation. In many former forays the importance of the post had been sufficiently apparent.

Deep streams with crumbling banks were on either hand: the forest, dipping its boughs into both the rivers, ran straight across the narrow neck of land, leaving a level open sward of about a furlong's length, smooth and even as a tilt-yard, in front of it. Beyond this was a swampy marsh, interspersed with low, tufted hillocks. The forest consisted of old, huge trees, growing at regular intervals, which presented no barrier to an advancing force, but a useful shelter to a retreating one.

As Mitslav rode rapidly from underneath the shelter of the overarching branches, he met the leading stragglers of the Ruthenian pillagers; and scattering them in an instant, and hurling them into the rivers, or trampling them under the horses' hoofs, he advanced as far as the edge of the marshy ground, clearing the whole open space of every enemy. A small band of expert archers had followed him on light hackneys.

These now arrived. He dismounted, and spread them on either side along the banks of the rivers, on each side the pass.

He then rode slowly back to the forest. Presently, wild shouts and furious yells were heard; and the spears and ensigns of the invading force appeared beyond the morass. The foremost of them were principally Ruthenians, according to their custom stripped nearly naked for battle, agile and swift of foot, but impetuous and undisciplined. Behind these was a mixed force of Pagan Danes and Norwegians, and others, attracted by the hope of spoil and love of blood, and hatred of Christianity, which had exiled them from their homes.

The marshy ground, intersected with deep quagmires and treacherous mosses, retarded and disturbed, although it did not altogether prevent, the passage of the agile and light-armed Ruthenians. They emerged exhausted and in confusion on the hard, firm sward, and rushed tumultuously on toward the forest. As soon as they approached within about a bowshot, Mitslav, with his well-mounted and armed warriors dashed out in one line across the whole passage with levelled lances, and swept their disorderly and naked enemies before them, almost without opposition, clearing the whole open ground as the wind clears the threshing-floor. The horsemen then retired again to the shade of the trees, refreshing themselves and their steeds in the cool and pleasant shelter.

The same game was re-acted several times with the same success; and at length the barbarian invaders became aware of the fruitlessness of their efforts

against the panoplied horsemen under such unfavourable circumstances. They therefore sent out on either side a throng of fresh soldiers, who, plunging into the rivers, swam to the opposite banks, with the purpose of penetrating into the sides of the forest, and attacking the Pomeranians from behind. But as the rivers opened on both sides with a wide sweeping curve, it was necessary to swim them again; and there, on the high bank, in thickets of various kinds, the archers of Mitslav pierced their unarmed forms with their well-directed arrows. If any of them, through their great skill in swimming, reached the opposite side, the steep, slippery, chalky banks afforded no grasp for their hands or rest for their feet; and the archers were ready, with their short, heavy axes, to smite them while struggling to raise themselves from the water.

Thus the battle continued till the evening. Hundreds of the Ruthenians had perished; and, from the advantage of their situation and armour, not one of Mitslav's soldiers had fallen. As the evening advanced, the invaders discontinued their assaults, and rested, to spend the night in riot and revelry.

In the meantime, all day and night, fresh forces of Pomeranians came pouring in behind the thick belt of forest; and in the morning Mitslav found that his army was already nearly equal in number, and far superior in equipment, to the invaders of his country.

On the morrow, the Pomeranians drew up in a large semicircle beyond the forest, with their flanks resting on the two rivers. The half-drunken enemy pushed on again over the swamps, and now found no opposition on the open sward. Believing that the

Pomeranians had fled, they pushed on tumultuously into and through the forest, until, as they emerged from the narrow pass, they beheld with amazement and consternation the well-arrayed army ready to receive them. After a pause and hesitation which increased their embarrassment and confusion, they rushed on with headlong fury, and threw themselves on the serried spears of the Pomeranians. They could not force the line; and from time to time Mitslav, at the head of his horsemen, burst out from either flank, trampling and scattering them with a rapid charge, and then returning to the unshaken ranks of the spear-men.

By the time that the rear of the Ruthenian forces had pushed over the morasses, their whole army was huddled together in utter confusion; the hindmost pressing on, and the foremost driven back in wild disarray. The slaughter among them was fearful; and at last, when the Pomeranians advanced, they fled in utter rout through the forest, back toward the passage. The Pomeranians then halted; fresh troops arriving continually were sent round to the rear of the swamp.

And now the invaders were enclosed on every side, as if taken in a net. There was no advancing or retreating, nor any escape on any side. Their barbarian impetuosity changed naturally into panic-stricken despondency; they were worn with toil and exhausted with hunger. They sent messengers to sue for mercy. Then Mitslav, convoking the chief Pomeranians, said,

"Our enemies are in our power; our LORD has blessed our arms. Let us show these idolaters and

blasphemers that we are Christians. They would have made me a sacrifice to their gods; let us make of them a sacrifice to our GOD. Let us spare them; let us forgive them. It will please the venerable Otto; it will turn to our own welfare."

It was not without difficulty that Mitslav prevailed on his followers to agree to his proposal. At last his urgent exhortations, backed by the sense of his valour and skill to which their victory was owing, overcame their reluctance to spare the plundering and blood-thirsty invaders.

The Ruthenian messengers were summoned. "Tell ye your companions," said Mitslav to them, "that they have wronged us deeply; that heretofore we should have made captives of them all, and reduced them to bondage and bitter servitude. But now we are Christians: we forgive them. If they will swear to restore all their spoil, and to come no more to assail us, we will dismiss them free and unharmed. Only, hereafter, if Christians visit your shores, let your chief show equal mercy; let them not forget the kindness of Christians. Let them hearken to their words, as we have done. Now return ye to them who sent you."

The amazement and relief of the Ruthenian army at the unexpected message can scarcely be described. They gladly flung down their weapons, and marched peaceably forth, to yield themselves up to their conquerors. They were received with gentleness, and liberally feasted; and then, returning to their vessels, they sailed back to Rugen, to narrate their wonderful deliverance.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mitslav was returning to Gützkow. His wounds had opened afresh in the exertion of the battle. When the excitement was over he felt a deep languor and debility stealing over him, and was compelled to embark in a boat that he might recline at ease, and find some respite in its quiet motion. As they glided along the Peene they heard a deep groan upon the bank. Then came a second and a third. They turned to look up. Fastened to a tree stood a tall human form, with tattered but gorgeous rags hanging about his meagre limbs. Three or four arrows were sticking in different parts of his body. Notwithstanding his weakness Mitslav started up. He recognized, through filth and rags and the meagreness of famine, and the pallor of death, the face of Illah's father. It was the unhappy Primislav.

A party of the wild Ruthenians whom he had summoned into the country, as they roved in search of plunder, met him wandering in idiotcy through the woods. Attracted by the gems on the raiment of his pontifical robes, they bound him struggling to a tree, and tore off the jewels on his garments, while he laughed, and howled, and mocked them all the while. Then removing a little distance, they turned and shot at him with their arrows, and departed, leaving him to bleed to death, or die of hunger and thirst in the solitude of the forest.

Mitslav bade his followers lift him from the boat.

With what strength he had left he moved to the tree. His men cut the thongs with which the ruffians had bound him. Water was brought, and he drew out the arrows and washed the wounds, supporting Primislav with the tenderness of a father. The dying man meanwhile at first kept gibbering and moaning by turns, and shaking his head to and fro, and lolling out his tongue. It was a spectacle to break the heart. The blood kept welling fast. He lay calm and motionless for a few minutes. Suddenly he opened his eyes; reason seemed to have returned in his death-pang. He looked round. He fixed his eyes on Mitslav with an intense eager gaze. It was evident that he recognized him. Mitslav felt him press his hand. He strove to speak, but in vain. The words died on his lips. At last Mitslav heard him murmur,—"Illah, forgive——." Then his eyes glazed, his jaw fell, and he sank back dead.

They bore him and Mitslav, who could no longer walk back to the boat, and resumed their voyage to Gützkow. Primislav was buried in the grove, near the place where he had once reared the temple of Lada for Illah. Mitslav was borne himself in deep affliction to his sick chamber, where his wounds were again salved. Another remedy, however, beside leech-craft soon arrived,—a remedy both for sickness and for sorrow.

Seven days after Mitslav's return to Gützkow, tidings came that Otto and Witstack with a large company of friends were approaching the city. Duke Wartislav also was soon to follow, with his Duchess and many attendants. Greatly was Mitslav comforted when he

heard of Otto's arrival. Immediately on his entrance the Bishop hastened to the sick man's chamber. He embraced the young man with more than parental tenderness.

"O my son," he said, "I grieve to see you thus laid again upon the couch of sickness; and yet I rejoice more to hear of all your noble deeds. I speak not of your victory over your enemies. You are used to such triumphs, and you know their nothingness. I speak of your victory over your friends, over their vengeance, and their cupidity. Many and great are the debts of gratitude which not I only but the whole Church of GOD owe you. The real conversion of Pomerania, which GOD hath wrought through me the worst of sinners, is mainly owing to your courage and example. And I owe my life three times to your assistance; and now you redouble my life by teaching all your countrymen the great lesson of mercy and forgiveness. You have spared and blessed your enemies. May the LORD spare and bless you."

"O my father," said the young chief, "speak not thus of one such as I have been. What had I now been, had you never brought the Gospel to us? Do not I owe myself to you? Speak not of gratitude. And now, my father, what can I do more? Deep thoughts and solemn musings have been around me in my sickness. May I not part from the world? May I not seek some holy solitude, and devote myself to prayer, and to the salvation of my soul?"

"Ah, noble Mitslav!" answered the Bishop, "I have other things yet for you to do. I cannot spare you, nor yield you up to holy and devout retirement.

We have many holy solitaries. I need here princes who shall give a fair light to the world, and strengthen the new-born Church of Pomerania with strong hands and pure lives. I know well that if some holy cell received you, you would fulfil your sacred engagements, even with more stedfastness than you showed in your earthly undertakings. But I must leave here those who will exhibit the munificence of princely liberality and of Christian charity, and all the sanctities of domestic life, as well as faithful bishops and priests to supply my place when I am gone. You must show for me such a Christian home, such a Christian household and family."

A pang shot through Mitslav's heart. He remembered Illah.

"You know how I have loved, my father. I have kept back no thought from you. You know where I have set my affection; and as I have fixed it where the Church may not bless it, how can I ever have home or family? I cannot forget, nor love another than, Illah."

Otto smiled kindly. Mitslav started. A beam of joy shot over his forehead. He knew that Otto could not mock him.

"Can you bear to see the same, and yet another, another, and yet the same?"

There was a rustle in the tapestry which covered the entrance of the chamber. It caught Mitslav's ear. His heart beat high, it prophesied to him who was coming. Illah entered the apartment. Mitslav sprang up. In a moment they were locked in one another's arms. The Bishop led them to a couch, and seated them upon it with a gentle violence. Mits-

lav looked earnestly at the maiden; she was robed in white. He recognized the Christian garment. A jewelled cross hung from her neck, a present of Otto. Mitslav recognized the Christian sign.

"It is another Illah, for she is a Christian. The same, for she loves you as ever."

Thus saying, Otto withdrew. It was indeed Illah—and Illah was a Christian. Loud sounded the clarions which heralded the entrance of the Duke and Duchess into Gützkow. But there were two who heard them not, and they were Mitslav and the Christian Illah. They were hearkening to the louder music of their own pure love.

Six weeks after the arrival of Otto at Gützkow, there was a great commotion in the city. All the citizens were abroad, young and old men and maidens, arrayed in their best apparel, all with holiday faces, and all hastening to the church. It had now grown into a beautiful edifice. Otto's skill and wealth, and Mitslav's abundant stores, and presents from every quarter to the deliverer of their country, had been freely expended in elevating and adorning the structure within and without. The walls were hung with gorgeous tapestry. The altar blazed with silver, and gold, and jewels. The sweet voices and musical skill of Pomerania, trained under Otto's commands to holier and happier melodies than they had known in the days of their idolatry, were uttering glorious hymns.

The Duke and Duchess in splendid garments, with coronets of gold and pearl, and all the chief nobility of the land, and all the loving inhabitants of Gützkow who could throng into the building to do honour

to their beloved chief, in glittering dresses and covered with jewels or flowers according to their means, filled every inch of room in the church. And Otto, in his pontifical robes with ministering priests, was standing at the altar, and under a glittering canopy of golden tissue two forms were kneeling. Need I say they were Mitslav and Illah? Soon their hands were joined, and the ring was set on her finger, and the vow was repeated in broken tones of deep and tearful emotion. They rose a Christian man and wife.

High feast was kept in the castle and throughout the city on that day after the sacred services. Yet Illah wept, for she thought of her father, and of his tomb beneath the trees. But Mitslav mingled his tears with hers, and she was comforted. Otto had hastened the wedding, for he was summoned to his diocese. Beseeching blessings on the converted land, and especially on the pair whom he had just united, his dear and loving children, amidst the universal tears of the whole country, on the morrow he departed.

NOTES.

The Sclavonians.[1]

Of the races which from the mighty ridges of the Caucasus and the vast plains beyond them, known to the ancients generally under the name of Scythians, have overflowed and occupied the greater part of Northern Europe, and from thence seem filling or subduing half the world, there are in general reckoned five original families, the Teutons, the Celts, the Iberians, the Finns, the Sclavonians, doubtless originally related together, perhaps sprung from the same stock, but differing much in numbers, character, religious views, disposition, habits, fortune.

The Sclavonic race is now computed at from seventy to eighty millions, and is divided into two main branches, the East and West Sclavonians. The former are Russians, Poles, Silesians; the latter Bohemians, Moravians, Servians, Wends, and Pomeranians.

Varieties of soil, climate, landscape, the domination or partial intermixture of other races would naturally and necessarily produce many different customs, and bring forth many different aspects among so numerous and widespread a people.

The vast sterile Steppes or wide fertile plains of Russia, the romantic defiles and woody mountains of Bohemia, the

[1] Slave, Slavic, Slavonian, is the more correct form, but from the confusion resulting from the use of the word Slave as describing the nation, and slave as designating the condition of slavery, it seems advisable to use in English the form Sclave, Sclavonian, &c.

level rich pastures of Pomerania with its lakes, rivers, and harbours, would, in the course of time, form the feelings and manners of their inhabitants after the peculiar character of their scenery and productions.

The vicinity and intercourse of the peaceful Finn, the savage Hun, the warlike Scandinavian, would heighten and increase these differences, and impart much of their various character to the Sclavonians bordering upon them.

Nevertheless, even to the present day, a strong family likeness pervades every portion of this extended and divided race; and the higher we ascend the stream of time, the stronger, naturally, are the marks and evidences of the identity of their origin. Such as they are described by the Emperors Maurice and Leo in the seventh and eighth centuries, or as they appear before the Emperor Basil, the Macedonian, at the close of the ninth; or on the banks of the Dwina and the Dnieper, in the same century, or a hundred years later in Bohemia,[1] or on the margin of the Baltic in the twelfth century,[2] such do they still appear even in the present century.[3]

[1] See poem of Zaboy translated further on.

[2] As is manifest from the history of Mitslav.

[3] They (the Wends, a Sclavonian people,) are a lively, strong, and laborious people, engaged in agricultural pursuits and fishery. Their religious disposition is manifested by their diligent attendance at church, and by frequently uttered wishes and expressions of a pious nature, as well as by their rectitude and commendable manners. Their honesty, hospitality, and sociability are generally acknowledged; and so is their frugality, cleanliness, conjugal fidelity, and many other praiseworthy qualities. They are, moreover, peaceful; and although, like many other Sclavonic nations, they have no military spirit; they are bold in the defence of their homes, and their recruits, when properly drilled, have earned on many occasions the reputation of valiant soldiers. Even under the hard pressure of predial bondage, the Wends have retained their harmless cheerfulness and mirth, which they possess in common with many other Sclavonic nations, and their sober contented mind, which is manifested in their very numerous

In the cities of Kiew, Novgorod, Karenz, Retra, (in Mecklenburg) Arkona, Stettin, and the circumjacent countries, we find substantially the same disposition, language, manners, and religion up to the introduction of Christianity in the several regions; although among writers of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the branches established on the Baltic shores are emphatically the Sclavonians.

The names of the deities, the government of their worshippers varied indefinitely; but there was everywhere a similar division, order, and rank in the supernatural hierarchy of the heavens; and on earth a similar amiability, passionateness, hospitality, a similar mixture of licence and submissiveness, vehemence and inactivity, kindliness and cruelty, a similar attachment to an earthly hierarchy,[1] an eager but blind devotion to their religion, a similar love for music and song, a similar fondness for pastoral and agricultural pursuits, and in general a similar backwardness in arts and manufactures.

national songs. And, indeed, merry tunes resound in their homes and in their fields, when they are at work, or enjoying a social circle. They are equally fond of dancing. It frequently happens to this day, that milk-maids sing for wages, and shepherds play on horns and bagpipes their national songs. These airs are generally of an erotic character; they sometimes express complaints about the loss or the infidelity of the beloved one. Many of them have an elegiac character, and are full of enthusiastic and imaginative thoughts on the beauty of nature, the instability of earthly things, and the destiny of man, with a strong belief in the marvellous.—Blicke in die Vaterlandische Vorzeit von Karl Preusker, II. 179. Krazinski, History of Sclavonic Nations, pp. 4, 5.

[1] It is remarkable how many of these traits are to be seen in the Russians of the present day, the worst of them in particular enhanced by the serfdom of the great body of the people. Their Christianity resembles too much their ancient idolatry, the Emperor, however, having practically usurped the place of High Priest.

The Religion of the Sclavonians.

While the religion of the Teutons and Scandinavians took chiefly a triadical form, the religion of the Sclavonians was rather dualistic. In this dualism, the hierarchical character of its Pantheon, and its strictly hierarchical ministry upon earth, we see distinct traces of an oriental origin.[1]

All the Sclavonians (as indeed all nations, at least those of Caucasian origin,) seem to have recognized the unity of the Godhead. The Indians,[2] the Greeks, the Romans, notwithstanding their polytheism, as well as the Scandinavian nations, appear in the same way to recognize one Supreme Being, Almighty, father of gods and men.

[1] S. Boniface, the Anglo-Saxon apostle of the Germans, mentions in a letter to Ethelbald, king of Mercia, that the custom of the wives committing suicide at their husband's death prevailed among the Sclavonians. "This custom," says Krazinski, (Rel. History of Sclav., p. 15 note) "is considered by some writers as pointing to an Indian origin of the Sclavonians.

[2] *Θεόν μεν γὰρ ἑνὰ τὸν τῆς ἀστραπῆς δημιοῦργον, ἅπάντων κύριον μόνον αὖτον νομίζουσιν εἶναι.*—Procopius de bello Getico, III. 14.

Again, Helmold, (a priest of Holstein who wrote a Chronicle of the Sclavonians,) says, "The Sclavonians have many different idolatries, and do not agree in their superstitious rites. Many gods are believed to inhabit the woods, and have no images to represent their figures, while others are represented with three or more heads, (e.g., Triglav and Suantovit). But in the midst of so many deities to which they ascribe the protection of their fields and woods, &c., they confess that there is a God in heaven commanding all the others, but having the care only of heavenly things. They say that all other gods issued from his blood, and that some of them are superior to others, in the same degree as they are nearer to the great God, who gives them their different employments."—Helmold, Chron. Sclav. l. i. 33.

As Tertullian[1] has remarked in his striking "Testimony of the Soul," the very nature of man, when at all civilized, bears witness to this unity, and renders an homage, for which it cannot account, to an Object Whose existence it feels, although it neither owns nor expresses its belief distinctly.

From Him Who was esteemed in different places, more or less remote from mankind, proceed forth the other deities, deities on the dualistic theory of light and darkness, life and death, good and evil.[2]

To the chief of these derived deities the attributes, power, and dominion of the Supreme GOD are often assigned. He is His actual representative in heaven and earth. Hence, his name differs in various regions. One portion of the race may recognise him under one title, and another under another; but each, in reality, identifies its chief god in the heavenly hierarchy with the Supreme and Self-existent Deity. Osiris, Ormuzd, Brama, Siva, Zeus, Jupiter, Odin, Perun, Suantovit, Rudegart, Triglav, Wainemoinen, among Egyptians, Persians, Indians, Greeks, Romans, Scandinavians, the various Sclavonians, and the Finns, all were at

[1] Omnis anima suo jure proclamat quæ nobis nec muttire conceditur. Deum prædicabas, et non requirebas, dæmonia abominabaris, et illa adorabas; judicium dei appellabas, nec esse credebas; inferna supplicia presumebas, et non præcavebas; Christianum nomen sapiebas, et Christianum persequebaris.—Tertullian. de Testimon. Anima ad fin.

[2] Indeed in the Wendish and Pomeranian religion, there was a double dualism in regard to the superior deities. They were divided into white and black gods, and again regarded separately as Counsellors or Enchanters (acting through nature or against nature). Hence the supreme deity had four aspects, as the author of life and of death, of counsel and of delusion, and the nearer any deity approached him, the more of these aspects did he possess. The lower and subordinate gods personified some one particular attribute or accident.

times distinguished from, at times and in common parlance identified with the All-Father, by their several worshippers.

Bog was the name for God amongst the Sclavonians, especially the east Sclavonians. From him, in what way is not recorded, sprang the Light, or White, Gods, and the Black Gods, or gods of darkness. These were very numerous, and differently named among the different Sclavonic nations; but, though under different titles, they still reappear as similar deities.[1]

They were represented by idols, in some cases of rude execution, with several heads and arms and weapons, in other instances of later date, works or imitations of Grecian art, the productions of which were widely dispersed through all the Pagan world, even to the remotest North.

But as in the Indian and Egyptian, and, in a less degree, in the Classical and the Finnish and Scandinavian religions, allegorical ideas, the objects and processes of nature, the motions of the heavens, and the seasons of the earth were represented and adored under these various idol forms. Thus Morena (or Zemargla), the goddess of death, was also the decline of the year and the power of Winter. Lada, the goddess of love, was also the Spring, and its reviving influence coming upon earth, as Venus, in the opening of the poem of Lucretius.[2] Suantovit, with his full horn at

[1] Bielbog, who, at Kiew, was Perun the lightning-darter, was Znitsch the ethereal life-warmth, at Novgorod; the essential light (Suantovit) at Arkona; at Rethra, Rudegart, or mind; at Stettin, Triglav the three-headed, (which three heads were said by the priests to signify that he is lord in heaven, in earth, and under the earth, and his face was veiled because he is long-suffering to overlook the sins of men). Andreæ Vita S. Ottonis, lib. iii. c. 1. Compare Southey's description of Yamen in his two forms, in the "Curse of Kehama."

[2] "Alma Venus cœli subter labentia signa
Quæ mare navigerum, quæ terras frugiferentes

Arkona, in Rugen was the universal Light, pouring life in its fulness throughout creation.

There seem to have been some ideas and even names common to the whole of the Northern religions, as, in particular, we find Hela equivalent to the Greek Hades, the goddess and the abode of the departed amongst the Sclavonic and Finnish as well as the Scandinavian deities. In other instances, the religion of the different Sclavonic nations was much influenced by that of their neighbours. Thus, in several particulars, the Teutonic faith and practice mingled with the worship of the Pomeranians and Wends, while, over the Russian and east Sclavonic, the Finnish exercised a more decided influence. These three religions, indeed, show manifest traces either of a common origin, or, at least, of much mutual intercommunication. The Finnish and Sclavonic, most especially, are very nearly related together.

The Light or White Gods were inhabitants of heaven, Dii Superi; the Black Gods, or powers of darkness, the Dii Inferi, dwelt beneath the earth. The former were beneficent; the latter, principally, though not entirely, of a malignant character. They were mostly opposed in the way of contrast, by pairs, one to the other, the white and good power to the black and evil power; e.g., Lada to Morena, Bielbog to Zernebog, the chieftain of all the powers of darkness. Besides these general deities, each particular branch of the race had its several local deities, to the chief of which, as previously observed, the attributes of the higher and supreme deity were assigned. There were both gods and goddesses in all relations and connec-

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Concelebras."

"Tibi suaves dædala flores
Submittit littus, tibi rident æquora ponti
Pacatumque nitet diffuso lumine cœlum.'

Lucretius ad inc.

tions with one another, in the Sclavonic as in all other heathen mythologies. Besides these superior deities, there were gods of the woods, rivers, and fountains, analogous to the various demigods, and the nymphs, and satyrs, and fauns of the Grecian and Roman superstitions. The Sclavonians also, as the Classical nations, the Romans in particular, personified and deified the passions or accidents of mankind, Terror,[1] Famine and the like.

All the Sclavonians seem clearly to have recognized the immortality of the soul, although we have no clear record of their conception of a future state. The soul is described as resembling a bird;[2] that of warriors, a bird of prey, before which real feathered birds flee, shivering and trembling; that of children or of women is imaged as a dove-like bird. The souls come out of the bodies at death, and open their wings and flee away apparently to Hela, where they dwell in comparative happiness or misery, or else the good ascend to the light gods, to dwell with them in peace and plenty, while Zernebog and the powers of darkness seize upon the evil. The description, however, of the condition after death is, on the whole, if less material, yet more indistinct and mournful than in the Scandinavian mythology. It resembles more the view which Homer gives us, especially in the Necyomanteia of the Odyssey.[3]

[1] Thus, in the poem of Zaboy :—

"From the war-field, Terror drives them."

[2] In the same poem of Zaboy :—

"Here they swarm, the troops of spirits,
To and fro from tree to tree," &c.

[3] See the passages in the Odyssey :—

"Ὡς δ' ὅτε νυκτερίδες μυχῷ ἄντρου θεσπεσίοιο
τρίζουσαι ποτέονται
ὣς αἱ τετριγυῖαι ἅμ' ἦϊσαν."

"ψυχὴ δ' ἠΰτ' ὄνειρος ἀποπταμένη πεπότηται."

"Μὴ δή μοι θάνατόν γε παραύδα, φαίδιμ' Ὀδυσσεῦ
βουλοίμην κ' ἐπάρουρος ἐὼν θητεύεμεν ἄλλῳ

One very remarkable, perhaps the most remarkable, feature of the Sclavonic religion was the predominance of the hierarchical element, with all its usual consequences. It almost rivalled the Indian or Egyptian religious constitutions, in the number, order, and power of its priestly ranks and offices. In every town there was a temple, with its particular deity and priests and wise men. Several of these "parishes" made a circle or diocese, with superior priests, and over these was an Arch or High Priest, in the various nations into which the Sclavonians were divided. The power of the High Priest (except where united to the sovereignty, as seems to have been the case early in Russia,) in general interfered with, often nearly equalled, sometimes even surpassed, the temporal power and authority of the Dukes or Princes of the various states.[1]

The chief temples had numerous priests and priestesses, with subordinate attendants. A regular portion of the various revenues of the inhabitants—a poll-tax in some places, and mostly a tenth, sometimes even a third, of all spoil and plunder—supported them in considerable luxury and state. The usual accompaniments of a heathen hierarchy—a certain civilization, the appropriation and

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ἀνδρὶ παρ' ἀκλήρῳ, ᾧ μὴ βίοτος πολὺς εἴη,
ἢ πᾶσι νεκύεσσι καταφθιμένοισιν ἀνάσσειν."

"ἀμφὶ δέ μιν (sc. Herculis eidolon) κλαγγὴ γενετ' οἰωνῶν ὡς πάντοσ' ἀτυζομένων."

[1] See several instances in the History of Otto, (recorded in the story of Mitslav,) which implies throughout the dread which the Duke entertained of the Priests, especially the Chief Priest of Triglav at Stettin. Cf. Helmold, Chron. Sclav. ii. 12. "Sacerdos ad nutum sortium, et porro rex et populus ad illius nutum pendent." And, i. 2, Rugiani "soli habent regem extra quorum sententiam nihil agi de publicis rebus fas est, adeo metuuntur propter familiaritatem deorum." Adam Brem. i. 36. "Major Flaminis quam regis veneratio apud ipsos (sc. Rugianos) est."

amalgamation of foreign opinions and customs, without any organic alteration—followed. Hence, also, came an elaborate, though trifling, system of oracles and omens, a mechanism of "pious frauds," a religious poetry, an organized arrangement of festivals and ceremonies, a net-work of devotional or superstitious practices thrown over the whole daily life of all the people. These all combined to extend and confirm the authority of the priesthood.

The first great metropolis of the Sclavonic religion appears to have been Kiew, then Novgorod (or New-town). Hence it moved to Retra (in Mecklenburgh); thence to Karenz. Afterwards it passed to Winneta, a city in the island of Wollin, at the mouth of the Oder. On the destruction of Winneta, it seems to have rested at Julin, and then Stettin became its chief seat at the period of Otto's labours. On the overthrow of the Pagan superstition, effected by him in the mainland of Pomerania, Arkona, in the island of Rugen, succeeded to the primacy. This city, and its priesthood, and religion, were attacked by Waldemar, King of Denmark, A.D. 1170, and by him utterly destroyed. Saxo Grammaticus has described the city, its worship, and overthrow; and as he accompanied King Waldemar, whose secretary he was, in his expedition, his testimony has the authenticity of a credible and sensible eye-witness. Several particulars in "Mitslav" have been gleaned from his narrative, as, being written so soon after Otto's conversion of Pomerania, it has nearly the authority of a contemporary history.

The same King Waldemar also overthrew Karenz in Rugen, and completed the ruin of Julin, which had been partially destroyed by fire from heaven. This city, which Saxo calls the noblest city of the province, and Sebastian Munster (Cosmograph. lib. iii. 771,) declares (with a somewhat large exaggeration,) inferior to none of the most illustrious cities, and describes as full of wealth and noble

buildings, seems certainly to have been the great emporium of Northern Germany for a short period. Its population was a collection of all the Northern races, and was very warlike and extremely successful in commerce and piracy. It thrice defeated and captured Sueno, King of Denmark. Otto is said to have baptized 22,000 persons, so that its population must have been very considerable.[1]

After it was ruined by Waldemar, it gradually sank and melted away into the little town or village of Wollin, which stands on a corner of the ancient site. The Bishopric which Otto founded was translated to Kammin.[2]

There seem to have been two kinds of idols in use among the Sclavonians: one made of wood, and as large as, or larger than, life; sometimes with several arms and heads, and of ruder and older workmanship; sometimes, as previously noticed, after the beautiful patterns of Grecian sculpture. The other kind was formed of the precious metals. These were small figures, with the peculiar attributes of the various gods, and were carried, or elevated, or otherwise used in the various feasts and ceremonies which abounded in the jocund and riotous religion of the nation.

Human sacrifices (as throughout the North) appear to have been not unfrequently offered to appease the Black Gods, or to ensure success, or to obtain oracles.

The East Sclavonians seem to have buried, the West Sclavonians to have burned their dead. Until the body was burned, the soul was not free to depart, but sate perched and moaning on some neighbouring tree.

Horses were commonly sacred,[3] and kept and employed for devotional and oracular purposes, in all the Northern religions, the Finnish certainly, and Scandinavian, as well as

[1] London at that time contained about 40,000 inhabitants.

[2] See Stephan's Notes to Saxo Grammaticus, p. 197.

[3] See Tacitus de Mor. Germ., c. x.; Grimm's Deutsche Myth. s. 878.

the Sclavonic. It is needless to remind the classical student how often they figure in the ancient mythologies, or to make long mention of the sacred steeds of Cappadocia and Pontus.

At Arkona the sacred horses[1] were preserved and employed in almost the same way as at Stettin. The chief difference was that, at Arkona they were white, at Stettin black. The breed described in Otto's Life seems to be the original of the famous black Holstein breed.

The sacredness of groves and birds (the hawks in particular were sacred among the Sclavonians,) was so universal throughout all idolatrous religions, that it needs no illustration.

The Musical Character of the Sclavonians.

Herder remarks that they lead a joyous musical life. An anecdote, as Krasinzki has remarked, mentioned by the Byzantine historians, demonstrates, in a striking light, their musical character. Three captive Sclavonians were brought before the warlike Emperor Basil I. They carried in their hands citherns, which they declared to be the only weapon in use amongst their people. The cithern is the barbitos, (warito, in the Sclavonic,) evidently a corruption of the Greek word.[2] Thus it is designated in the old Sclavo-Bohemian poem of Zaboy, who takes his cithern (warito) to sing to, even in his vehement warlike exhortations :—

"Yea, the gods (he says) love valiant singers."

There is a graceful but brief sketch of the early Sclavonian people and religion, in the beginning of Krasinzki's

[1] See the passage from Saxo Grammaticus, describing the Temple of Suantovit at Arkona, in a subsequent note.

[2] "ἃ βάρβιτος δὲ χορδαῖς
ἔρωτα μοῦνον ἀχεῖ."—*Anacreon.*

See also the passage from the modern book of travels, quoted in a former note.

Religious History of that people. The great authority, however, is Mone, Nördliche Heidenthum, vol. i.

The curious poem of Zaboy is here subjoined in a literal translation from the German, which is itself a translation from the Sclavonic.

From the black wood shoots a tall crag.
Up the crag mounts mighty Zaboy.
On all sides he overlooks the country.
Woe from all sides round breathes sadly to him;
Deep he sighs, as when the doves are plaining;
Long he sits, long broods he on the sorrow;
Then, like stag, he bounds down the waste forest;
Forth the warrior hastes from man to man; then
Hastes from brave to brave throughout the whole land.
To the gods he tendeth;
Then to others wendeth.

And one day is ended:
Ended now another:
And when Luna now the third night lightens,
In the Black Wood gather all the warriors.
At their head then Zaboy
Leads them to the valley,
Leads to the far forest,
To the deepest valley,—
Deep down then beyond them,
Deep withdraweth Zaboy,
Takes he his clear cithern:

"Warriors! Brother Spirits!
With the fiery glances,
Sing I you a lay now.
From my heart it springeth,
From my deepest heart-thought,
In affliction buried.

"To his sires a sire goes,
On his land he leaveth
His young orphan children,

Leaves his widow'd spouses;
And to no one saith he,—
'Brother! to my dear ones,
Speak in father's language.'"

For then comes the stranger,
On his land with force comes,
And with stranger-language,
Here the stranger spoils us.

"And what custom is there
In the strangers' country,
Women that and children
Humbly learn to follow;
[1] And one partner only
Shall from life's young spring-time,
Mate us to its winter.

"From the groves they've chasèd all the kestrils;
And to strange gods, whom the stranger honours,
Must we stoop in worship,
Must we victims offer.
'Fore our gods no more now
Dare we bow our foreheads;
Nor the banquet spread for them in twilight;
Where our fathers to the gods spread banquets;
Where they went to raise the hymn of praises.
All our trees they've hewed;
All our gods they've broken.

"Ha, thou singest, Zaboy!
Sing'st, from heart to heart, thus,
In the midst of sorrow,
Sing'st thy song, like Lumir,
Who, with word and music,
Mov'd strong Wysehrad and every region;
Thus, thou me, and all thy brethren;
Yea, the gods themselves, love valiant singers.
Sing then, since to thee 'tis given,
'Gainst the foe to sing from heart-thought."

[1] Showing the custom of polygamy.

Zaboy look'd on Slavoy
With red burning glances,
And storm'd on, in song his deep heart utt'ring:

"Two young sons, whose voices
Were to man's voice swelling,
Went forth to the forest.
There, with sword and war-axe,
And with pointed lances,
Train'd they them to battle.
Home then came they softly;
Home returned they then with gladness;
When their arm was now to manhood strengthened,
And their soul to manhood 'gainst the foeman,
And their brethren also with them strengthen'd,
Ha! then burst they all upon the foemen,
And their wrath was tempest-storm of heaven.
To their home then swift returned,
Swift return'd—the future blessings."

Ha! then sprang they all around to Zaboy;
In their valiant arms they close embrac'd him;
And their hands then laid they,
Round from heart to heart thus.
Swift the word flew round from one to other,
And the night swept on to morning;
And they went together from the valley,
Forth along the tree-side,
Forth in every part from out the forest.

One day soon was over;
Fast went by another;
After them the third day.
When the third night 'gan to darken,
Zaboy seeks the forest;
After Zaboy trooping warriors.
Slavoy seeks the forest;
After Slavoy trooping warriors:
All full trusting their commanders,

All against the King indignant,
All with glittering weapons."

"Up now! brother Slavoy!
Up to the Blue Mountain.
There each region round behold we;
Thitherward our footsteps turn we;
There at sundown from the mountain
See a dusky forest;
Reach we then our hands t'each other;
Then descend with fox-leaps:
That way also my end reach I."

"Ha! how! brother Zaboy!
What! shall then our weapons
First foam terror from the mountain?
Rather hence right onward tempest
On the tyrant's robber squadrons."

"Hear then, brother Slavoy!
Wouldst destroy the serpent?
Crush his head,—and so 'tis ended:
And his head,—there lies it."

Thus the army parts within the forest,
Parts to right hand, parts to left hand;
Here moves onward under Zaboy;
There at bidding of impetuous Slavoy;
On through green wood, on to the Blue Mountain.

Now the sun the fifth time glitter'd:
To each other reach'd their hands the warriors;
And with eyes of foxes look'd they forth then
On the tyrant's army.

"All his host must with us hurtle,
All his host at Ludiek's signal.
Ludiek! thou art but a servant,
Servant o'er the tyrant's servants,
Say then to thy haughty despot,
That henceforth we count his threat a vapour."

Furious waxes Ludiek.
Swift and stern he musters his battalions.
Bright around the vault of heav'n is blazing,
And a flash shoots up the sun out dazzling
From the tyrant's army,
Every foot for onset ready,
Every hand on sword at Ludiek's bidding.

"Up now, brother Slavoy,
Haste thee hence with foxes' boundings—
Right upon the front I meet them."

And right on drives Zaboy
Forward, like the rattling hailstorm.
And forth bursteth Slavoy
On the flank, like rattling hailstorm.

"Brother ha! behold these
Dash'd our gods to pieces;
These our trees down hewed;
From the groves these chas'd the kestrils—
O ye gods, the victory give us!"

Wild with fury Ludiek against Zaboy
Dashes his innumerable robbers.
Zaboy against Ludiek
Forward bursts with eyes that vomit lightnings.
As when oak 'gainst oak tree raveth
From the forest onward rushing
Zaboy darteth against Ludiek
Far before the army.

See ye, Ludiek hews with weighty falchion.
In the shield he cleaves three ox-hides.
Zaboy hews with his dread war-axe.
Ludiek springs aside escaping.
A tall tree the axe strikes;
And the tree falls on the squadrons—
Home go thirty warriors to their fathers.

" Yells the furious Ludiek
Ha! thou raging monster;
Ha! thou dread tremendous dragon,
Fight thou with me with thy falchion!"

Then his falchion Zaboy swinging
Hews in half his foeman's buckler.
Ludiek smites with falchion;
But the falchion down the hide-shield slippeth.
Each with dread strokes 'gainst the other flameth.
Ceaseless each the other heweth.

Earth around with blood is moisten'd.
And with blood the heroes
Dye themselves all over
In the hideous carnage.

Past the noon the sun advances;
Past the noon, and now draws on the evening.
Yet endures the battle;
And nor here, nor there, was show of yielding.
So here fought they under Zaboy;
So here fought they under Slavoy.

" Hence to hell, thou robber!
Wilt thou dream to drink our blood more?"

Zaboy lifts the war-axe—
Swift aside springs Ludiek.
Zaboy high in air the war-axe whirling,
Hurls it at his foeman.
Flies the axe the foe to—
And his shield it pierces;
On beyond the shield it pierces;
Ludiek's breast it pierces;
Hark! before the heavy axe the soul shrieks.
Then the soul the war-axe catches;
And on 'mid the host darts full five fathom.

Anguish wakes her shrill scream in the foe's mouth;
From the conqueror's mouth joy shouteth—

Shouteth from the mouth of conquering Zaboy;
Flashes from his joylit eyeballs.

"Brother ha! the gods now
Us have victory given.
Part ye now, one squadron to the right hand—
Part ye now, one squadron to the left hand—
Bring ye horses out of every valley.
Let the wood neigh out with horses!

"Ha! my brother Zaboy,
Ha! thou valiant lion!
Cease not storming on the foeman."

Zaboy slings his buckler from him;
In one hand his sword, the axe in th'other,
Breaks he hither, thither,
Pathways through the foemen.
Howl aloud th' oppressors,
And the oppressors still wax feebler:
From the war field Terror drives them;
Horror from their throats loud howlings forces.

Through the wood the steeds are neighing.
Up! to horse—to horse—
Behind the foe on horseback!

On o'er every field!
Mount the rapid horses!
Let our fury trample
On their heels pursuing!
Spring the squadrons on the fiery coursers;
Bound on bound they chase the flying tyrants;
Leap on leap they snort in their wild fury.
Vanish mountains, forests,
Right and left they disappear all backwards.

Lo a torrent rattles;
Wave on wave is tumbling.
Bound on bound, on rattle all the squadrons;

Each man springs athwart the torrent's raging.
Many a foeman sweeps the flood beneath it;
But it bears its landsmen over,
Bears them to the other margin.

Far and wide o'er all the country,
As the wild-kite oping
Its wide spreading pinions
Drives the fowls before it,
Zaboy's victor squadrons
All around expanding
The whole region over,
Wildly spring the oppressors chasing,
Crush them, tread them under
With their bounding coursers.
Raging after them beneath the moonlight,
Raging after them in day's bright sunshine;
And again the murky night through;
After night in morn's grey twilight.

See! a torrent rattles;
Wave on wave is tumbling;
Bound on bound, on rattle all the squadrons.
Many a foeman sweeps the flood beneath it;
But it bears its landsmen over,
Bears them to the other margin.

"There, on yon grey mountains,
There shall cease our vengeance.

"Seest thou, brother Zaboy!
Near we are to yon grey mountains.
Small the shatter'd remnant
Of the foeman sadly fleeing.

"Back now through the champaign!
This way thou—I that way—
What the king's is, be destroy'd!"

Breezes rattle through the land;
Armies rattle through the land;

Through the land, to right and left hand,
Strong in broad ranks move the armies
On with shouts of gladness.

" Brother, see the mountains darken !
Ha ! to us the gods have
Here the victory given.
Here they swarm—the troops of spirits—
To and fro, from tree to tree.
Trembling all the wild birds
Flee in haste before them.
Ev'n the very owls have vanish'd.

" To the mount ! The corpses bring !
Give the gods their victim savour !
To the gods, the rescuers bring
Store of wealthy offerings !
Raise to them the hymn of love !
Hallow ye the vanquish'd foemen's armour !"

I add a note or two to " Zaboy," which illustrate the history of Mitslav.

V. 16.—Luna.

" Die alten Slawen nannten, und die Russen nennen noch den Mond Luna."—Notes to Königinhofer Handschrift. A collection of old Bohemian poems, translated into German, by W. A. Swoboda: Prag. 1829.

V. 51.—Hainen.

" Also auch die alten Slawen verrichteten ihren Gotterdienst in Hainen," &c. The oak groves are repeatedly mentioned in the histories of Otto's labours. See also poem of Cestmir, (line 22,) in the same collection of old Bohemian poems.

V. 65.

Lumir, the Sclavonic Orpheus, who led the rocks dancing to his music to build Wysehrad, or the High Town. Hence Dankowsky and others maintain that Homer was a Sclavonian !

V. 229.

"Tras, sprich wie Trschas, der Gott des Schreckens, der Schrech, der Zittern macht, Tremor, φοβος."

V. 289.

"Seelen schwärmen. Vogel und Geist sind dem ganzen Alterthume verwandte Begriffe. Auch hier erfahren wir, dass die Leichen der Erschlagenen vertrannt werden mussten, damit die Seelen zur Ruhe eingehen Konnte." This observation illustrates the song of Morena, (Mitslav, p. 229.)

Page 2, line 1.

There is a learned note, (which, however, does not by any means exhaust the subject,) in Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, on the question which distracted Europe in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the question of Investitures. The dispute was who should invest the Bishop elect with the staff and ring. The Sovereigns claimed this power in order to obtain the entire appointment of the Bishops, without any real election by the Clergy or Chapters, and without any interference of the Pope. The Clergy and Popes opposed this claim, partly because the staff and ring were regarded as spiritual symbols, and as conveying the pastoral power to, and uniting in spiritual wedlock to his church, the person on whom they were bestowed, partly because it did away with the freedom of election. The Popes also wished that these symbols should be at their disposal, while understood to convey the episcopal authority, thus in effect claiming the appointment of all the Bishops. With this condition they did not object (at least Gregory VII. did not) to the Bishops, swearing fealty to Kings. The conclusion of the struggle was an apparent compromise between the Papacy and the Sovereigns, resulting, however, in the real victory of the latter, for they universally obtained the *de facto* appointments of the Bishops. The

right of election by the Clergy and Laity of the dioceses, or by the Chapters of the Cathedrals, (the former was the ancient practice) was unhappily sacrificed in the struggle. The Popes, however, retained in their hands the right of conferring the Metropolitan Pallium, which they generally required the candidates to seek for at Rome. This led to many contests between the two authorities, until the gradually increasing power of the Sovereigns practically annulled the interference of the Popes. Mosheim's note, singularly enough, is very favourable to the Papacy.—Mosheim's Ecc. Hist., translated by Murdoch and edited by Reid, pages 364, 365, notes.

Page 4.

I collect a few authorities to justify this account of Sclavonic Pomerania in the time of Otto's mission, as otherwise it may seem almost apocryphal, although in reality thoroughly borne out by the most authentic evidence.

[1] They, the Sclavonians, settled everywhere on lands which other nations had relinquished, enjoying and cultivating them as husbandmen and shepherds. They were fond of agriculture and of various domestic arts; they amassed stores of corn, and reared herds of cattle; and they opened everywhere a useful trade with the produce of their lands and industry. They built along the shores of the Baltic (beginning with Lubeck) several sea-port towns, among which Wineta, situated on the island of Rugen, [this is a mistake, it was on the smaller island of Wollin, where Julin succeeded it] was the Sclavonic Amsterdam; and they maintained an intercourse with the Prussians and Lettonians, as is attested by the language [we might add the religion] of those nations. They built Kioff (or Kiew) on the Dnieper, and Novgorod on the Wolkow, which both became flourishing emporiums, uniting the trade of the Black Sea with the Baltic, and conveying the produc-

[1] Herder.

tions of the East to the north and west of Europe. In Germany they exercised mining; they understood the melting and casting of metals; they prepared salt, manufactured linen cloths, brewed mead, planted fruit-trees, and led, according to their custom, a joyous musical life. They were charitable and hospitable to prodigality, fond of freedom, yet submissive and obedient enemies of robber and plunderer.[1]

Adam of Bremen, Hist. Ecc. ii. 12, says, "Moribus et hospitalite nulla gens honestior ac benignior potest inveniri."[2]

Helmold, in his Chronicon Sclavorum, says, "that he learned on a visit by experience what he had known long before, that no nation excelled the Sclavonians in hospitality, and that if any of them, which rarely happened, was convicted of having sent away a stranger, or refused him hospitality, it was permitted to burn his house; and the man himself was unanimously pronounced infamous and a villain. Again, hospitality and care of parents are considered by the Sclavonians the first of virtues. There cannot be found amongst them a poor man or a beggar, because as soon as any one becomes unable to provide for himself through debility or old age, his relations take care of him with the greatest kindness."—Chron. Sclav. c. xii.

[1] This is a strange statement, as the inhabitants of the sea-port towns, and Julin in particular, were some of the most noted pirates and plunderers of the North. Half the history of Saxo Grammaticus describes the wars which the pirates of Julin and Pomerania waged with the Danes and other inhabitants of the North. Several facts mentioned in Mitslav on contemporary authority manifest and confirm the same fact. See also the History of the other great Missionary Vicelin.—Helmold, Chron. Sclav. vol. IV.

[2] Cf. Annalista Saxo. A. 983; who also says that incredible things are narrated about the city Wimne or Winneta.—Pertz. Scr. Germ. VI. 631.

The Byzantine writers (Leo. Strat. xi. 8; Leon. Imp. Tact. xviii. § 101, 103) give similar accounts. See also the account of the Sclavonians before Basil, the Macedonian mentioned in a former note. "This anecdote," says Krasinzki, "makes one inclined to believe that the stories about the happy and innocent[1] life of the Hyperboreans were not so entirely devoid of all foundation as it is generally supposed."

The populousness of Julin and of other cities may be inferred from a previous note and other passages collected by Stephan in his notes to Saxo Grammaticus. The account of the various productions is taken from the Life of Otto, whose biographer adds, "Si vitem et oleum et ficum haberet, terram putares esse Repromissionis propter copiam fructiferorum."

So also Mone observes, "Durch ihre Lage trieben diese Küsten bewohner sehr frühe einen ausgebreiteten Handel und hatten eine genaue Bekanntschaft mit allem Anwohnern der Ostsee. Zeugen ihres Wolstandes sind die vielen heidnischen Kirchen, die Kostbaren Götzenbilder, die wol eingerichtete Priesterschaft und die vielen und grossen Städte in alter zeit."

Page 14, line 24.

The traditions of the maritime city Winneta (about five German miles from Wolgast) are no mere fictions. Kantzow (the historian of Pomerania) saw still remaining the vast ruins of its walls projecting above the water, and its streets in the deep, and assigned to what he could see of them, the size and splendour of Lubeck. It was a rich emporium where Wends, Normans, Saxons, Greeks, (i. e. Russians) and other people settled with full, mutual toleration, and dwelt

[1] This must be received with the qualifications added in the text of my history.

in peace with one another; in a word, the Kiew of the Western Sclavonians. Through its overgrown wealth dissension and civil strife arose in Winneta. One party invoked the assistance of the Kings of Sweden and Denmark. Thus the town was partially destroyed about the end of the eighth century. Wind and water completed the destruction. The inhabitants retired to a neighbouring island at the mouth of the Oder, and the city of Julin succeeded in the place of Winneta. It was converted by Bishop Otto of Bamberg, and relapsing into idolatry was mostly destroyed by fire from heaven. King Waldemar of Denmark in the year 1170 completed its demolition. From its ruins the insignificant town of Wollin has been constructed.—Helmold, Chron. Sclav. 1, 2. Mone, vol. i. p. 174, who refers to Kantzow, Pom. Chron. I. 49. See also the notes of Stephan to Saxo Grammaticus.

Page 25, line 14.

It is curious to find in the twelfth century the same means employed for the extension of civilization as we are now at last adopting in the nineteenth century.

Page 28.

I have given a literal translation of Duke Boleslav's letter. Indeed, nearly all the speeches and letters, &c., in the narrative, are literal translations, or careful paraphrases.

Page 37, line 3.

An instance of such a capture by a Sclavonian is mentioned in Procopius de Bello Getico. See Krasinzki, p. 17.

Page 38, line 14.

Lada was identical with Simzerla among the Russians. Pogoda was her spouse, more honoured among the Poles

than Lada. She is described, says Mone, as a beautiful white-clad maiden. Her wreath and scarf were of flowers. Her feast in April. Pogoda was also young and beautiful, crowned with blue flowers, adorned with blue wings, and with a blue and silver embroidered doublet, resting on flowers, in still, warm, fresh airs. His attributes and array seem, among the Pomeranians, to have been assigned to his bride. They together (or interchangeably) represented, allegorically, the warmth of Spring and brightness of light, the blue expanse of heaven, the warmth of beauty and love. See Mone, vol. i., pp. 121 and 140.

Pages 80, 81.

Compare with this account the description of the Temple and horses of Suantovit, at Arkona, in the island of Rugen, which seems to have succeeded to the primacy of Sclavonian heathenism, after its overthrow in Stettin. It is given in Saxo Grammaticus, lib. xiv., pp. 319, 320, 321.

"Medium urbis planities habebat, in quâ delubrum materiâ ligneum, opere elegantissimum, visebatur, non solum magnificentiâ cultus, sed etiam simulacri in eo collocati numine reverendum. Exterior ædis ambitus accurato cœlamine renitebat, rudi atque impolito picturæ artificio varias rerum formas complectens. Unicum in eo ostium intraturis patebat. Ipsum vero fanum duplex septorum ordo claudebat, e quibus exterior parietibus contectus, puniceo culmine tegebatur. Interior vero quatuor subnixus portibus parietum loco pensilibus aulæis nitebat. Ingens in æde simulacrum omnem humani corporis magnitudinem granditate transcendens, quatuor capitibus, totidemque cervicibus mirandum perstabat."

He continues to describe the Temple and its ceremonies, much as they are narrated in the text, observing that, at certain feasts, it was held pious to get drunk, impious to remain sober. "Hoc quoque numen trecentos equos de-

scriptos totidemque satellites habebat. Præterea peculiarem albi coloris equum possidebat, cujus jubæ aut caudæ pilos convellere nefarium ducebatur. In hoc equo, opinione Rugiæ, Suantovitus (id simulacro vocabulum erat) adversus sacrorum suorum hostes bella gerere credebatur. Cujus rei præcipuum argumentum extabat, quod is nocturno stabulo insistens adeo plerumque mane sudore ac luto respersus videbatur, tanquam ab exercitatione veniendo magnorum itinerum spatia percurrisset."

He then describes the way of taking the omens with the spears, &c.

Page 113, line 3.

In the Chronicle of Eckhard, a contemporary writer, who concludes his narrative with the year 1125, these prodigies are mentioned. The accuracy of the biographers of Otto is thus remarkably confirmed. After narrating briefly the first conversion of Pomerania by Otto, he adds:—"His temporibus per latitudinem imperii Romani prodigia nonnulla cladesque diversæ frequentabantur, adeo ut nec numerus eorum nec species a cujusquam mortalium scientiâ colligantur. Quarta feriâ ebdomadæ Pentecostes dirissimæ pruinæ frigus plagam magnam tam novellis ubique frugibus quam vineis abundantissimam jam fœtuum suorum spem turgendo promittentibus, intulit; nec multo post i.e. 16 Kal. Julii, residuum frigoris tempestas tam immensa, quæ diluvium minari videbatur, crudeliter alicubi devastavit. Item quædam ex locis palustribus ultra solitum erumpentes, segetes contiguas et maxime triticeas aurugine vel inedine depravavit. Apium etiam fœtus, nescio quo auspicante incommodo, ex toto pæne deperiit. Nonnulli insuper in sole et luna vel stellis diversi diverso modo se vidisse signa testantur. Hoc etiam anno nonnullos ex nobilibus, una cum immensa multitudine vulgorum sæviens mortalitas absumpsit, vixque viri

sufficerent ad curanda defungentium cadavera."—Ekkehardi Chronicon, in Pertz vi. 265. Cf. Annalista Saxo, in Pertz vi. 762.

Page 259, line 20.

Compare the account of the deliverance of Dieterich and another priest, in Henricus Lettonius, vii. 76; Mone, i. 70.

"Als man den Priester Dieterich opfern wollte, hob das Ross den Lebensfuss, der Livländische Priester behauptete nun, der Christengott sitze unsichtbar auf dem Pferde und habe es verzaubert, man deckte nun Tücher auf dasselbe, um ihn zu vertreiben, aber das Ross hob wieder den Lebensfuss, und dann erst wurde Dieterich frei."

ERRATA.

Page 283, line 18, and page 284, note [1], line 3, for "Rudegart," read "Radegast."

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